Mar. 17, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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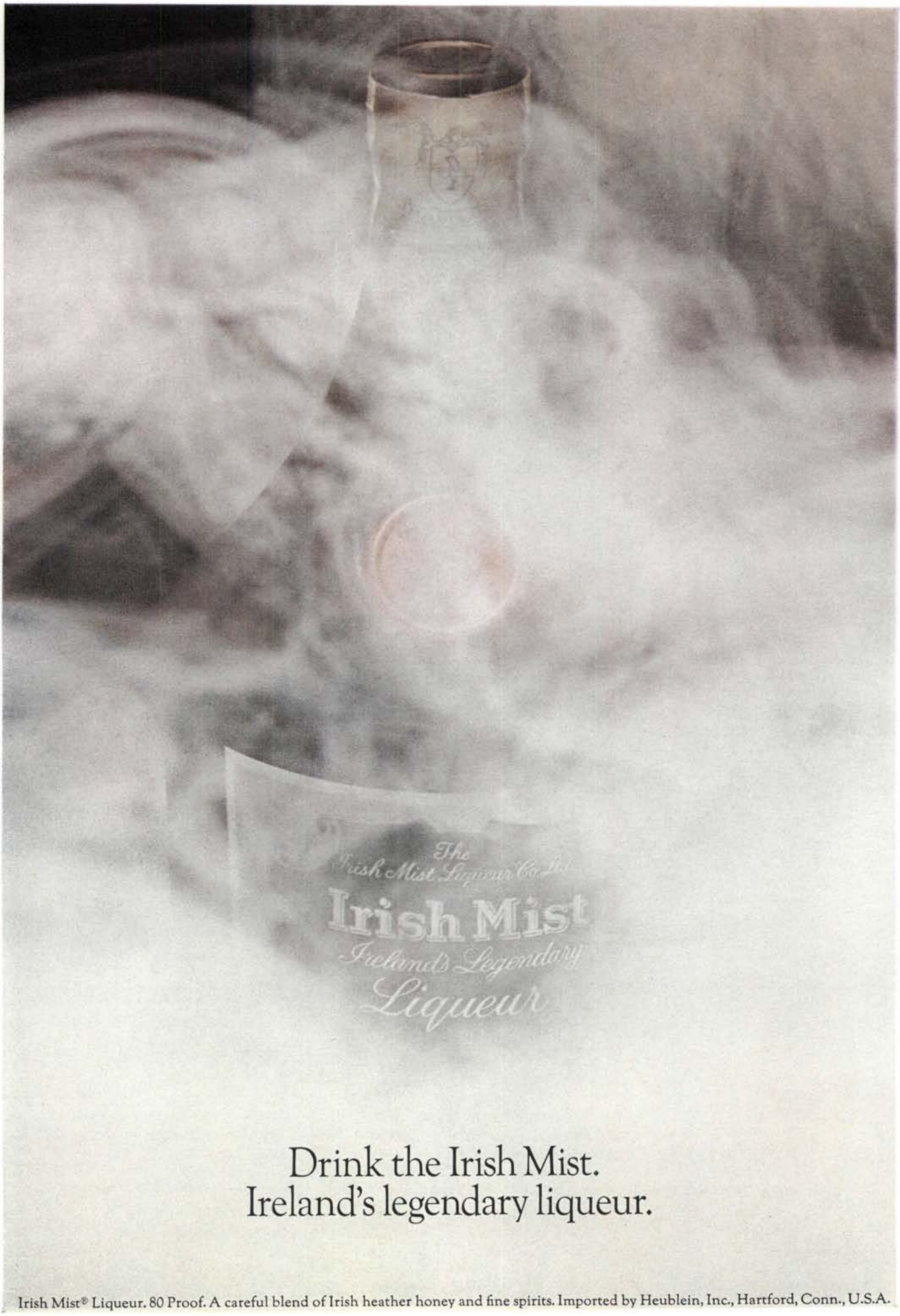
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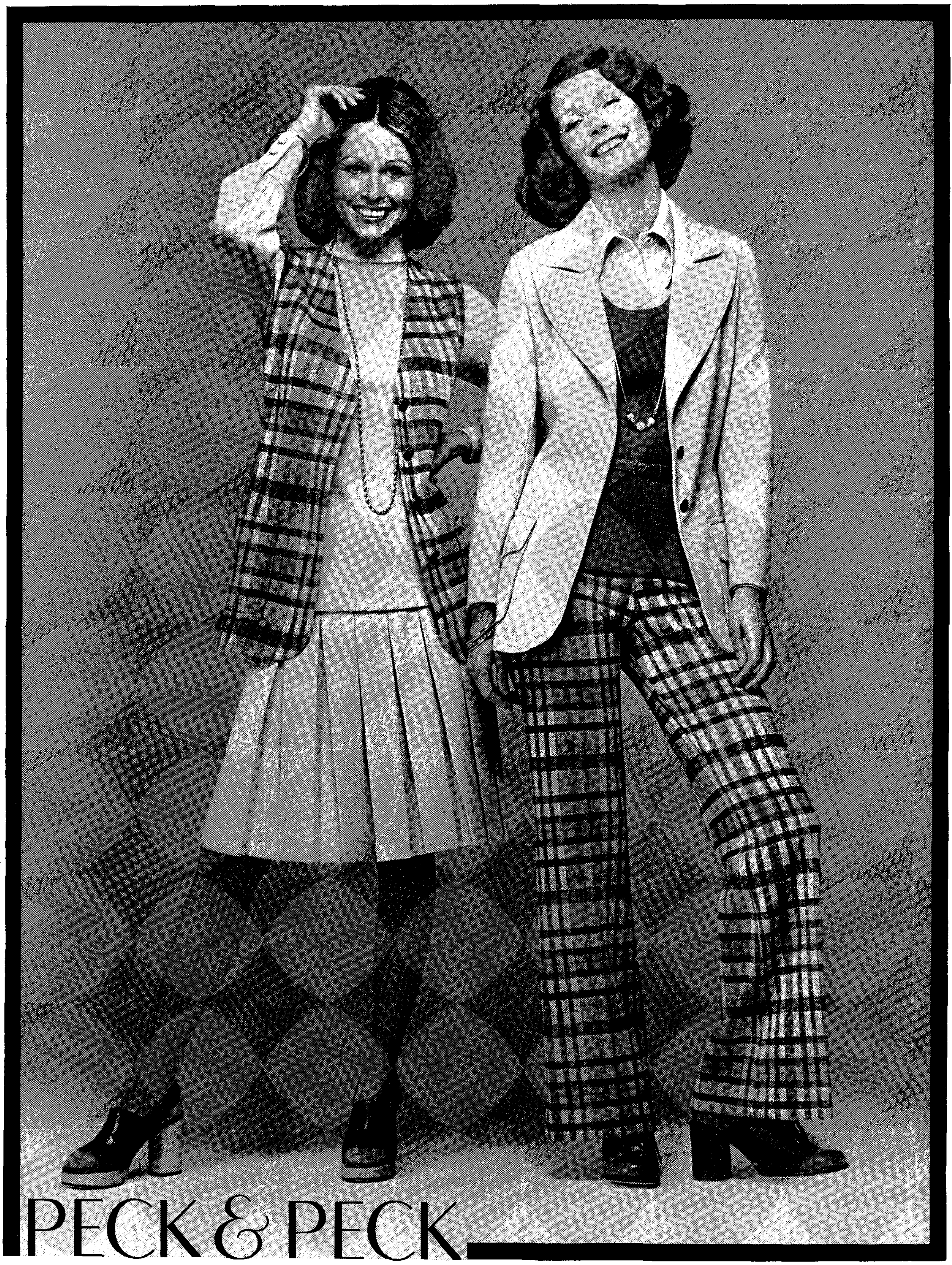

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Brother Gorski—A play by Emanuel Fried. Preview Wednesday, March 14. Opens officially on Thursday, March 15, at 7. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Changing Room—How it is with rugby in the North of England. Despite the skill of the playwright, David Storey, a bleak and mindless work, with a large, able cast, directed by Michael Rudman. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A one-man show of selections from the altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Endgame—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's musical **OUT OF THIS WORLD** is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Finishing Touches—A *very* domestic comedy by Jean Kerr, who writes marvellous lines but who lets her characters go no farther than to flirt with the promises of life before they wistfully repudiate them. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Sin—A play by Israeli playwright Aharon Megged, translated into English. A production of the Jewish Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 7:30; Sunday, March 18, at 7 and 10; Tuesday through Saturday, March 20-24, at 7:30; and Sunday, March 25, at 7 and 10. Free.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Green Julia—A rather silly comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Irene—Debbie Reynolds in a revival of the 1919 musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler, music by Harry Tierney, and lyrics by Joseph McCarthy. Directed by Gower Champion. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 14, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, March 15.)

The Jockey Club Stakes—An irresistible, old-fashioned English comedy by William Douglas Home, starring Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kaspar—A multimedia production of a play by the remarkable young German dramatist Peter Handke, who this time is writing about writing—about words and logic and meaning. The going is hard, most of the time—remote, impersonal, pedantic, and distracting—but a beautiful soliloquy near the end almost redeems the evening. The soliloquy is well spoken by Christopher Lloyd, as the actual historical figure Kaspar Hauser. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

A Little Night Music—Love in ¾ time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Karl Marx Play—A play by Rochelle Owens,

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DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, George Price, William Hamilton, Donald Reilly, Barney Tobey, Mischa Richter, Stan Hunt, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, William O'Brian, Frank Modell, George Booth, William Steig, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with music by Galt MacDermot. Opens Friday, March 16, and will run through Saturday, April 14. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30; Thursdays at 6:15; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Medéa—Irene Papas as the proud and passionate barbarian princess who teaches her errant husband a lesson, and what a lesson! The adaptation and the direction are by Minos Volanakis. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Penthouse Legend—A revival of Ayn Rand's 1935 play, "Night of January 16," with jurors drawn from the audience. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **the merchant of venice**, directed by Ellis Rabb, with Rosemary Harris. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday, March 14-16, at 8; Saturday, March 17, at 5 and 8:40; and Sunday, March 18, at 2:30 and 7. Moves to the Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W., 245-3430, where previews will be given Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 8; Saturday, March 24, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 25, at 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 27.)

Seesaw—Michele Lee and Ken Howard in a musical taken from William Gibson's play "Two for the Seesaw." Music by Cy Coleman and lyrics by Dorothy Fields. Michael Bennett directed. Previews through Saturday, March 17. Opens officially on Sunday, March 18. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Step Lively, Boy—A musical adapted by Vinnette Carroll from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead," with a score and lyrics by Micki Grant. Directed by Miss Carroll. A revival of "Croesus and the Witch" (another Micki Grant musical directed by Miss Carroll) is being added to the program. Opens Wednesday, March 14, at 7:30. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinée Sunday, March 18, at 6:30.)

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The Sunshine Boys—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 18.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

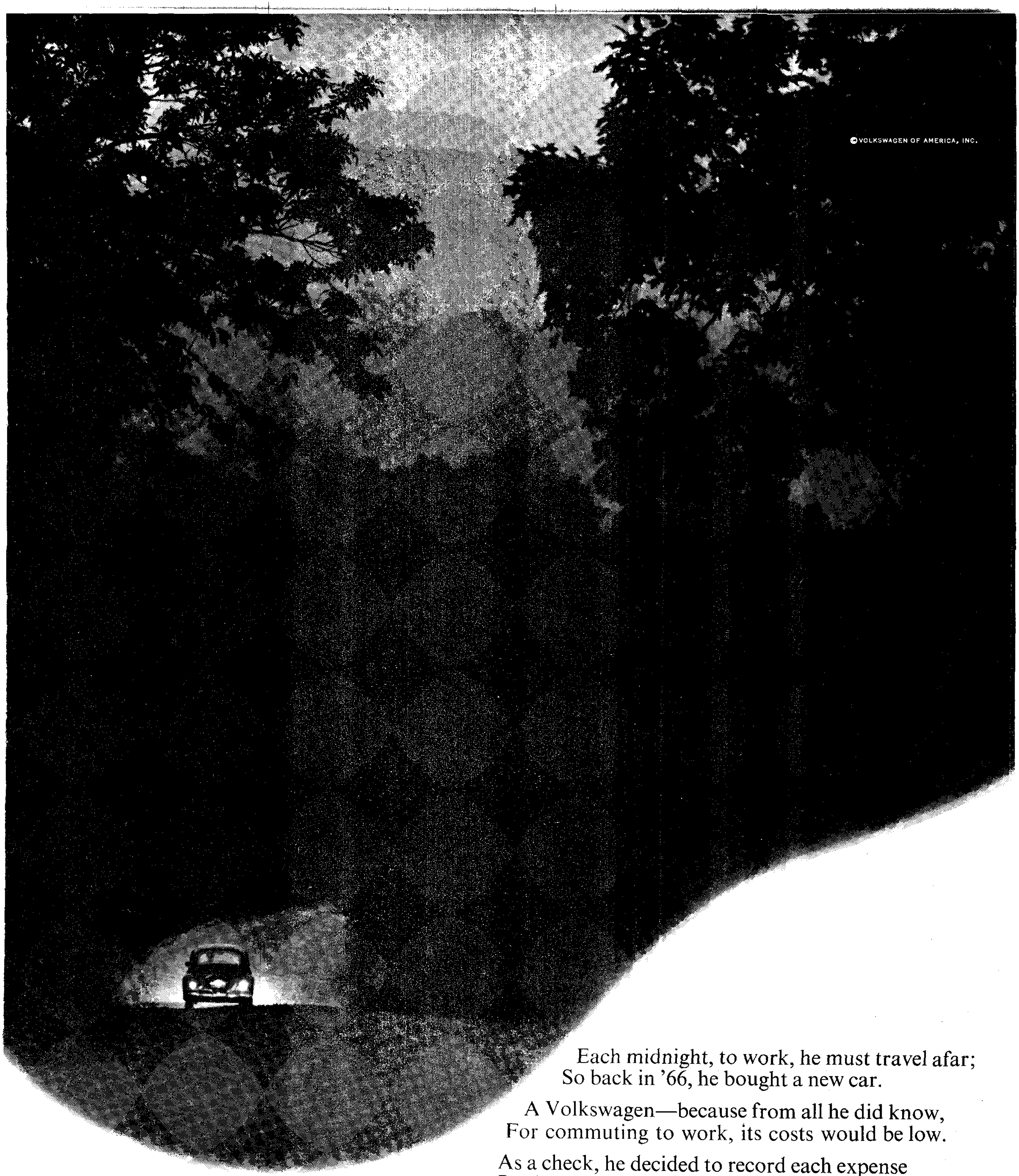
Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. Opens Wednesday, March 14. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

You Never Know—A revival of Cole Porter's 1938 musical. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**don't bother me, i can't cope:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **the fantasticks:** 5,358 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **jesus christ superstar:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **one flew over the cuckoo's nest:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **the prisoner of second avenue:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **the proposition:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the real inspector hound** and **after magritte:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **sleuth:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **sugar:** A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **that championship season:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **two gentlemen of verona:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 14, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Feast of Ashes," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Chabriesque," "Valentine," "Abyss," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Moves," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Abyss," and "Interplay."... ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 2: "Konservatoriet," "Feast of Ashes," and "Chabriesque."... ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Tuesday, March 20, at 8: "Chabriesque," "Weewis," and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Lesson," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Parade" (première), and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Reflections," "Abyss," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "Square Dance," "The Lesson," and



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THE TWO-PENNY-A-MILE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight rides of Paul Revere.

No, not the Paul Revere in the poem of old,
But one whose story is yet to be told.

He lives in a house on the side of the bay
In Toms River, New Jersey, this very day.

Each midnight, to work, he must travel afar;
So back in '66, he bought a new car.

A Volkswagen—because from all he did know,
For commuting to work, its costs would be low.

As a check, he decided to record each expense
To determine his cost-per-mile to the very last pence.

So night after night, to work he went,
Logging the miles run and each penny spent.

And at 88,000 miles, after most cars have gone hence,
His cost-per-mile was only two pence.

And then, because that amount was ever so small,
He spread the good news to one and to all.

For from his old friend Ben, he'd long ago learned:
"A penny saved is a penny earned."

"Chabriesque."... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais," "Weewis," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 1.)

Polish Mime Ballet Theatre—Henryk Tomaszewski's company of twenty-nine in a one-week engagement. Tuesday, March 20, and Saturday and Sunday, March 24-25, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2:30: "The Kimono," "The Labyrinth," and "The Departure of Faust." ... ¶ Program B: Wednesday through Friday, March 21-23, at 8, and Saturday, March 24, at 2:30: "The Menagerie of the Empress" and "The Kimono." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Thursday, March 22, at 8: "Signals," "Changing Steps" (première), "Loops," and "TV Rerun."... ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Solo" (première), "Cross Currents," "Changing Steps," and "Landrover."... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Canfield."... ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 2: "Borst Park," "Solo," and "Changing Steps." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with beer kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz—some of it familiar, some futuristic—created by a trio under the leadership of pianist John Foster. Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, saxophonist Charles McPherson will join in. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sunset Café Stomp" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Through Monday, March 19, comic Don Imus will be on the stand. On Wednesday, March 21, two vocalists, Jean Pace and Oscar Brown, Jr., will arrive. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Thursday through Sunday, March 15-18, guitarist Teruo Nakamura will be in charge of a trio. Entertainment nightly from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Pianist David Lahm and bassist Lyn Christie will be on hand through Saturday, March 17. Guitarist Joe Beck arrives with a bassist Monday, March 19. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, another very capable pianist, Bill Rubenstein, performs between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, sitting at the piano and singing songs that in an earlier age would have been compared to Burgundy wine—or possibly New York State champagne. His sidemen are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and the music commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, a major figure in the history of jazz (incredible as it seems, she has been performing professionally since 1925), is triumphantly back at the piano, working with a bassist. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his chock-full-o'-notes approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Through Saturday, March 17, a group called Breakfast Special and singer Mary Smith will be present. Weeden and Finkle, who write and sing, and an outfit known as Samantha will open on Tuesday, March 20. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 18, from five until eight—before their regular session—Larkins and Hall will do a Jimmy van Heusen, Hugh Martin, and Jimmy McHugh program. Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, slick midtown home, this club seems to be doing well with a policy that offers two high-level jazz outfits each night. Through Saturday, March 17, a quintet headed by pianist Horace Silver will alternate with the quartet of trombonist Kai Winding. Starting Monday, March 19, the groups will be a quartet led by pianist Duke Pearson and—get ready for perfection—the Modern Jazz Quartet. Music from nine-thirty until three or four every night but Sunday, when Duke Pearson leads a big band (four trombones, among other things) between nine and two.

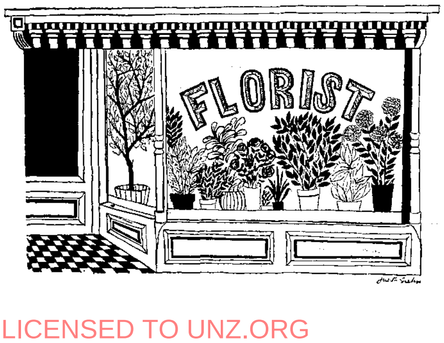
Horn & Hardart, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Well, yes. Live music and dancing at the old Automat, and it makes a hipper setting than one might suppose. The place is still a cafeteria most of the week, but on Fridays and Saturdays, between nine and one, the lights are dimmed, musicians appear, and a pleasantly motley crowd sits at tables in the big, candy-striped room. A group called Harpy is currently onstage. Snacks and alcoholic beverages.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, Michael Fleming will participate on bass, and Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, Lyn Christie will do similarly. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Another new jazz club, this one being a long, narrow bar-and-back-room with seashells and other marine devices on the walls. Betty Carter, who has been one of the most continuously creative singers in jazz for more than twenty years, will remain here with a trio through Sunday, March 18. Alto-saxophonist Gary Bartz will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, March 20. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new, large restaurant (once a Toots Shor establishment) with a ceiling as high as a mastodon's eye. In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.



Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—A bar with one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York, and a back room that is faintly nautical. Percussionist Mongo Santamaria will present his sextet through Sunday, March 18. A country singer named Elizabeth will turn up with a backup group on Tuesday, March 20. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Through Monday, March 19, singer Rick Roberts, who was formerly one of the Flying Burrito Brothers, will perform, along with singer-composer John Martyn. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret**, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Hal Dodson turn out some very professional stuff Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Thursdays through Saturdays, March 15-17 and 22-24, Art Blakey, Jr., will present his New Generation, a quartet that has Bobby Timmons on piano. Music from ten until three. No live entertainment Sundays through Wednesdays.

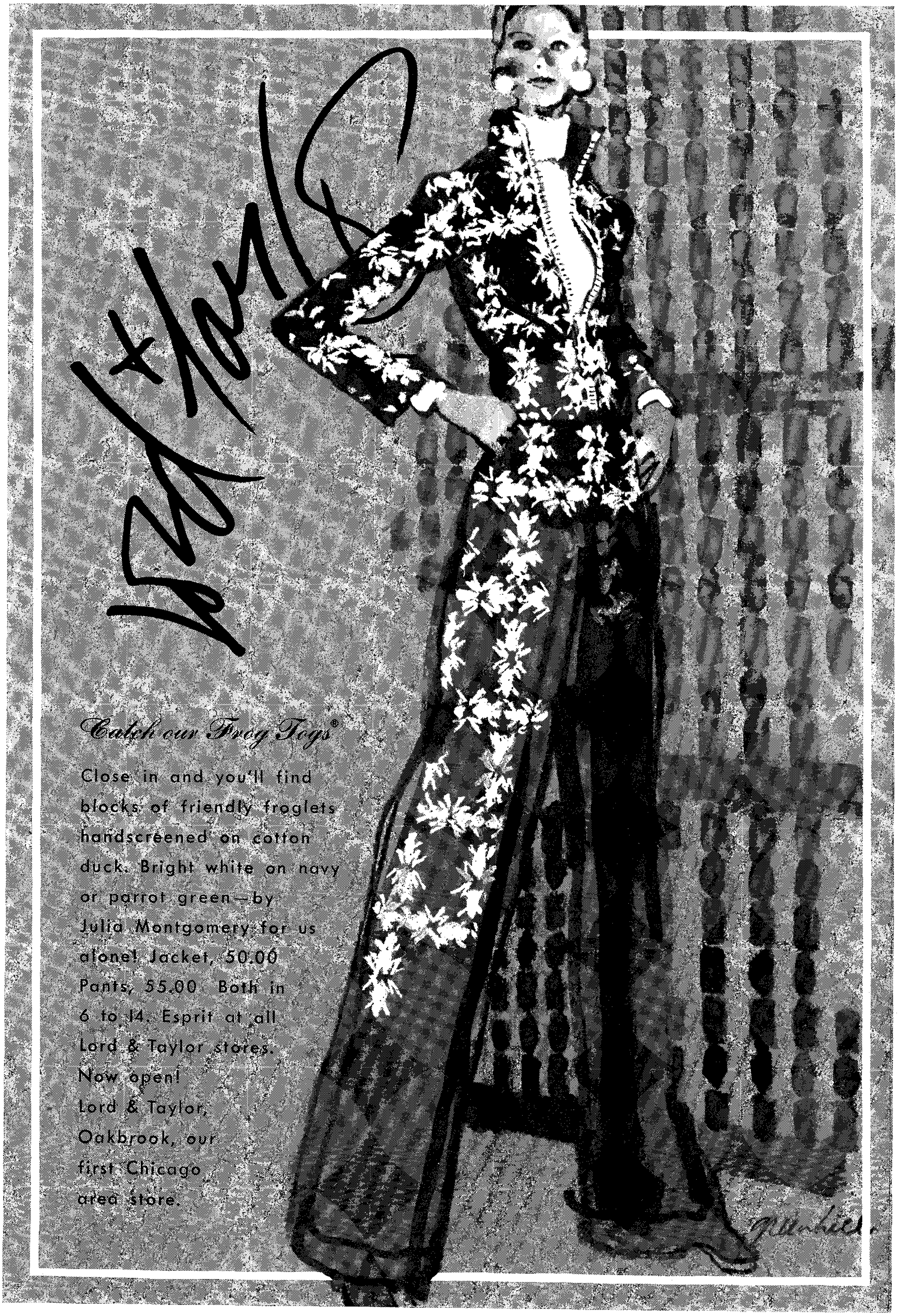
Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, Patti Wicks plays a full-bodied jazz piano and sings, accompanied by bassist Perry Lind, in this relaxed club. Mondays, pianist Don Heitler teams with Lind. Sundays are silent. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Formerly the Half Note (which moved to midtown a while ago) and now under new management, this little club is located two miles west of Nowhere, but it offers jazz of a fairly high calibre. Through Sunday, March 18, tenor-saxophonist Clifford Jordan will conduct a quartet. Trumpeter Joe Newman moves in with a quintet on Tuesday, March 20. Closed Mondays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—This new restaurant, which uses a sailboat as its logo, has started to make waves. The spacious front portion is reserved for dining. In the rear—a roofed-over courtyard—New York's supper-club tradition is being kept alive in the following manner: Pianist Sammy Benskin is present from seven to one. Singer-host Jimmie Daniels, along with song stylist Joey Cord and blues singer Baby Jane Dexter, do shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who knows how things were when the world was young, sits and charms her followers with songs—more recited than sung these days—that offer a distillation of wisdom through well-considered experience. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Two rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, with some crystal chandeliers and other remembrances of things past. Vocalists Karen Akers



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and Sally Stark are in evidence, as is pianist Tim Stearns. Nine-thirty to one every night except Sunday and Monday.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some good musicians have to cope with a less than ideal pianoforte. Guitarist Mark Elf will direct a trio Friday and Saturday, March 16-17. No music the rest of the week. Ten to three-thirty are the hours. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie sings, accompanying herself at the piano, with a simplicity that is uncannily deceptive. Herbert Bushler assists her on bass. The hours are Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight, and Sundays at four-thirty and six-thirty. The whole thing is done concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Warren Chiasson, a vibraharpist with a modern approach, will lead a trio through Sunday, March 18. Friday through Sunday, March 16-18, the quintet of bassist Charles Mingus will trade sets with the Chiasson group. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman entertains. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Through Sunday, March 18, Elvin Jones, a powerful drummer, will lead his quintet. (On Sunday, March 18, from five to eight-thirty—before the regular session—Jones will hold a clinic for aspiring drummers and other interested parties.) McCoy Tyner, one of the more influential jazz pianists, will come in with a quartet on Tuesday, March 20. Mondays, the large and well-schooled Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band takes over. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays and by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a portmanteau revue, is on view Mondays through Thursdays at ten-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Preceding the show, Mondays through Thursdays, comedian Jimmy Walker appears at nine-thirty, and following the show Tuesdays through Thursdays Hattie Winston does a song recital at eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, Miss Winston goes on at eleven.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** Jonah Jones heads a dance quartet every evening but Sunday, from seven-thirty to two.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España must be Iberia's largest standing and singing army. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO SUITE,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, March 14, is the final night for singer Melba Moore and comedian Rick Topper. Beginning Thursday, March 15, Sarah Vaughan will do the singing and Lonnie Shorr will supply the humor. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discothèque. On Thursday, March 15, Colin Beaton's orchestra and a rock band known as Boogie will replace the Monte orchestra and the Diamond trio, and, henceforth, there will be live dance music from seven-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's dance crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

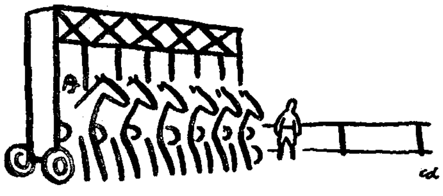
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** the Dick Lewis orchestra is putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy, make their appearances at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The singing team of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral will finish up on Saturday, March 17. Comedian Jack E. Leonard and singer Carolyn Daye will open on Monday, March 19. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** that venerable aristocrat, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the songs of Dana Valery. On Monday, March 19, pianist George Shearing will take the stand. Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio are in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that might please some playboy of some polyvinyl Western world. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Frankie Laine, that old hooter, hollerer, and mule-train driver, is sandblasting the paint off the **EMPIRE ROOM** walls at dinner and supper. He will be succeeded on Tuesday, March 20, by Peggy Lee, the voice that has launched a thousand songs into a state of heavenly grace or hellbent hilarity. Miss L. will on her first night appear only at ten. Dance music by the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. In addition, singer-guitarist Robert Miano entertains at ten-thirty and midnight, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.). . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): For cocktails and early dining, Norman Kubrin sings with *élan* and plays a spinet with finesse. He is present Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabit a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from five to one every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989):

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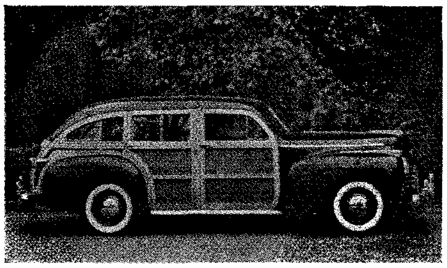
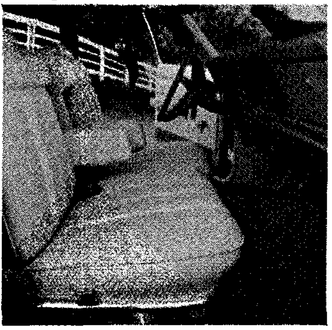


The original Chrysler Town & Country wagon was introduced in 1941. It was one of the finest wagons of its day, offering such luxuries as deep-cut pile carpeting in the rear seat, an automatic transmission, even an electric clock and directional signals, all as standard equipment.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, it was the most luxurious wagon money could buy.

Today's 1973 Town & Country follows this same tradition of luxury. It's big. And comfortable. With such standard features as a powerful 440 cubic inch, four-barrel V-8, TorqueFlite automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, and a three-way tailgate.



In front, there is a split-bench seat with a center armrest and passenger recliner. All of the seats are upholstered with rich vinyl, and cushioned with thick foam padding.

The floor is covered wall-to-wall with deep-loop pile nylon carpeting. Including the entire cargo area. And the Chrysler Town & Country has more room for cargo than most other station wagons in the world.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Gration Oullette does piano, eight to two, Wednesdays through Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Calm voice, confident piano. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music every night but Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DARRYL ABRAHAM—Models of scenes of rural America (motels, trailers, and so forth), with figures; through Saturday, March 24. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Thirty-four Optical paintings creating effects of halos of light; through March 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

MARCH AVERY—Landscape and figure paintings; through March 25. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

RALPH A. BLAKELOCK (1849-1919)—Seventy paintings covering the entire career of this outstanding American; through March 31. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

MANUDE BOLTZ / NANCY SPERO—Rope-and-string sculptures. / Works on paper incorporating figurative elements and writings of Artaud. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Starts Saturday, March 17. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN BRANDT—Still-lifes by a veteran colorist; starting Saturday, March 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

JACK BRUSCA—Paintings of cartoon figures, numbers, and letters, with a three-dimensional effect; through March 31. (Landry-Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD CHILDS—Fifteen large abstract oil paintings; through March 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Freely painted works by an abstractionist; through March 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Geometrical paintings and sculptures done between 1958 and 1972; through Saturday, March 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

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GENE DAVIS / BILL JENSEN—Drawings and lithographs by an artist who has specialized in stripes. / Abstract paintings that emphasize texture, some through the use of sand. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Starts Saturday, March 17. Closed Mondays.)

PETER DEAN AND PHILIP SHERROD—Figurative Expressionist paintings; through March 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—New paintings and drawings by this former Pop leader; through Saturday, March 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN DUFF—Molded fibre-glass wall pieces in gold and orange; through March 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH FIORE—Landscape paintings of Maine, also cityscapes; through March 29. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI—Cape Cod landscapes and figure paintings, frequently consisting of two or three panels, with heavily painted surfaces; through March 30. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract and semi-abstract oils of still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors, some with suggestions of the human figure; starting Tuesday, March 20. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Paintings, watercolors, pastels, and drawings of figures, frequently with ominous overtones; starting Tuesday, March 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

HARVEY GORDON—Photo-realist paintings of the urban scene; through March 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY GUSSOW—Stainless-steel abstract sculptures; through March 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN HALL / CARLOS VILLA—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes. / Paintings in dark earth colors, with beads and feathers. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Starts Saturday, March 17. Closed Mondays.)

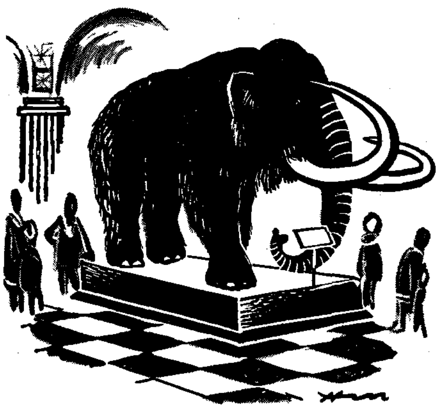
AUGUSTE HERBIN (1882-1960)—Twenty-five works, from 1917 through the nineteen-fifties, by a geometrical abstractionist who has recently aroused interest in Europe and the United States; through April 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* starting Monday, March 19. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Figurative painted-plaster and ceramic wall pieces and sculptures; through Saturday, March 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Abstract Expressionist figure paintings; through Saturday, March 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Abstract human figures, animals, and birds in stainless steel, bronze, and found materials; through Saturday, March 24. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)



WASSILY KANDINSKY (1866-1944) / **CRAIG KAUFFMAN**—Forty watercolors and drawings from 1911 to 1914. / Vacuum-formed colored plastics by a Los Angeles artist. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 4. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES KEARNS—Figurative sculptures in bronze and fibre glass with a tendency toward caricature; through Saturday, March 17. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

CONSTANTINE KERMES—Primitive paintings featuring American rural religious groups; through March 31. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS KLEIN—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, March 24. (Hartley, 50 E. 73rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

TERENCE LA NOUE—Poured-latex wall pieces with gauze backing; through March 28. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES LECHAY—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by an artist now of the Midwest; through Saturday, March 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BARRY LEVA—One sculpture of circular metal elements and connecting rods; through April 17. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

ALVIN LOVING—Abstract pieces of dyed canvas, leather, vinyl, and velvet sewn together; through March 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRICE MARDEN—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through Thursday, March 22. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—Forty-five paintings of this early twentieth-century American modernist's Fauve period, done before World War I; through March 31. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings; through March 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL MCGEE—Color-field paintings; starting Saturday, March 17. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS MOLLER—Landscapes, most of them of Monhegan, Maine; through March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ED MOSES—Paintings built up in several layers of paper; starting Saturday, March 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Romantic paintings, based on photographs and postcards, with the theme of water; through April 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ULRICH NIEMEYER—Plastic sculptures in geometric shapes; through March 28. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—Terra-cotta plaques and figures, including a series with a seaside motif; through April 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID NOVROS—Studies for frescoes: oil on paper; through March 28. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through March 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID PASCAL—Paintings based on the comics, by a cartoonist and illustrator; through Saturday, March 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD PLUNKETT—Drawings, collages, and prints looking back to the silent-movie era; through Wednesday, March 21. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

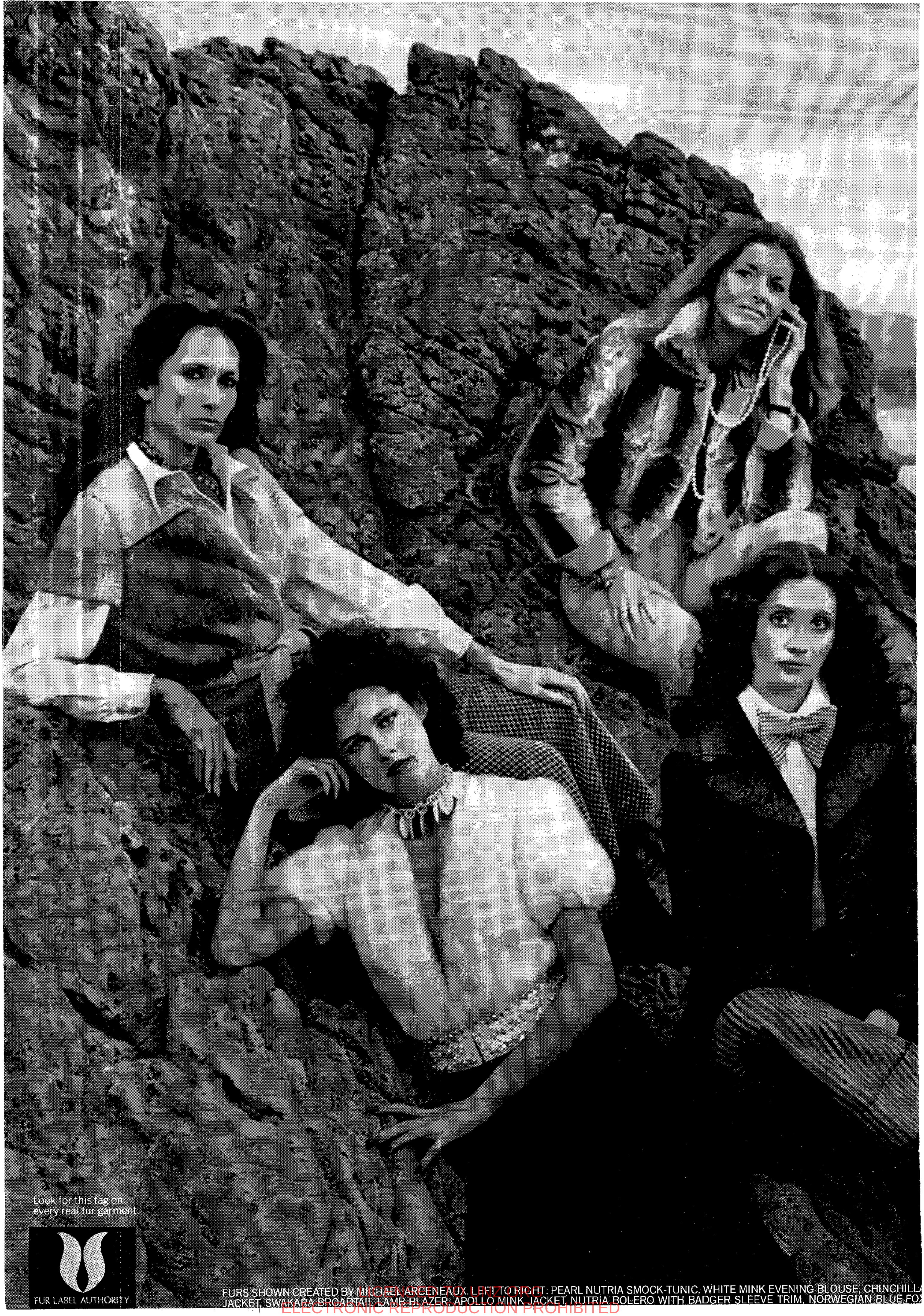
ROBERT REED—A show of Abstract Expressionist paintings that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney; through March 31. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EARL REIBACK—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Saturday, March 17. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN SALT / JORGE STEVER—Paintings of automobile interiors. / Abstract paintings. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Through Saturday, March 24. Closed Mondays.)

MORTEZA SAZEGAR—Paintings in patterns of uniform squares; through Saturday, March 17. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—A major exhi-



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FURS SHOWN CREATED BY MICHAEL ARCENEAUX. LEFT TO RIGHT: PEARL NUTRIA SMOCK-TUNIC, WHITE MINK EVENING BLOUSE, CHINCHILLA JACKET, SWAKARA BROADTAIL LAMB BLAZER, APOLLO MINK JACKET, NUTRIA BOLERO WITH BADGER SLEEVE TRIM, NORWEGIAN BLUE FOX

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bition of more than a hundred works previously shown in London and Zurich—it consists of paintings, constructions, assemblages, collages, bronzes, plaster casts, watercolors, and drawings—by the German modernist, who died in England; through Saturday, March 17. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works on paper by the Spanish modernist; through Saturday, March 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Lloyd Tugwell—Paintings of Chinese architectural subjects; through March 31. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynton Wells—Large paintings based on photographs; through Wednesday, March 21. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

H.C. Westermann—Sculptures in several mediums, and drawings and lithographs, by a constructor of fantasies; through April 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—The sizable oil paintings by this thirty-year-old American realist depict subdued interiors appointed with genteel old furniture, Persian carpets, Japanese screens, and peopled, in some cases, with indolent nude girls. A feeling of anachronism pervades all these works. The furniture seems more related to today's thrift shops than to its own vague "period," and neither the nudes nor various small objects lying about on tables belong in the aristocratic past to which Wiesenfeld ironically and nostalgically refers with his faded furnishings and his handsome academic painting style. In "Secrets II" (this work is on loan from the Whitney, which exhibited it in the "22 Realists" show of 1970), a wholesome nude is stretched out on a sofa reading a magazine; on a round table, which is covered with a rug as in a Vermeer, are an open candy dish, a mug, a pack of Camels, and a copy of a love journal named "Secrets." Another painting shows the same scene without the nude, but with all the resonance of her presence. In "Seated Nude," a girl on a green satin chaise is reading a small volume by the light of one of those satin-shade lamps that try to look refined only to look the more ugly. There is a mug on the floor at her feet, and a mirror behind the chaise in which she is reflected in a pose that has echoes of an Ingres odalisque. The loneliness and yearning of youth is evoked by these images of girls who have taken off their clothes to read in a musty, uninhabited house; the "idea" of the empty interiors is harder to make out, though they, too, have an emotional quality, an element of mystery and menace. At the moment, the dominant trend in advanced representational painting is the photo-realist style, whose practitioners deal with the garish plastic reality of our time by striving to make their paintings of automobiles, shopping centers, and motels look like sharp-focus Kodacolor photographs (from which many of them work). Wiesenfeld's reality appears to be a different one, and yet it isn't unconnected; there is reason to think that the windows of his shadowy parlor look out on a sharp-focus superhighway. Through Thursday, March 22. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Five large steel sculptures for the outdoors; through April 7. (Elkon, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Wright—Abstract Expressionist city scenes; first solo show here. Through Thursday, March 22. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wudl—Patterns in acrylic and metallic paint on perforated newspaper, by a young Californian; through Wednesday, March 21. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Paul Wunderlich—Oils, gouaches, and drawings by a contemporary German Surrealist; through Saturday, March 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Larry Zox—Color-field paintings; through March 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Newly acquired paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Braque, and others; through April 30. . . . **GORDON**, 37 W. 57th St.: Thirty-seven items of American folk art; through April 7. (Closed Saturday afternoons.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Carved ivories, figurines, paintings, and artifacts by thirty-seven Eskimos from Alaska, as well as works by American painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, such as Copley, Homer, Eakins, Johnson, and Peto; through March 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Artschwager, Budd, Marden, Ryman, Warhol, Andre, Chamberlain, di Suvero, Serra, and others; through April 4. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by German Expressionists; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Sculptures by David Smith, Lipton, Bourgeois, Ferber, Hare, Noguchi, and Lassaw; starting Tuesday, March 20. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, several of them, such as Jan Doubrava (1911-72), well known; through April 1. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)

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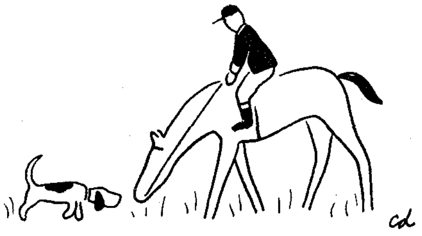
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1. . . . ¶ Thirty-six paintings, mostly of Greek and Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; through April 29. . . . ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through March 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An expanded exhibit, in newly remodelled galleries, of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. . . . ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through April 29. . . . ¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 16. . . . ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through April 8. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; through April 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual. The third and final stage will close Sunday, March 18. . . . ¶ Seven large purple Abstract Expressionist canvases by Robert Reed; through April 8. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Washburn Gallery, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-nine etchings by artists of Paris (Cassatt, Corot, Daubigny, Degas, Monet, for example); through April 15. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; starting Thursday, March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Abstract canvas collages by Lee Gatch (1902-68), often pastoral in mood and suggestive of landscape; through Sunday, March 18. . . . ¶ Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibition of rare books, manuscripts, drawings, and historical documents from the Philip H. & A. S. W. Rosenbach Foundation Museum, in Philadelphia. Included are such rarities as a copy of the earliest printed book of poetry (Petrarch's poems); a fifteenth-century biography of Dracula (who was then nicknamed Vlad the Impaler); a commonplace book in which Richard Bishop wrote out poems by Donne before their first printing, along with verse by Robert Herrick, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Ben Jonson, among others; the manuscript of Oscar Wilde's sonnet protesting the sale of Keats's love letters at an auction ("I think they love not art/ Who break the crystal of a poet's heart/ That small and sickly eyes may glare or gloat"); and the manuscript of a less bitter (and less good) sonnet on the same subject by Christopher Morley, called "In an Auction Room." There are also some sheets of scrawls and crossed-out words that went into the making of "Ulysses," "Lord Jim," "The Life of Samuel Johnson," and "South Wind." These reminders of the uncertainties and humble industry of great authors make their accomplishments seem both more precious and more mysterious. Through April 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through Sunday, March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through May 2. . . . ¶ A series of illuminations from an early twelfth-century English manuscript; through May 2. . . . ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through April 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Over a hundred works by thirty-two artists exploring the creative potential of glass; through March 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at

Come to Andros. Where the world is still new. Parts of Andros Island may always remain undiscovered. Nature saw to that. The west coast is in and out of shallow water and uninhabited. The vast interior is a forest of timber pine where the voice of man is rarely heard. But the east coast makes Andros idyllic for a sportsman. For divers, there are the incredible Blue Holes and the third largest underwater reef in the world. For fishermen, the Tongue of the Ocean, in excess of 1000 fathoms deep, and superb bonefishing back into the bights. For hunters, wild duck and wild pigeon. For all, comfortable accommodation. See your travel agent or write for our "Andros" brochure. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First St., Miami, Fla. 33131.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-eighth annual, composed of nearly three hundred oils, sculptures, prints, drawings, and watercolors by both members and nonmembers; through Sunday, March 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Landscapes, animals, and birds by Chu Ta, a seventeenth-century Chinese; through April 15. . . . ¶ More than eighty works dealing with New York City subjects and country-house scenes done in the past thirty-five years by John Koch; through April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 14: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 15: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, Franco Tagliavini, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Shirley Love, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 19: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 20: "Peter Grimes," with Phyllis Curtin, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 21: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 22: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, Franco Tagliavini, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, William Lewis, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Paul Plishka; Carlo Felice Cillario. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 14, at 7: A new production of Ginastera's "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and Edward Pierson; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Barry Morell, Richard Fredricks, and J. B. Davis; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with Olivia Stapp, Arturo Sergi, Edward Pierson, and Richard T. Gill; and "Carmina Burana," with Patricia Brooks, Kenneth Riegel, and David Holloway; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Arnold Voketaitis, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Diane Curry, John Stewart, and Seymour Schwartzman; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 1: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Faye Robinson, Herman Malamood, and Vasile Martinoiu; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Susanne Marsee, Barry Morell, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 20, at 8: "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Susanne Marsee, David Griffith, and David Holloway; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, John Stewart, and Seymour Schwartzman; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, March 15, and Saturday, March 17, at 8:30 (both with Antonio Ballista and Bruno Canino, pianos); and Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; Friday, March 23, at 2; Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . **Notes:** Mr. Boulez will also conduct the orchestra in a performance of Schoenberg's Variations, Opus No. 31, as well as discuss, explain, and illustrate Schoenberg and his music (and answer questions) on Tuesday, March 20, at 8:30, at Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. . . . ¶ An hour before the concerts on Thursday, March 15, and Saturday, March 17, the Messrs. Ballista and Canino, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet, will give a half-hour all-Stravinsky recital.

Bamberg Symphony Orchestra—Eugen Jochum conducting, with Charles Rosen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Lawrence Foster conducting, with William Masselos, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 19, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Lynn Harrell, cello; Marilyn Horne, soprano; Robert Schmoor and David Kuebler, tenors; Tom Krause, baritone; Jerome Hines, bass-baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 16, at 8, with Lilian Kallir, piano; and Saturday, March 24, at 8, with Judith Blegen, soprano.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Playing Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" in concert form, with Raina Kabaivanska, soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; Matteo Manuguerra, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 23, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Robert White, tenor; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Adrianne Greenbaum, flute; and Stanley Ritchie and Jeanne Benjamin, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 24, at midnight.)

Bach Aria Group—Gustav Meier directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the last in a series of Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Sonya Monosoff, violin, and Samuel Rhodes, viola. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, March 23, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with the American Brass Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 8.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet and Cleveland Quartet—In a Mendelssohn-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Eleanor Hovda and Patrick Purswell. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

New School Concerts—A program of chamber music, "Mozart to Messiaen," performed by Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, March 18, at 2.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the last in a series of Beethoven-Schubert-Liszt recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

Sherrill Milnes—Baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and playing the piano; Michael Wager, narrator; James Buswell and Annie Kavafian, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 5, and Tuesday, March 20, at 7:30.)

Musical Arts Studio—A program of vocal chamber music performed by Mary Beth Peil, soprano; Ivanka Myhal, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Gene Boucher, baritone. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Sunday, March 18, at 8.)

Nobuko Imai, Michael Webster, and Ursula Oppens—Viola, clarinet, and piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 19, at 8.)

Eliane Radigue—Music realized on the Arp Synthesizer with final mixing courtesy of the studios of the Groupe de Musique Experimental de Bourges. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday and Tuesday, March 19-20, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Pilar Lorengar—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 20, at 8.)

Mari-Elizabeth Morgen—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, March 20, at 8.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

Adelaide Woodwind Quintet—Ethnic and contemporary Australian music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 21, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed envelope.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

Ingrid Dingfelder and Rita Koors Myers—Flute and harpsichord/piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 2:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Saturday, March 24, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Waverly Consort—A program of late-medieval and early-Renaissance music, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Alan Baker, baritone; Judith Davidoff, medieval fiddles; and George Mgrdichian, oud. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Note—The Quartetto Italiano will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting, Monday, March 19, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 14, at 5:45: **VIVECA LINDFORS** presenting "An Hour of Strindberg."... ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 5:45: **PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY.**

Tom T. Hall and the Storytellers with Mike Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 8.

Mahavishnu Orchestra—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 16, at 8.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—With Billie and DeDe Pierce. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Countsmen—Earle Warren, Doc Cheatham, Franklin Skeete, Chuck Folds, Jonah Jones, and Benny Morton. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Saturday, March 17, at 3. For tickets, call TR 4-5236.)

Roberta Flack and Quincy Jones—With an orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 17, at 8 and 11.)

Nana Mouskouri—With the Athenians. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Patia Isaku—Japanese folk songs. (Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. GR 7-9650. Sunday, March 18, at 5.)

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

Al Green with Bloodstone—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8 and 11.

James Gang—And others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Focus—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8.

Hot Tuna, Orphan, and Stoneground—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, March 21, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 24, at 8.... **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, March 14.... ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, March 21.... ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 23.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Gymnastics—Olga Korbut and other members of the U.S.S.R. Women's Olympic Gymnastic Team. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Raiders vs. Houston, Wednesday, March 14, at 7:30.... ¶ Raiders vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, March 15, at 7:30.... ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis, Sunday, March 18, at 8:35.... **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. St. Louis, Saturday, March 17.... ¶ Islanders vs. California, Tuesday, March 20.... ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 24.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Bay Shore, Saturday, March 17.... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.... **BOWIE**, Md.: Daily at 1; through Friday, March 16.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, March 17-18, at 4.... ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, March 24, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)... **TOM GLAZER**: In a program of folk songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 18, at 1:30 and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Jorge Morel, guitar, and the Ballet des Jeunes. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Bil Baird's Bandwagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Looice." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "To the Rescue." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) ... **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE**: "Young Ben Franklin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, March 18, at 1 and 3:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

St. Patrick's Day Parade—Starts at noon on Saturday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

Poetry Readings—Sandra Hochman reading from her own works, plus chamber music by the West End Chamber Ensemble. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. 288-8450. Sunday, March 18, at 8.)... ¶ Adrienne Rich, Margaret Atwood, and John Peck reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

Lectures—Rudolph Bing speaking about opera. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, March 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ "Humans in Universe," by R. Buckminster Fuller. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

Myrna Loy—In an informal interview and discussion with the audience, following a showing of film clips from some of her motion pictures. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 18, at 7:30.)

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The first in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Arthur Penn, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Penn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Antiques Fair and Flower Show—A hundred and twenty-five dealers displaying antiques from all over the world, combined with fifteen gardens and twenty-five plant and flower exhibits. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, March 14-17, from noon to 9, and Sunday, March 18, from noon to 6.)

Flower Show—The Spring Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, March 14, from 10 to 9, and Thursday, March 15, from 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 14, at 8, and Thursday, March 15, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, John Marin, and Georgia O'Keeffe; from the estate of Edith G. Halpert. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 2: Paperweights, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, silver, and clocks; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: French furniture and decorations, porcelains, and paintings; from the estate of Norman Norell and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 20, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian art, from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 17.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 14 at 5:30: "Tell England" (1930), directed by Anthony Asquith and Geoffrey Barkas, with Fay Compton. . . . ¶ March 15 at 5:30: "Vagabonding in the Pacific with John Barrymore" (1925) and "Around the World in Eighty Minutes with Douglas Fairbanks" (1931). . . . ¶ March 15 at 8: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1951), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride. . . . ¶ March 16 at 5:30 and March 17 at noon: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), a Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin. . . . ¶ March 17 at 3: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ March 17 at 5:30: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1951). . . . ¶ March 18 at 12:30 and 3: "Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925), directed by Donald Crisp, with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Astor. . . . ¶ March 18 at 5:30: "Vagabonding in the Pacific with John Barrymore" (1925) and "Around the World in Eighty Minutes with Douglas Fairbanks" (1931). . . . ¶ March 19 at 2: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967). . . . ¶ March 19 at 5:30: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (1967), in German, directed by Jean-Marie Straub. . . . ¶ March 20 at 2: "The Ten Commandments" (1923), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, and Richard Dix. . . . ¶ March 20 at 5:30: Seven short films. . . . ¶ March 21 at 5:30: "The Ten Commandments" (1923). . . . ¶ March 22 at 5:30: Seven short films. . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: "People Near Here" (1972), directed by Ron Finne; and "Film Portrait" (1965-71), directed by Jerome Hill. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 15: "The Blob" (1958), directed by Irvin S. Yeaworth, with Steve McQueen. . . . ¶ March 16: "Attack" (1956), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Jack Palance and Eddie Albert. . . . ¶ March 17-18: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell. . . . ¶ March 21-22: "The Goddess" (1958), directed by John Cromwell, with Kim Stanley and Lloyd Bridges. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Cocteau, Cornell, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except March 18) at 10. No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—Through March 16: Films by women filmmakers. . . . ¶ March 17-19: "Why Not," directed by Arakawa. . . . ¶ March 20-21: A program of eleven animated films. . . . ¶ Starting March 22: "Coming Attractions," directed by Beverly and Tony Conrad. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the Museum for time schedules and ticket information.

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Charlotte—*White House Inn* May 8*, 9, 10
Cleveland—*Hotel Statler-Hilton* Apr. 6, 7, 9, 10†
Columbus—*Neil House* Apr. 4, 5
Dallas—*Adolphus Hotel* Apr. 2, 3, 4, 5†
Denver—*Brown Palace Hotel* Mar. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24†
Detroit—*Sheraton-Cadillac* Mar. 26*, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31†
Indianapolis—*Atkinson Hotel* Apr. 16, 17†
Kansas City, Mo.—*Muehlebach* Apr. 18*, 19, 20, 21†
Louisville—*Seelbach Hotel* Apr. 17*, 18, 19, 20
Memphis—*Sheraton-Peabody Hotel* Apr. 12*, 13, 14, 16
Miami—*Hotel McAllister* Mar. 21, 22, 23, 24, 26
Minneapolis—*Radisson Hotel* Apr. 23, 24, 25, 26†
New Orleans—*Roosevelt Hotel* Mar. 27*, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 2
Omaha—*Blackstone Hotel* Apr. 27*, 28†
Philadelphia—*Bellevue-Stratford* Apr. 30*, May 1, 2, 3
Phoenix—*Del Webb's Townehouse* Mar. 29*, 30, 31†
Portland—*Hotel Benson* May 10*, 11, 12†
Richmond—*The John Marshall* May 4*, 5, 7
Rochester—*One Eleven East Avenue* Apr. 17*, 18, 19†
San Antonio—*Gunter Hotel* Apr. 4*, 5, 6, 7
San Diego—*Holiday Inn (dwntwn)* Mar. 26, 27, 28
Seattle—*Hotel Olympic* May 7, 8, 9†
Syracuse—*Hotel Syracuse* Apr. 20, 21
Toledo—*Commodore Perry Hotel* Apr. 2, 3†
Tulsa—*Alvin Plaza Hotel* Apr. 6*, 7

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Getaway" and "The Killing."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 17: "Show Business" and "If You Knew Susie."
March 18-20: "Reunion in Vienna" and "A Free Soul."
From March 21: "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Broadway Melody of 1938."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 20: "The Emigrants," "Shame," and "My Night at Maud's."
From March 21: "Deliverance," "Point Blank," and "Marat/Sade."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 20: "The Valachi Papers" and "The Burglars."
From March 21: "Deliverance."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 20: "Deliverance."
From March 21: "The Boys in the Band" and "The Queen."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
March 14: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Simon of the Desert."
March 15: "El" and "Nazarin."
From March 16: "Vault of Horror."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 19: "Cabaret."
March 20-22: Theatre closed.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Lady Caroline Lamb."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 17: "Pete 'n' Tillie."
From March 18: "Two People."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ludwig."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
March 14: "The Hero."
March 15-21: "Days and Nights in the Forest."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"White Sister."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 20: "Young Winston."
From March 21: "Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Thief Who Came to Dinner."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Baxter!"

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
From March 14 at 8: "Lost Horizon." (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 20: "Across 110th Street."
From March 21: "Deliverance."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Fear Is the Key."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Getaway."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fellini's Roma."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 20: "Shamus."
From March 21: "5 Fingers of Death."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 20: "Deliverance."
From March 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through March 15: "Slaughter Hotel."
From March 16: "Vault of Horror."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Young Winston."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 20: "Under Milk Wood."
From March 21: "Greaser's Palace" and "Putney Swope."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 18: "Tout Va Bien."
From March 19: "Painters Painting."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 20: "The Conformist," "Harold and Maude," "Le Boucher," "Women in Love," "Across 110th Street," "The Landlord," "Fellini's Roma," and "Lord of the Flies."
From March 21: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 15: "The Lady from Shanghai" and "Beat the Devil."
March 16-20: "The Conformist" and "If . . ."
March 21-22: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 20: "Shamus" and "X Y & Zee."
From March 21: To be announced.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Harder They Come."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
March 14: "Charlotte's Web."
From March 15: "Tom Sawyer."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 22: "Travels with My Aunt."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Getaway."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Young Winston."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through March 20: "The Train Robbers" and "Hannie Caulder."
From March 21: "Avanti!" and "Bananas."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 20: "Shamus" and "X Y & Zee."
From March 21: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 20: "Two English Girls" and "Jules and Jim."
From March 21: "My Uncle Antoine" and "The 400 Blows."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 20: "Fellini's Roma."
From March 21: "Child's Play" and "The First Circle."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 15: "Marjoe" and "Bedazzled."
March 16-18: "Mississippi Mermaid" and "The Wild Child."
March 19-20: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."
March 21-22: "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 20: "Emitai" and "Soleil-O."
From March 21: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (72nd Street East and Quad Cinema 3; through March 20.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—Not for anyone who knows, or cares, anything about Leon Trotsky. With Richard Burton as a stuffed-shirt Trotsky, and Alain Delon as the angel-of-death assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia; March 19-20.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Beacon; starting March 21.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Beacon; starting March 21.)

Baxter!—With Patricia Neal and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Lionel Jeffries. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Elgin; through March 15.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Thalia; through March 15.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Elgin; March 21-22.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane

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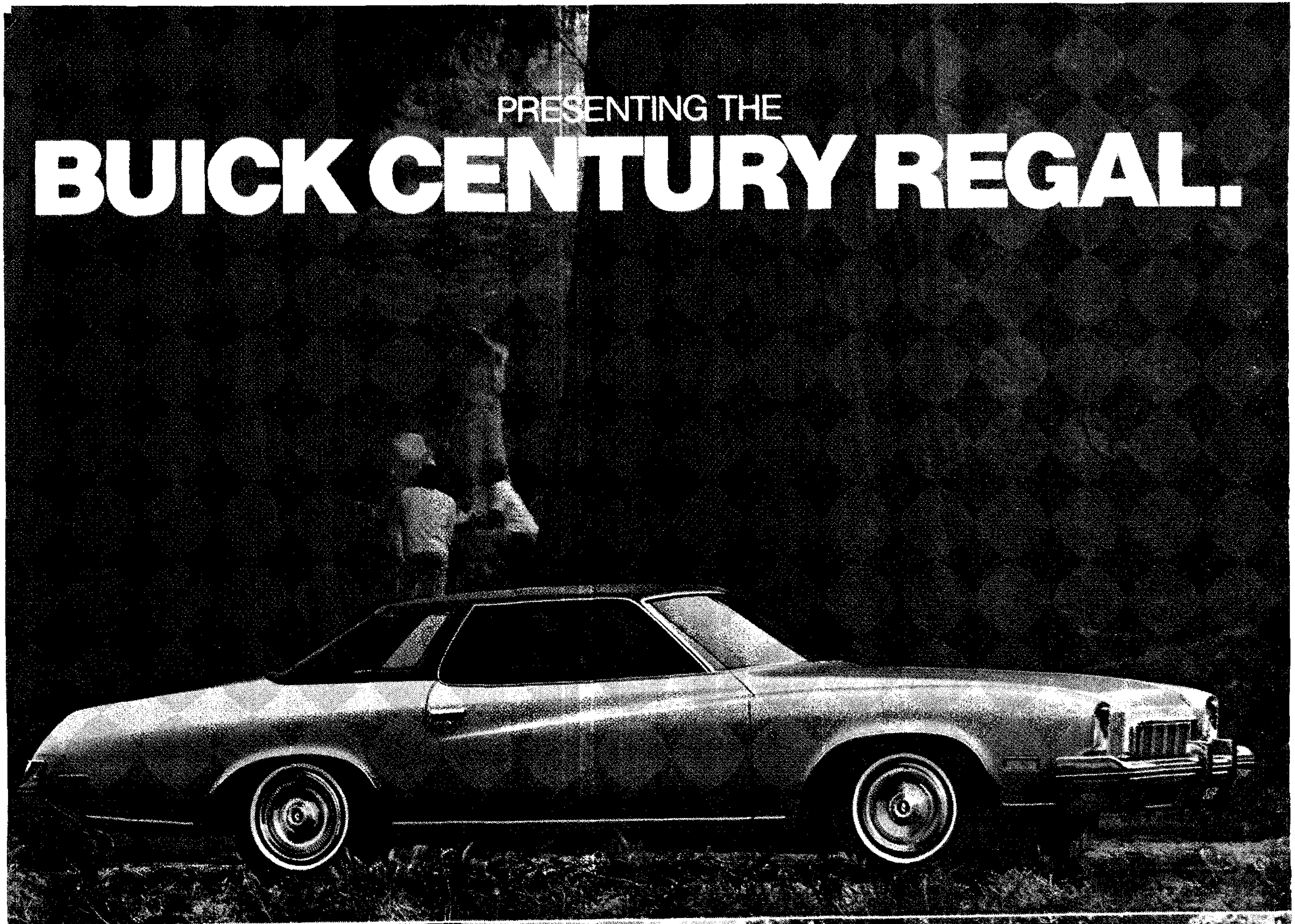

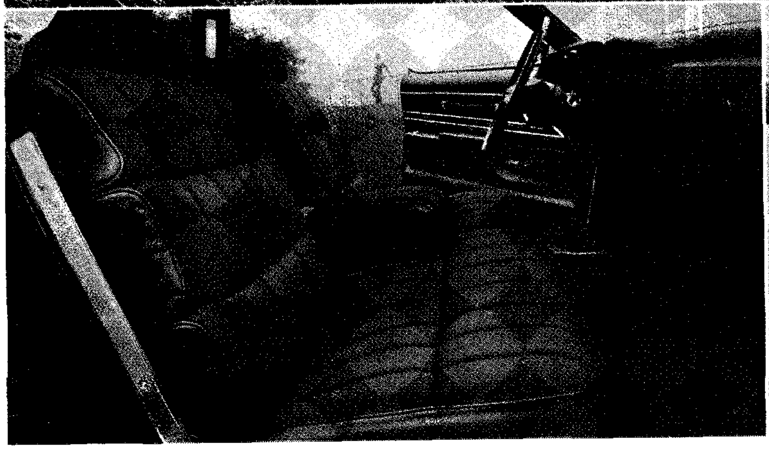

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Quad Cinema 2; through March 20.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Kips Bay; starting March 21.)

Broadway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 21.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor again, this time with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing that memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score, once again, is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown (but not as good), and the director once again Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 21.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Elgin; March 21-22.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite stuff. (Gramercy; through March 20.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Eastside Cinema; through March 19.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Charlotte's Web—An animated musical version of the E. B. White story. (Music Hall; March 14.)

Child's Play—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Symphony; starting March 21.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 1; through March 20. . . . ¶ Elgin; March 16-20.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

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Days and Nights in the Forest—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 15-21.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Kips Bay and 86th St. East; through March 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting March 21.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Thalia; March 21-22.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 15.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 20.)

Emitai—A film by the Senegalese writer-filmmaker Ousmane Sembene about black villagers who are pushed closer and closer to resistance by the inhuman demands of a colonial power (the French, during the Second World War). Yet they delay. Even after their women and children are rounded up and put in the sun, the men postpone taking action; they make sacrifices to their gods, hoping to learn what to do—but the gods are silent. Some of the men interpret this silence as punishment for those who no longer believe in the gods. (Emitai is the Master of Thunder.) The film deals with the interrelationships in the village between the men and the women, and between the men and their gods—and in both cases they turn out to be complex and puzzling. Ousmane Sembene's techniques are simple and unaffected, though the last part is unsatisfying. (Olympia; through March 20.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 14.)

Fear Is the Key—Based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Michael Tuchner. With Barry Newman and Suzy Kendall. (Juliet 1.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 4 and Symphony; through March 20.)

The First Circle—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's not drab; it's tense and intelligent, and good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open when political freedom is gone. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. The Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors speak in English; nonaccented voices have been dubbed in. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (Symphony; starting March 21.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (Loews Orpheum; starting March 21.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becames a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (New Yorker; starting March 21.)

A Free Soul (1931)—This melodrama was a sensational success. Adela Rogers St. John, the daughter of a lawyer, wrote the story about a brilliant alcoholic lawyer (Lionel Barrymore) whose independent, "free" daughter (Norma Shearer) had a hot affair with a man whom her father had got acquitted on a murder charge—a racketeer known as Ace (Clark Gable). Shearer's acting is dreadful, but she was in her bold-indiscreet-modern-woman period and looks sexily undressed in her silky Adrian gowns, and Gable had erotic menace in his villainous role. Things get fairly maudlin when high-minded Leslie Howard, Shearer's former fiancé,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

shoots Gable and is defended by Barrymore, and Barrymore hams fearfully (he got an Academy Award for it), but it's a vintage "daring" movie in the glossy-hokey M-G-M style. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 18-20.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Cinema Studio.)

Godspell—Based on the Off Broadway musical, directed by David Greene. (Columbia II; starting March 21.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 21.)

Hannie Caulder—With Raquel Welch, Robert Culp, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Beacon; through March 20.)

The Harder They Come—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (New Embassy.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema 1; through March 20.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

The Hero—Directed by, and with, Richard Harris. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 14.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Elgin; March 16-20.)

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If You Knew Susie (1948)—Of the rambunctious, rawboned women comics who became popular during the Second World War, Joan Davis was one of the more talented. However, this particular style of comedy can only be taken in small amounts. In this vehicle, from R.K.O., she's joined by Eddie Cantor (who was pushing sixty at the time). Harold Adamson and Jimmy McHugh did the score; Gordon Douglas directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 17.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (New Yorker; through March 20.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick made this film when he was twenty-seven. (His early career was with *Look* as a photographer.) He used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story, which includes Sterling Hayden. A very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. (Art.)

Lady Caroline Lamb—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Fine Arts.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Elgin; through March 15.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

The Landlord (1970)—About Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema 3; through March 20.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Quad Cinema 4; through March 20.)

Lost Horizon—Based on the James Hilton novel, with Peter Finch and Liv Ullmann. Directed by Charles Jarrott. (Loews Tower East; starting March 14 at 8.)

Ludwig—With Helmut Berger and Romy Schneider, directed by Luchino Visconti. (East 59th Street II.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

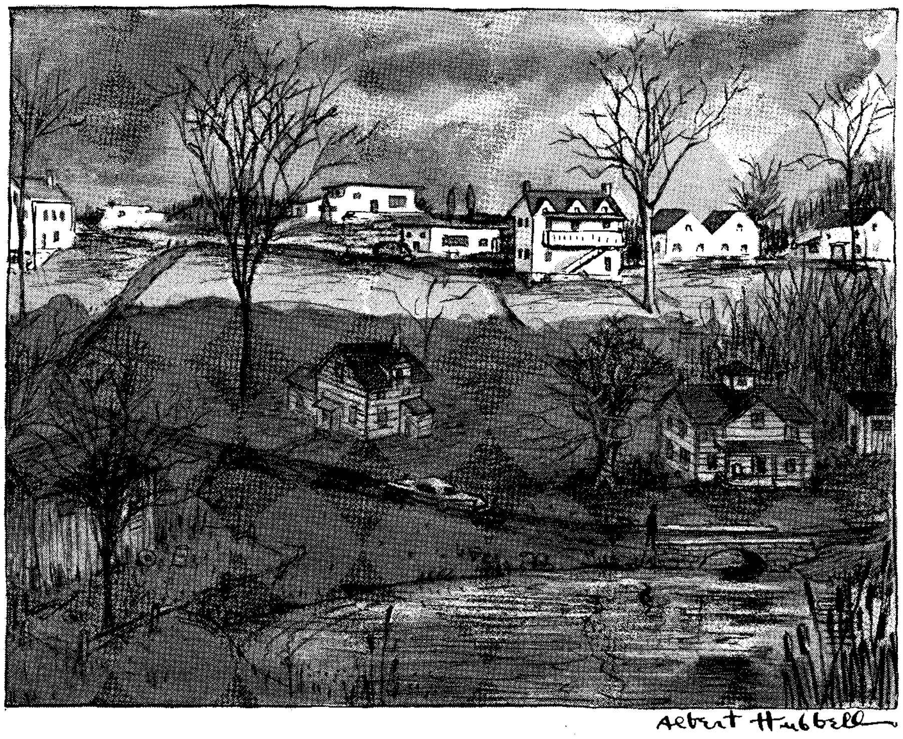
Marat / Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 21.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (Thalia; through March 15.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Thalia; March 16-18.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 20.)

My Uncle Antoine—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it



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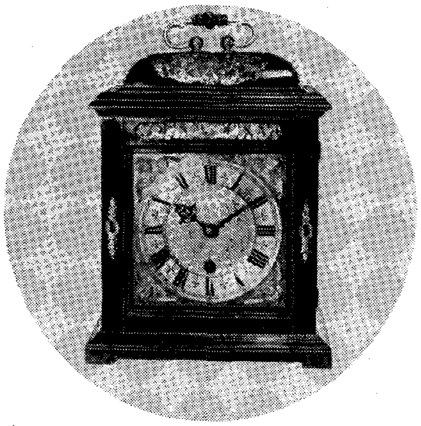

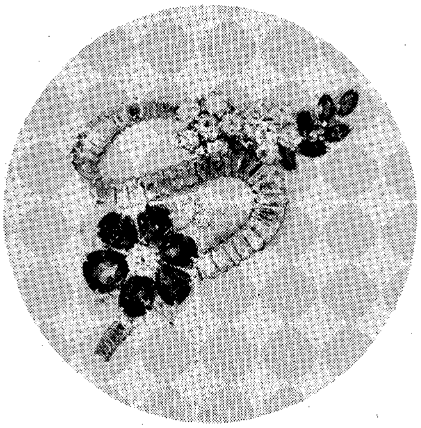

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is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (New Yorker; starting March 21.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 15.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Thalia; March 19-20.)

Painters Painting—Conversations with such artists as Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, Jasper Johns, and Frank Stella, directed by Emile de Antonio. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 19.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Juliet 2, Greenwich, and Riverside. . . . ¶ Baronet; through March 17.)

Point Blank (1967)—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 21.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Riviera.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 21.)

The Queen (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Kips Bay; starting March 21.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Thalia; March 21-22.)

Reunion in Vienna (1933)—John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard in the vehicle that Robert E. Sherwood wrote for the Lunts to do their stylish romping in. The play has more vitality and spirit than most of Sherwood's work, and Barrymore seizes his chances for comedy. With Frank Morgan and May Robson; Sidney Franklin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 18-20.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling those orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed this grotesque example of what happens when a TV writer goes philosophical. (Loews Ciné.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 20.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Orpheum, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; through March 20.)

Show Business (1944)—Not for people of elegant taste. Low comedy and high jinks by Joan Davis, Eddie Cantor, George Murphy, Constance Moore, and Nancy Kelly. The score isn't bad; Edwin L. Marin directed, for R.K.O. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 17.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 14.)

Slaughter Hotel—Directed by Fernando di Leo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through March 15.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Coronet.)

Soleil-O—A Senegalese film, directed by Med Hondo. (Olympia; through March 20.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Beekman.)

Tom Sawyer—With Johnny Whitaker and Celeste Holm, directed by Don Taylor. (Music Hall; starting March 15.)

Tout Va Bien—With Yves Montand and Jane Fonda, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and

Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through March 18.)

The Train Robbers—With John Wayne and Ann-Margret, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Beacon; through March 20.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Playboy; through March 22.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (New Yorker; through March 20.)

Two People—With Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner, directed by Robert Wise. (Baronet; starting March 18.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (East 59th Street I.)

Under Milk Wood—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 20.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (Gramercy; through March 20.)

Vault of Horror—Five horror stories, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (Murray Hill and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting March 16.)

White Sister—With Sophia Loren, directed by Alberto Lattuada. (Columbia I.)

The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Thalia; March 16-18.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Quad Cinema 2; through March 20.)

X Y & Zee (1972)—Elizabeth Taylor in an all-out, let-it-bleed performance that shows her talent for comic toughness. She's a great bawd in this one, and so energetic that Michael Caine and Susannah York (it's a triangle movie) have to work hard to hold their own. The picture doesn't quite break through the plush-circus women's-picture format, but Edna O'Brien's dialogue has a sardonic tickle to it. Directed by Brian G. Hutton. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Loews 83rd St.; through March 20.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Waverly and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through March 20.)

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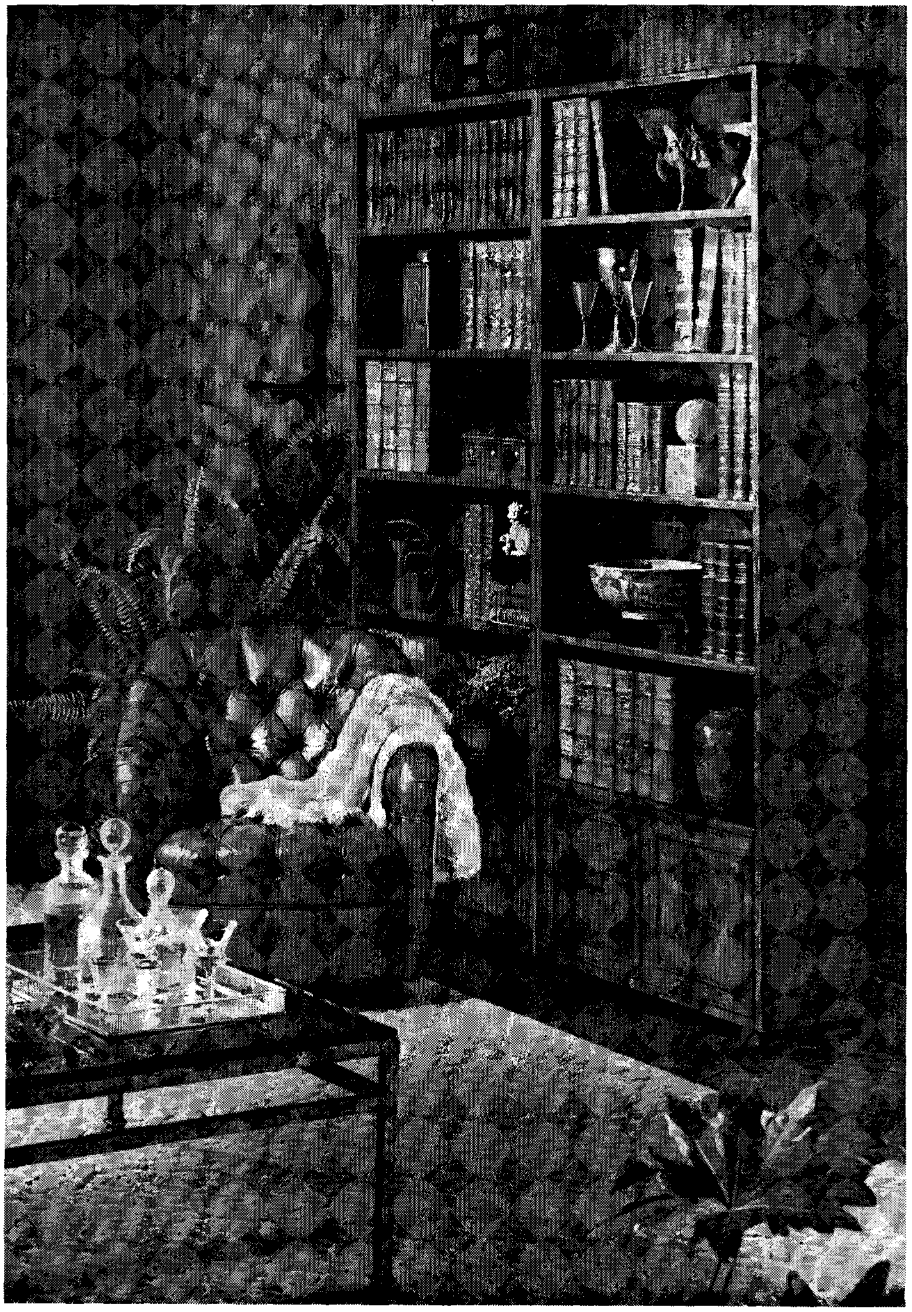

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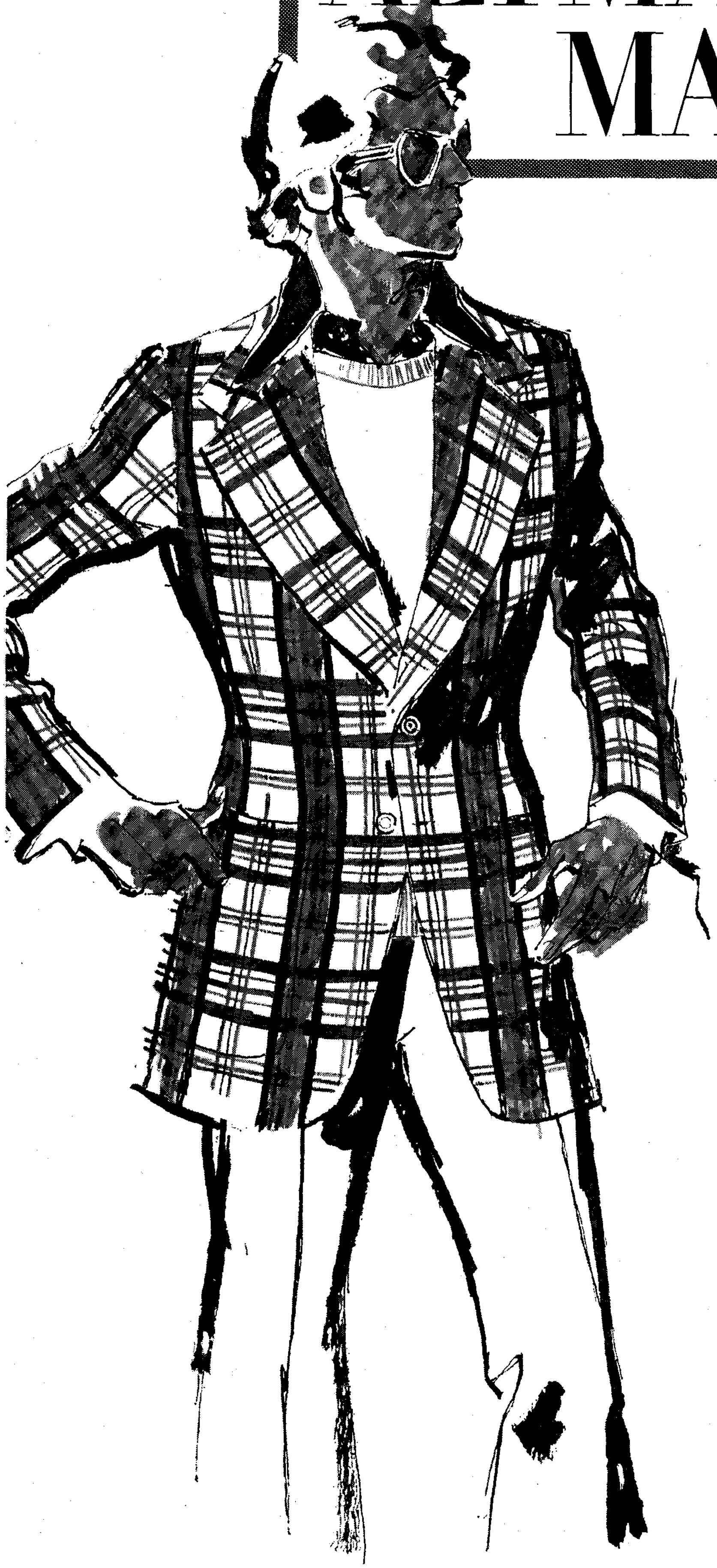

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

STUDENTS of political science are familiar with Dillon's Rule, whereby any doubt concerning the powers of a municipal corporation is decided against the corporation. The rule is named after the legal commentator John F. Dillon, and it grows out of the fact that this nation's Constitution does not mention the powers of cities but only the powers of states. The states establish cities as their own creatures, granting them, as Dillon's Rule has it, no powers other than those clearly implicit in the establishing statutes. The dependency of American cities is similar to that of children in regard to their parents, and consequently those who speak for the cities often adopt the tone of frustrated grownups—grownups who have been reduced to the helplessness of children. In fact, they come to resemble neurotic adults, beseeching assistance at one moment and insisting on independence at the next. On the other side, the public officials who hold the cities in dependency resemble the kind of parents who attempt to preserve their dominance while wishing (often out loud) that their charges would learn to behave themselves and stop crying all the time. Thus, last week, when President Nixon gave a State of the Union message on community development, he pretended—hoping, perhaps, that someone would take a hint—that the cities had emerged from the "crisis" of the late nineteen-sixties and were now on their feet again. "The hour of crisis has passed," he said. "The Ship of State is back on an even keel, and we can put behind us the fear of capsizing." Crime rates were falling, the air was becoming cleaner, fewer riots were occurring, and businesses were beginning again to invest in the downtown centers. A response to these claims came the following day from a *Times* editorial writer. "President Nixon's series of messages on the State of the Union is turning into a prolonged flight of fantasy," he wrote, and he went on to note that violent crimes were increasing, that many old business districts were decaying, and that the nation's slums continued to be plagued by such problems as crime, unemployment, and drug addiction. The editorial writer, like the President, fell into a habitual role. The President could not very well have said, "I made a mess of the cities in my first term. Now I'm going to redeem myself by pouring half the federal budget into them." *Past* Presidents make messes of things. Messes are inherited. Likewise, the editorial writer (who followed up his list of urban woes with a warning against any cutback of federal programs for the cities) could not have adopted the argument used for commercial or political promotions—promotions in which everything in the city is looking up (and therefore businesses should establish their headquarters here) or would be looking up if only Albany would do something (like granting the city home rule). A modified form of this argument is used on the occasion of a ceremonial stocktaking, such as occurred later in the week, when Mayor Lindsay announced that he would not seek a third term, and the *Times* commented, "But, as Mayor Lindsay pointed out in his announcement yesterday, a great deal has already been accomplished that is often lost sight of in the hurly-burly of the city's daily struggle, ranging from improved management systems within city government to at least the beginnings of a turnaround on crime, drugs, pollution, and the other dismal aspects of urban life." In other words, now that Lindsay is getting himself out of the range of everyone's catcalls, New Yorkers may as well admit that things could be worse. But, as far as the city's troubles go, there will still be President Nixon and Governor Rockefeller to grumble at. When *that* starts again, we'll be there.

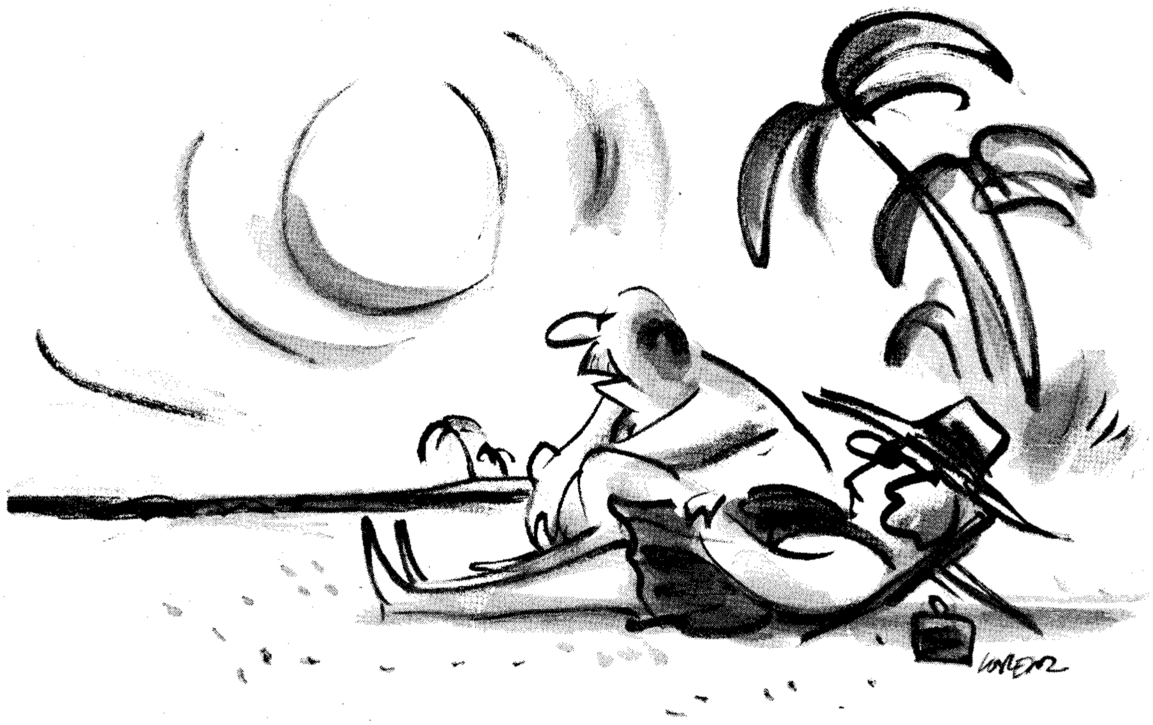
Dave Preston

Much Looking, Much Simple Being There

> In my work in both France and Italy, much looking, much simple being there preceded any photography.—*Paul Strand in U. S. Camera, 1955.*

> Paul Strand is one of the legendary names in the history of American photography. His early accomplishments reach back to the era of Alfred Stieglitz, in whose gallery "291" Mr. Strand first showed his work in 1916. Indeed, his career encompasses so much history that we are sometimes in danger of relegating his work to the past. Yet Mr. Strand remains to this day a vital photographic artist, tirelessly adding to his already enormous oeuvre. At the age of 81, he shows no sign of relaxing his energetic course. —*Hilton Kramer in the Times, 1971.*

PAUL STRAND came to town recently, at the age of eighty-two, for the opening of the Paul Strand exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The exhibition, a major retrospective of his work from 1915 through 1968, has been touring the country for over a year now. According to Michael Hoffman—publisher of the photography magazine *Aperture* and adviser to the Alfred Stieglitz Center of the Philadelphia Museum of Art—who put the exhibition together in collaboration with Paul Strand, it is probably the largest touring show of one man's photographs ever mounted in this country. The show opened at the Philadelphia Museum in November, 1971, moved from



"Damn it! How can I relax, knowing that out there, somewhere, somehow, someone's attacking the dollar?"

there to the City Art Museum of St. Louis, then on to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and now it has come to New York, where it will be on view in the Met's Twentieth Century Art Galleries through April 16th. From here, it goes to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the M. H. DeYoung Memorial Museum, in San Francisco, and then to Europe.

We had a chance to sit down and have a good long talk with Paul Strand. He received us in his Village apartment. He lives in France these days, but he maintains a Village flat. He wore a gray tweed jacket, slightly baggy flannels, a plaid wool shirt, a hand-knit wool tie, a gray V-necked sweater, and plain brown shoes. He speaks slowly and quietly, and has a beautiful speaking voice. Behind his chair hung a Mathew Brady photograph of Lincoln.

Our first question was about his early days.

"I've often said to young photographers who seemed very impatient that it took me about nine years of taking pictures—or close to it—before I was doing anything that was my own work," Paul Strand said. "I've always thought that becoming a photographer takes about as much time as learning to play the violin, or do anything else. Every two years during those nine years, I showed my work to Stieglitz. I always got good criticism from him. From others I got enthusiasm, but that's not always very helpful. They liked what I was doing, but they didn't point out the weaknesses. In 1915, I showed my work to Stieglitz again. He said, 'This is work I want to show.' It was a complete surprise to me. This was at '291.' Stieglitz called Steichen out of the back room and said, 'Come look at this.' Then he said to me, 'This place is your home now. Come here whenever you want.' That's the way my photographic career got started. It was the greatest sendoff a young man could have."

We asked Paul Strand about the importance of feeling in a good photograph.

He said, "What is more important than feeling is understanding. Feeling is a very good way, and a very easy way, to escape reality, as far as I'm concerned. You can have two World Wars roll over you and not notice, because you're so interested in your feeling. Unh? I don't think the artist grows by feeling. I think he grows by understanding. He only grows by being compelled to do certain things, whether he wants to do them or not. There is a tremendous weakness in only doing what you want to do. When I was in the Hebrides—where cattle are very important—taking pictures, what if I had said, 'I like stones, but I don't like cows,' and had only taken pictures of stones? I was, of course, *forced* to take pictures of everything in the Hebrides if I wanted to tell the story of the Hebrides. And I did. And I know—I absolutely am sure of it—that that's the only way the artist grows. The reason for it is very simple. If the matrix of an artist's work is reality, to start with, and not feeling, and not imagination, and not the things he dreams, or, as I put it vulgarly, sucks out of his own guts, unh?—if that's the matrix of his work, it's absolutely inexhaustible. Because it's the whole world. Unh? I feel as though I could go on photographing forever. That is, the world itself is so enormous, so complex, so interesting, so full of wonders that the minute I say that everything that's in the world will be part of the matrix of my work, then I can grow along with reality, and I won't repeat myself all the time, and do the same thing. The artist does not grow by pampering himself with his own likes and dislikes; he grows by having to do, and to solve problems that reality presents to him, which he must accept if he wants to continually develop. One day in the nineteen-thirties, Carlos Chávez, then in the Department of Fine Arts of the Mexican government, said to me, 'We want to make films, and we want to make a five-year plan of films, and we thought it would be good if you were in charge of that.' He had a whole big plan of filmmaking. My first reaction was just push it away—I'm a still photographer, and if I get involved with this project, it will be full of grief. But I had to accept, and it was full of grief—plenty—but out of it came 'Redes,' a film released in this country as 'The Wave.' And if I hadn't accepted that offer, then the books I've done more recently—books like 'Time in New England;' 'La France de Profil;' 'Un Paese,' the book about Italy; and 'Tir a'Mhurain,' the Hebrides book—wouldn't possibly be the same. All things hang together, and it's on the basis of that that I make these very didactic statements."

Then Paul Strand said he would like to talk briefly about photographic paper. "Films are quite good these days," he said. "But the papers are still made only for the amateur and for the average professional who doesn't care too much about quality and longevity. These papers lack variety and, in themselves, any kind of real beauty. The photographer has never had the best materials that could be made. Photography is still a new art, and in some people's minds it still doesn't compete, doesn't qualify. They think of it as an inferior, mechanical medium, because it isn't done by the human hand. But, of course, the photographer deserves the best materials that could be made, because what he is doing is something added, something new through which the human spirit and mind can express themselves. With museums now beginning to show and collect photographs, and to give courses in them, it is to be hoped that all these factors will finally persuade large manufacturers of photographic materials to produce materials of great quality and durability. According to archival investigators, it's possible now to make wood-pulp paper that will last four hundred years. These materials are very much needed by society if the art of photography is to be practiced in an intelligent and completely valuable way."

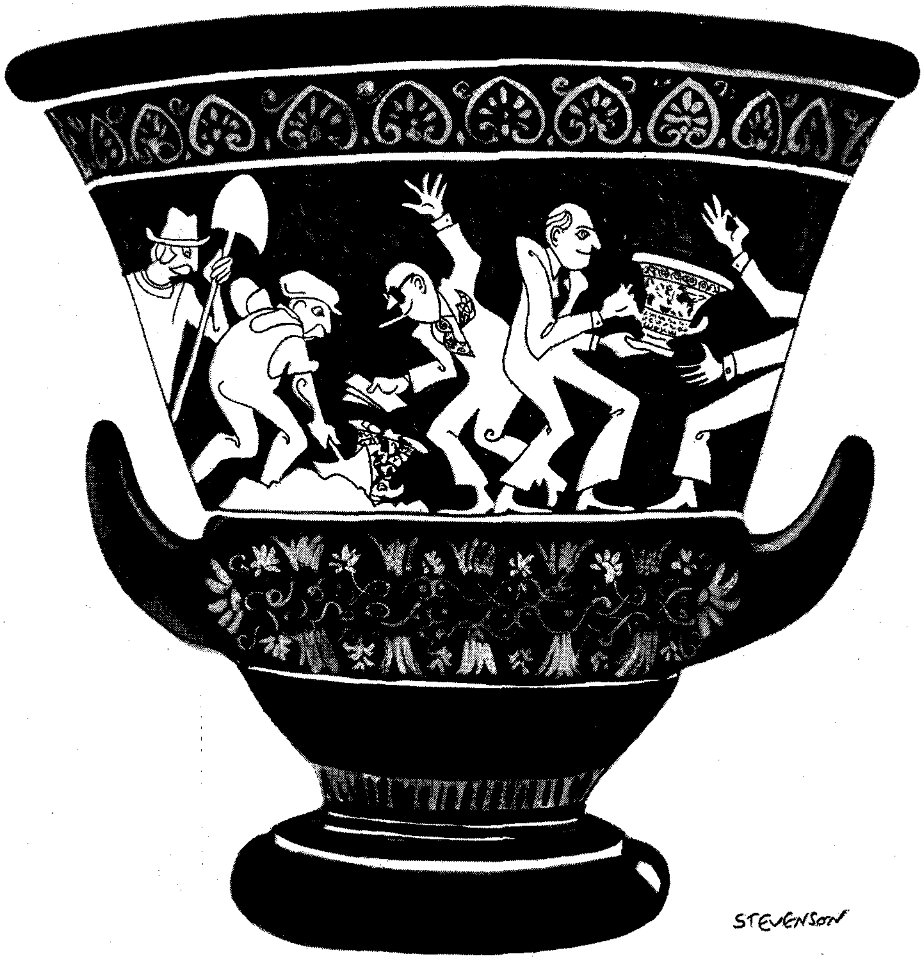
Paul Strand told us that he has three books of photographs in the works at the moment. At the age of eighty-two, he is working on a book about Ghana, a book about Rumania, and a book about Morocco.

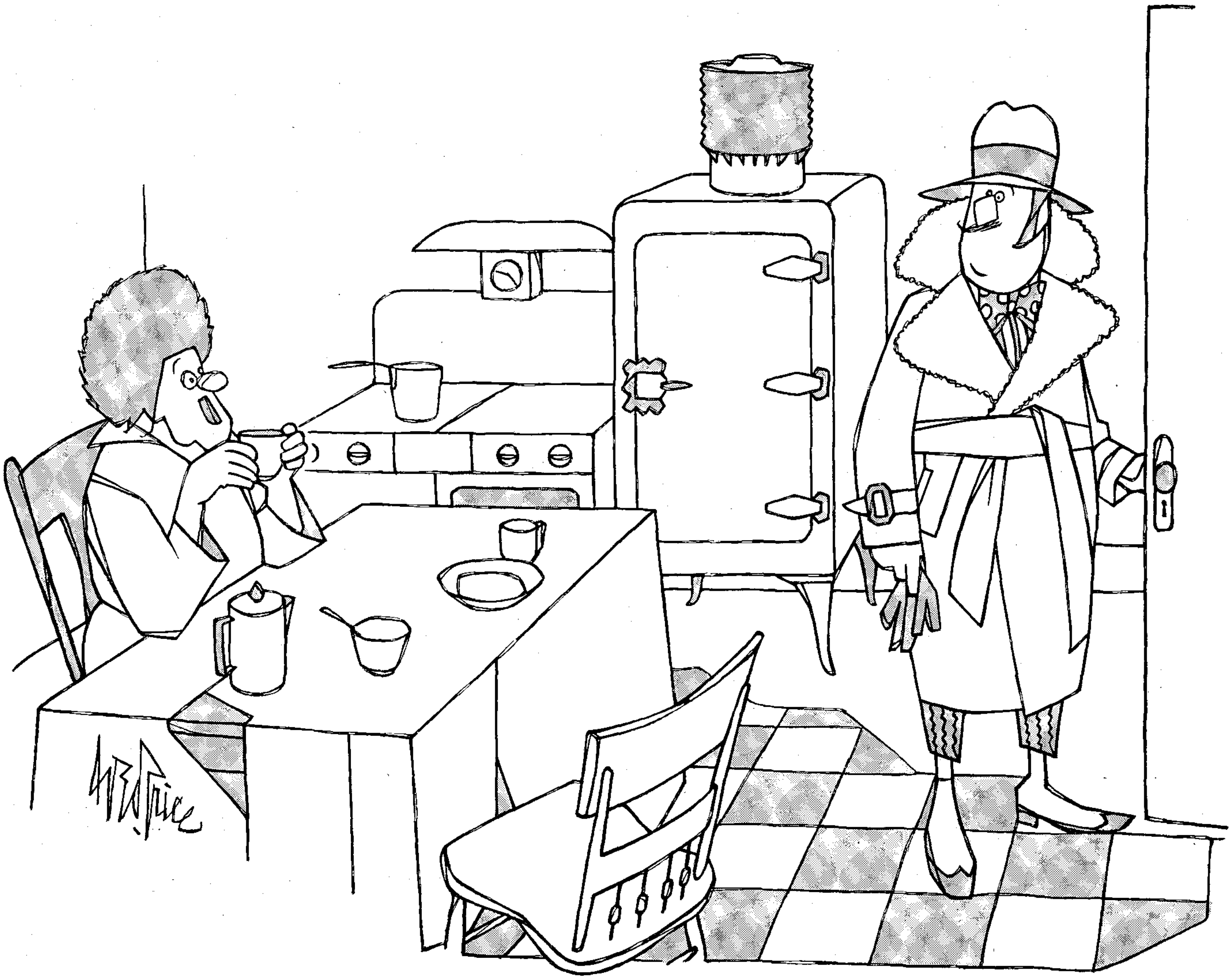
Tango

IT would be better, on the whole, if there were more dance crazes. Dance crazes tend to hold the social fabric together. We make it a point to look out for them, so it occurred to us that because of the success of "Last Tango in Paris" the tango might come back and be a dance craze a second time. We had a lead—an ad in the paper. "WE TEACH THE TANGO $5," the ad said in big type. "Introductory lesson," the ad went on in small type. "Arthur Murray. See Yellow Pages for the studio nearest you," the ad ended. This evidence that Arthur Murray was reacting to an accelerating tango demand led us to consult our Yellow Pages, and within minutes we were heading toward the studio nearest us.

The Arthur Murray studio nearest us was on the second floor of a building on Broadway just north of Columbus Circle. In the foyer we found three young ladies behind a desk, and several signs. One sign said, "Join the Communicators!" Another said, "We Teach Body Language!" A third announced an impending "Progress Awards Dinner at the Tavern on the Green." One of the three young ladies asked why we had come, and we said the tango lesson for five dollars, and the young lady said our instructress would be with us in a moment. Soon enough, we were greeted by our instructress, who was a young blond girl wearing black boots, a short skirt, and a cardigan sweater. We asked her straight off if a lot of people were coming in to learn the tango. "It's really just promotional advertising," she replied. Before taking us onto the dance floor, our instructress took us into a little office, where there was one desk and two chairs and a large Audubon print of the pileated woodpecker. She told us again that the "WE TEACH THE TANGO $5" ad was just promotional advertising. Then she told us that it took a long time to learn the tango, and that if we took just the half-hour introductory lesson we would be wasting our five dollars, because we wouldn't really be able to learn much. She said that, fortunately, there was a complete tango curriculum we could have instead. Finally, she took us out on the dance floor. We could notice from the dance floor that the walls were blue and that there was a mirrored column. We could also notice some music, but it was a little hard to place it. We asked our instructress if they were playing a tango, and she said it didn't make any difference, because we were learning patterns. Then we asked again if a large number of people wanted to learn the tango. "You mean because of the movie?" she answered. "Some people, I suppose, but it's really just promotional advertising."

We learned some tango patterns. One pattern we learned was forward, forward, forward, side, together. The timing for that pattern was slow, slow, quick, quick, slow. We also learned how to do the conversation step, and we learned how to use body drive in leading. Then our instructress took us back into the little office. While we watched, she filled out an Introductory Evaluation of Dance Ability form. On the form she said that our rhythm was good, our balance was shaky, our self-confidence was lacking, our footwork needed improvement, and our variety was limited. She said that our natural ability was very good and that we should think seriously of continuing our work with the tango. What she recommended, she said, was three hours of work on patterns, three hours on continuity, three hours on lead, three hours on timing, three hours on style, and three hours on polish. She said that we could have a ninety-dollar discount, because we were new to Arthur Murray, so we could learn the tango for the reduced figure of one hundred and seventy-eight dollars and fifty cents down





"*Will you be right home after the peccadillo?*"

• •

payment, plus twelve monthly payments of thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents each. The total, we figured, came to six hundred and forty dollars and fifty cents. We noticed that in dealing with us our instructress seemed to be following a pattern of some sort. The timing of her pattern was quick, slow, quick. Her rhythm, balance, self-confidence, and footwork were all good.

Bolstering Self-Esteem

WE went over to the big exhibition room of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, at the Public Library, last week and roamed around the hundred and seventy-odd books and manuscripts that make up its current "Documents Famous & Infamous" show, wondering why such items as genuine letters from Mary Stuart, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, Queen Anne, Frederick the Great, Lafayette, Garibaldi, Queen Victoria, Edward VII, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson should have such strange bedfellows as counterfeit messages purportedly from Byron, Shelley, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë, and spurious first editions of Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, the Brontës, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Kipling, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Two of the counterfeits were last-minute documents: a request to George Washington that Major John André be shot rather than hanged, supposedly written by André himself, and a "last message" from General George A. Custer, written in pencil on creased paper embellished with brownish stains and three rather unconvincing squarish holes. Bloodstains and bullet holes, as the late Owen D. Young, the message's pre-Berg owner, happily believed? (He paid three hundred and fifty dollars for it, and enshrined it in a silk-backed, velvet-mounted levant case for fifty dollars more.) Not a bit of it, said Dr. Lola L. Szladits, the collection's curator and the organizer of the show. Custer's real last message—"Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs"—is at West Point; the original of André's letter is in the Library of Congress. Both inventions came to the Berg when Dr. A. A. Berg bought Young's great collection, most of which was O.K.

We asked Dr. Szladits whether the Berg Collection had ever knowingly bought forgeries, and she said, "Only the forged signatures of Edgar Allan Poe and other members of the Poe family, in two of his books, which are in the show. We bought them to protect innocent buyers. That was our motive." The great run of "first editions," spread out in ten cases, are all the work of the celebrated English book specialist and forger Thomas J. Wise; they came to the Berg in the W. T. H. Howe collection (again, most of it O.K.), which Dr. Berg had also acquired. Pre-Howe dupes (as book labels and bookplates attest) included Jerome Kern and Sir Edmund Gosse, who were both taken in by Tennyson concoctions.

We asked Dr. Szladits the reason for the show's dichotomy, and she said, "We thought of having an exhibit entirely of forgeries, but we didn't have enough to fill the cases." As we continued our look around, she went on, "Literary forgers often give themselves away by the spacing of their lines, ignoring the spacing of the imitated writers. Then, too, idiosyncrasies are exaggerated. In forgeries of Shaw, who crossed his 't's meticulously, 't's tend to be crossed much too well; Charlotte Brontë's minuscule hand is made *more* minuscule in Brontë forgeries. One of the forgeries we're not showing is a two-poem pamphlet by W. H. Auden, which we bought in good faith; I kept it out because its creator had a printing shop in Europe that may still be in operation, and I was afraid of legal complications. The Wise forgeries now bring fabulous figures, but the motivation of forgers is often not financial."

We asked what else it might be.

"Pride. Overblown ego," she said, and she handed us a book, "Counterfeit," by Sonia Cole, opened to a passage that read:

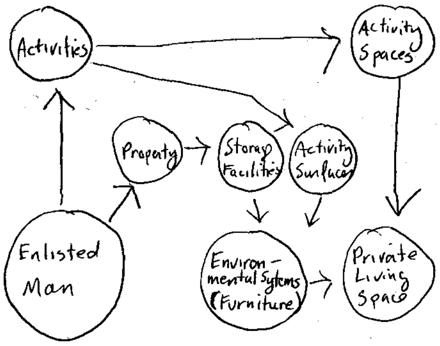
> Forgery is a satisfactory way of overcoming frustration and a means of expression; it proves to the author that he is a match for any man and bolsters up his self-esteem.

There are a lot more forgeries in the Public Library's Rare Book and Manuscript Divisions, but the Library is keeping mum about them.

The Enlisted Man

THE Army held a press conference the other day at the Overseas Press Club, in the Time & Life Building, to unveil its plans to build more commodious and attractive quarters for the enlisted man, who from now on will be a volunteer, the Army hopes. We showed up and found ourself in a small room filled with reporters, and an assortment of public-relations people in and out of uniform. At the back of the room, James Allred, the chief of the Architectural Section of the Army Corps of Engineers, was standing behind a small model of the new quarters, chatting with newsmen. Mr. Allred is a heavyset man with small eyes and a soft, tentative voice, and as we approached him we caught the words "the dignity associated with responsibility." He was pointing to semi-private bathrooms in the model, and he went on to say, "We don't think the men will destroy these bathrooms. They would tend to destroy the communal bathrooms for fifty or sixty men, because they didn't belong to anyone. Now they'll develop a sense of responsibility. And we'll know who's using which one." We peered into the tiny rooms of the model, which had three stories and appeared to be built of brick. Each man had his bed in a semi-private space within a one-, two-, or three-man room, and each man had his own window. There were tiny posters on the tiny walls, we noted. Two were of *Playboy* bunnies, or something like them, and one was of the *Playboy* rabbit symbol. Another had the single word "Environment" on a background of bright green. Mr. Allred used the word "campuslike" more than once in describing the intended atmosphere. Shortly, we all moved into another room, where Mr. Allred described the quarters with the help of slides and then introduced Jack L. Bedingfield, an associate of Benham-Blair & Affiliates, of Oklahoma City—the firm that had won an Army design competition with the plan we had just seen.

Mr. Bedingfield said his firm had arrived at the plan only after intensive first-hand study of the enlisted man. They had taken it from the ground up. "The enlisted man, or EM, has characteristics—just the way all of us here in this room do," he observed, striking an almost metaphysical note. And, indeed, his firm had established a complex methodology for their study. In a book handed out to the reporters at the conference, it was described this way: "THE CRITERIA AND PRIORITIES ESTABLISHED IN THE PROGRAM INFORMATION [the study of the enlisted man] THEN PROVIDED THE NECESSARY RELATIONSHIPS WHICH WERE USED TO DEVELOP GROUPS OF ELEMENTS. THESE GROUPS ARE FORMED BASED ON AN ORDERED HIERARCHY OF ELEMENTS WHICH ESTABLISHES, AT EACH LEVEL IN THE SCOPE OR SCALE OF THE COMPLETE ENVIRONMENTAL PACKAGE, BASIC FUNCTIONAL CLUSTERS OR SETS OF ELEMENTS. THESE CLUSTERS ARE INTEGRAL AND SELF-CONTAINED AT THEIR PARTICULAR SCALE, AND EACH IS MADE UP OF INTEGRAL SMALLER SCALED SETS. THEY BECOME PARTS OF LARGER GROUPINGS BY THE ADDITION OF NEW ELEMENTS INTO A SET OF SEVERAL IDENTICAL CLUSTERS. THE DIAGRAM OF THIS SET OF ELEMENTS AND THEIR RELATIONSHIPS AND SUBSEQUENT GROUPS IS IDENTIFIED AS THE ELEMENTAL RELATIONSHIPS DIAGRAM." The diagram, which Mr. Bedingfield soon showed us on a slide, looked something like this:



Branching off from this elemental-relationships diagram were other arrows, leading to other circles, which contained such items as "Laundry Room," "Lounge Space," and "Services, Cleaners, Barber."

Mr. Bedingfield, having established his method, and showing us the diagram, went on to itemize the characteristics of the enlisted man. The enlisted man could be considered as Physical Man, as Professional Military Man, as Psychological Man, as Social Man, and as Spiritual Man, he said. Each of these categories was illustrated by a slide with an appropriate drawing and some writing on it. For instance, Social Man was seen at a bar, or perhaps a soda fountain, with a smile on his face, and under the subhead "Relationships/Activity" it was noted that "the EM needs facilities and spaces which allow him to establish beneficial social relationships/activities." Spiritual Man was shown pouring candy into the Christmas stocking of an Oriental child, and under the subhead "Identity/Individual" it was noted that "the living spaces and facilities should allow each EM to maintain his identity/individualism." Other large categories were then mentioned. One was Activities, under which it was noted that "each EM has a basic set of activities which occur within the living spaces," to which the caveat was later added that "activities with similar positions and privacy/community can be grouped into sets of compatible activities termed ACTIVITY GROUPS," and that "activities in compatible sets can occur on the same surfaces and simultaneously with other activities of that set." Another category was Positions, under which it was noted, "Each activity has a corresponding set of positions. Positions generate environmental surfaces and spaces necessary to maintain activities." Among the surfaces were "surfaces for sitting and reclining positions." And the best way of providing these, it turned out, was a chair and a bed.

REMBRANDT'S HAT

RUBIN, in careless white cloth hat or visorless soft round cap, however one described it, wandered with unexpressed or inexpressive thoughts up the stairs from his studio in the basement of a New York art school where he made his sculpture, to a workshop on the second floor, where he taught it. Arkin, the art historian, a hypertensive, impulsive bachelor of thirty-four—a man often swept by strong feeling, he thought—about a dozen years younger than the sculptor, observed him through his open office door, wearing his cap among a crowd of art students and teachers he wandered amid along the hall during a change of classes. In his white hat he stands out and apart, the art historian thought. It illumines a lonely inexpressiveness arrived at after years of experience. Though it was not entirely apt, he imagined a lean white animal—hind, stag, goat?—staring steadfastly, but despondently, through trees of a dense wood. Their gazes momentarily interlocked and parted. Rubin hurried to his workshop class.

Arkin was friendly with Rubin though they were not really friends. Not his fault, he felt; the sculptor was a very private person. When they talked he listened looking away, as though guarding his impressions. Attentive, apparently, he seemed to be thinking of something else—his sad life, no doubt, if saddened eyes, a faded green mistakable for gray, necessarily denote sad life. Once in a while he uttered an opinion—usually a flat statement about the nature of life, or art, never much about himself; and he said absolutely nothing about his work. "Are you working, Rubin?" Arkin was reduced to. "Of course I'm working." "What are you doing, if I may ask?" "I have a thing going."

There Arkin let it lie.

Once, in the faculty cafeteria, listening to the art historian discourse at long length on the work of Jackson Pollock, the sculptor's anger had momentarily flared.

"The world of art ain't necessarily in your eyes."

"I have to believe that what I see is there," Arkin had politely but stiffly responded.

"Have you ever painted?" asked Rubin.

"Painting is my life," retorted Arkin.

Rubin, with dignity, reverted to silence. That evening, leaving the building, they tipped hats to each other over small smiles.

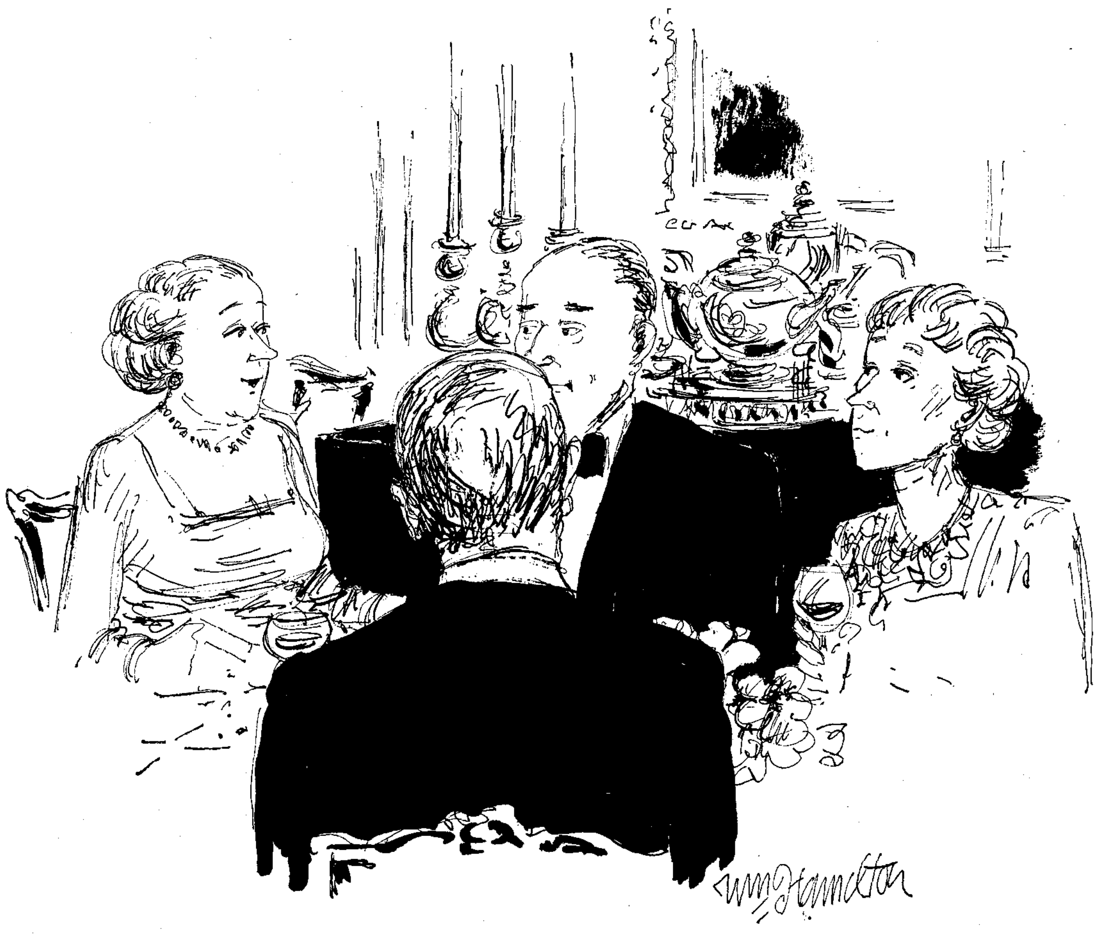
In recent years, after his wife left him and costume and headdress became a mode among students, Rubin had taken to wearing various odd hats from time to time, and this white one was the newest, resembling Nehru's Congress Party cap, but rounded, a cross between a cantor's hat and a bloated yarmulke; or it was perhaps like a French judge's in Rouault, or a working doctor's in a Daumier print. Rubin wore it like a crown. Maybe it kept his head warm under the cold skylight of his large studio.

When the sculptor afterward again passed along the crowded hall on his way down to his studio that day, Arkin, who had been reading a fascinating article on Giacometti, put it down and went quickly into the hall. He was in an ebullient mood he could not explain to himself and told Rubin he very much admired his hat.

"I'll tell you why I like it so much. It looks like Rembrandt's hat that he wears in one of the middle-aged self-portraits, the really profound ones, I think the one in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. May it bring you the best of luck."

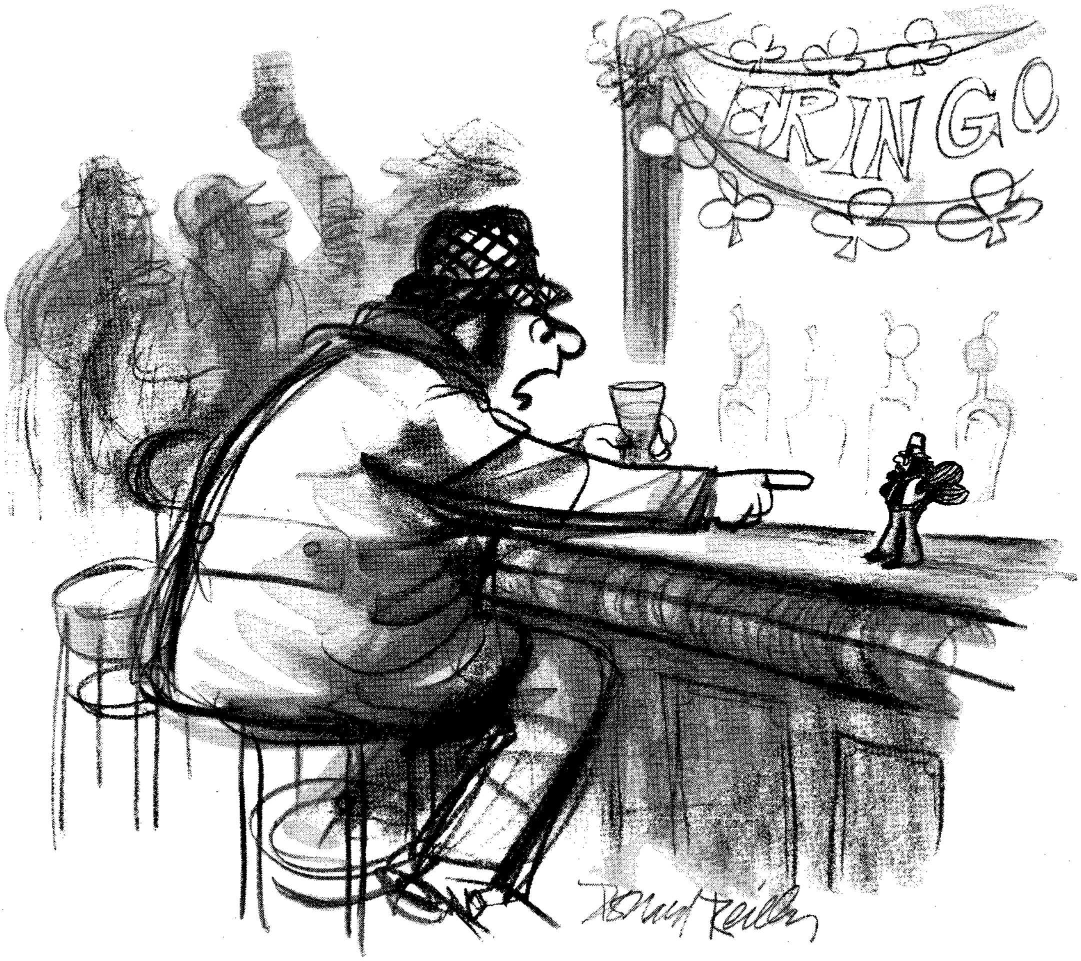
Rubin, who had for a moment looked as though he were struggling to say something extraordinary, fixed Arkin in a strong stare and hurried downstairs. That ended the incident, though not the art historian's pleasure in his observation.

Arkin later remembered that when he had come to the art school via an assistant curator's job in a museum in St. Louis seven years ago, Rubin had been working in wood; he now welded triangular pieces of scrap iron to construct his sculptures. Working at one time with a hatchet, later a modified small meat cleaver, he had reshaped driftwood pieces out of which he had created some arresting forms. Dr. Levis, the director of the school, had talked the sculptor into giving an exhibition of his altered driftwood objects in one of the downtown galleries near where Levis lived. Arkin, in his first term at the school, had gone on the subway to see the show one brisk winter's day. This man is an original, he thought; maybe his work will be, too. Rubin had re-



"I'm probably old-fashioned, but I felt much more at home with the Forsytes than I do with the Louds."

fused a gallery *vernissage* and on the opening day the place was nearly deserted. The sculptor, as though escaping his hacked forms, had retreated into a storage room at the rear of the gallery and stayed there, looking at pictures. Arkin, after reflecting whether he ought to, sought him out to say hello, but seeing Rubin seated on a crate with his back to him, examining a folio of somebody's prints without once turning to see who had come into the room, he silently shut the door and departed. Although in time two notices of the show appeared, one dreadful, the other mildly favorable, the sculptor seemed unhappy about exhibiting his work and hadn't for years. Nor had there been any sales. Recently, when Arkin had casually suggested it might be a good idea to show what he was doing with his welded-iron triangles, Rubin, after a wildly inexpressive moment, had answered, "Don't bother playing around with that idea."



"And who the hell are you to be calling Mother Machree irrelevant?"

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The day after the art historian's remarks in the hall to Rubin about his white cap, it disappeared from sight—gone totally; for a while he wore on his head nothing but his heavy reddish hair. And a week or two later, though he could momentarily not believe it, it seemed to Arkin that the sculptor was actively avoiding him. He guessed the man was no longer using the staircase to the right of his office but was coming up from the basement on the other side of the building, where his corner workshop room was anyway, so he wouldn't have to pass Arkin's open door. When he was certain of this, Arkin felt at first uneasy, then experienced intermittent moments of strong anger.

Have I offended him in some way? the art historian asked himself. If so, what did I say that's so offensive? All I did was remark on the hat in one of Rembrandt's self-portraits and say it looked like the cap he was wearing that day. How can that be so offensive?

He then thought: No offense where none's intended. All I had was good will to him. He's shy and might have been embarrassed in some way—maybe my exuberant voice in the presence of students. If that's so, it's no fault of mine. And if that's not it, I don't know what's the matter other than his nature. Maybe he hasn't been feeling well, or it's some momentary *mishigas*—nowadays there are more ways of insult without meaning to than ever before—so why raise up a sweat over it? I'll wait it out.

But as weeks, then a couple of months went by and Rubin continued to shun the art historian—he saw the sculptor only at faculty meetings when Rubin attended them; and once in a while glimpsed him going up or down the left staircase; or sitting in the Fine Arts secretary's office poring over long inventory lists of supplies for sculpture—Arkin thought, Maybe the man is having a nervous breakdown. He did not believe it. One day they met by chance in the men's room and Rubin strode out without a word. Arkin, incensed, felt for the sculptor surges of hatred. He didn't like people who didn't like him. Here I make a sociable, innocent remark to the son of a bitch—at worst it might be called innocuous—and to him it's an insult. I know the type, I'll give him tit for tat. Two can play.

But when he had calmed down and was reasonable, Arkin continued to wonder and worry over what might have gone wrong. I've always thought I was good in human relationships. He had a worrisome nature and wore a thought ragged if in it lurked a fear the fault was his own. Arkin searched the past. He had always liked the sculptor even though Rubin offered only his fingertip in friendship; yet Arkin had been friendly—courteous, interested in his work, and respectful of his dignity, almost visibly weighted with unspoken thoughts. Had it, he often wondered, something to do with his mentioning—suggesting—not long ago, the possibility of a new exhibition of his sculpture, to which Rubin had reacted as though his life were threatened?

It was then he recalled that he had never told Rubin how he had responded to his hacked driftwood show—never once commented on it, although he had signed the guestbook and the sculptor surely knew he had been there. Arkin hadn't liked the show, yet had wanted to seek Rubin out to name one or two interesting pieces. But when he had located him in the storage room, intently involved with a folio of prints, lost in hangdog introspection so deep-

THE ROOM

I stand at the back of a room
and you have just entered.
I feel the dust
fall from the air
onto my cheeks.
I feel the ice
of sunlight on the walls.
The trees outside
remind me of something
you are not yet aware of.
You have just entered.
There is something like sorrow
in the room.
I believe you think
it has wings
and will change me.
The room is so large
I wonder what you are thinking
or why you have come.
I ask you,
What are you doing?
You have just entered
and cannot hear me.
Where did you buy
the black coat you are wearing?
You told me once.
I cannot remember
what happened between us.
I am here. Can you see me?
I shall lay my words on the table
as if they were gloves,
as if nothing had happened.
I hear the wind
and I wonder what are
the blessings
born of enclosure.
The need to get away?
The desire to arrive?
I am so far away
I seem to be in the room's past
and so thoroughly here
the room is beginning
to vanish around me.
It will be yours soon.
You have just entered.
I feel myself drifting,
beginning to be
somewhere else.
Houses are rising
out of my past,
people are walking
under the trees.
You do not see them.
You have just entered.
The room is long.
There is a table in the middle.
You will walk
toward the table,
toward the flowers,
toward the presence of sorrow
which has begun to move
among objects,
its wings beating
to the sound of your heart.
You shall come closer
and I shall begin to turn away.
The black coat you are wearing,
where did you get it?
You told me once
and I cannot remember.
I stand at the back
of the room and I know
if you close your eyes
you will know why
you are here;
that to stand in a space
is to forget time,
that to forget time
is to forget death.
Soon you will take off your coat.
Soon the room's whiteness
will be a skin for your body.
I feel the turning of breath
around what we are going to say.
I know by the way you raise
your hand you have noticed
the flowers on the table.
They will lie
in the wake of our motions
and the room's map
will lie before us
like a rug already faded.
You have just entered.
There is nothing to be done.
I stand at the back of the room
and I believe you see me.
The light consumes the chair,
absorbing its vacancy,
and will swallow itself
and release the darkness
that will fill the chair again.
I shall be gone.
You will say you are here.
I can hear you say it.
I can almost hear you say it.
Soon you will take off your black coat
and the room's whiteness
will close around you
and you will move
to the back of the room.
Your name will no longer be known,
nor will mine.
I stand at the back
and you have just entered.
The beginning is about to occur.
The end is in sight.

—Mark Strand

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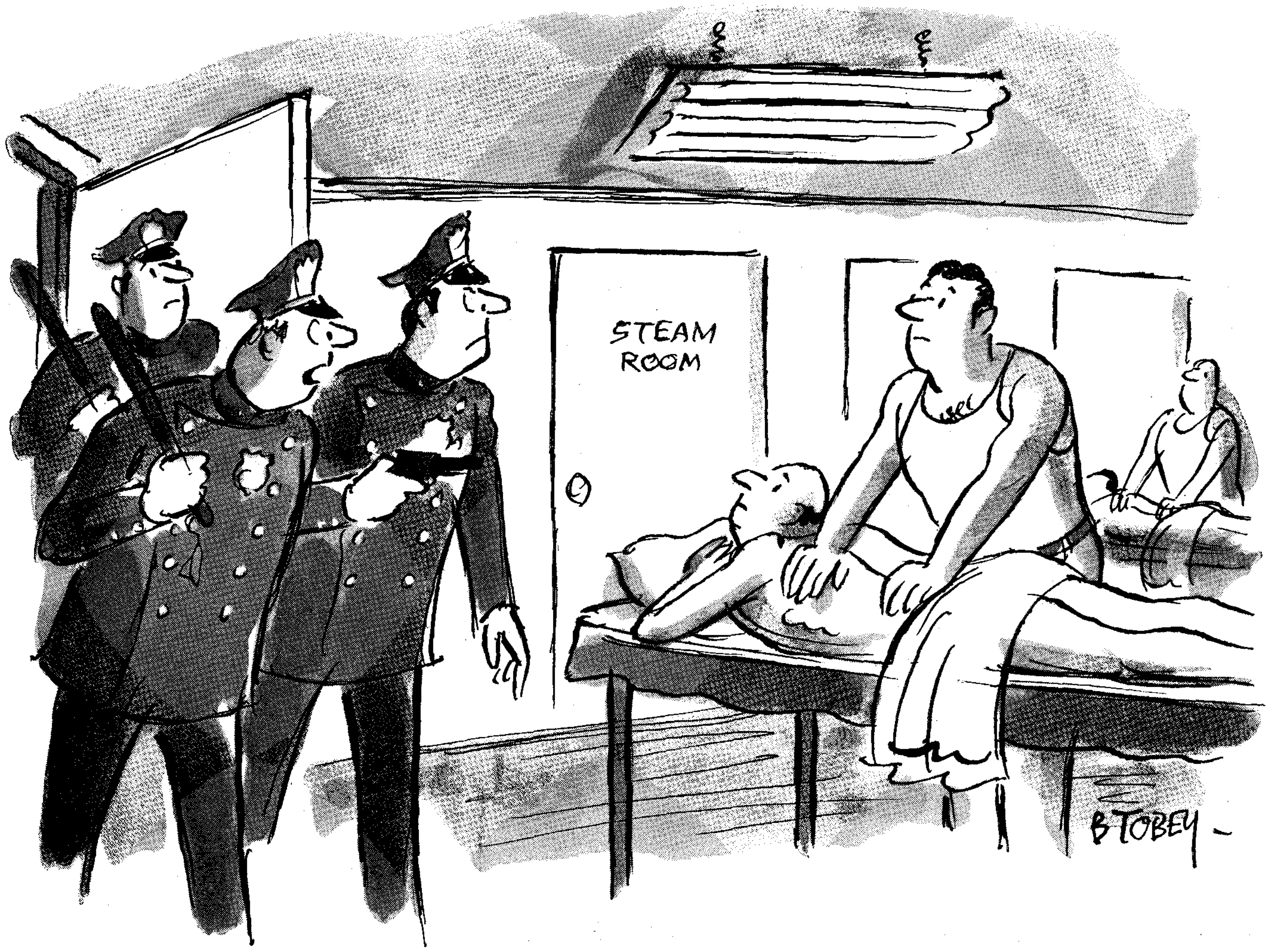
ly he had been unwilling, or unable, to greet whoever was standing at his back—hiding, really—Arkin had said to himself, better let it be. He had ducked out of the gallery without saying a word. Nor had he mentioned the driftwood exhibition thereafter. Was this kindness cruel? In some cases unsaid things were worse than things said. Something Rubin might think about if he hadn't.

Still it's not very likely he's avoiding me so long after the fact for that alone, Arkin reflected. If he was disappointed, or irritated, or both, by my not mentioning his driftwood show, he would then and there have stopped talking to me if he was going to stop talking. But he didn't. He seemed as friendly as ever, according to his measure, and he isn't a dissembler. And when I afterward suggested the possibility of a new show he obviously wasn't eager to have—which touched him to torment on the spot—he wasn't at all impatient with me but only started staying out of my sight after the business of his white cap, whatever that meant to him. Maybe it wasn't my mention of the cap itself that's annoyed him. Maybe it's a cumulative thing—three minuses for me? Arkin felt it was probably cumulative; still, it seemed that the cap remark had mysteriously wounded Rubin most, because nothing that had happened before had threatened their relationship, such as it was, and it was then at least amicable, pleasant. Having thought it through to this point, Arkin had to admit to himself he did not know why Rubin acted as strangely as he was now acting.

Off and on the art historian considered going down to the basement to the sculptor's studio and there apologizing to him if he had said something inept, which he certainly hadn't meant to do. He would ask Rubin if he'd mind telling him what it was that bothered him; if it was something *else* he had inadvertently said or done, he would apologize for that and clear things up. It would be mutually beneficial. One early spring day he made up his mind to visit Rubin after his seminar that afternoon, but one of his students, a bearded printmaker, had found out it was Arkin's thirty-fifth birthday and presented him with a white ten-gallon Stetson that the student's father, a travelling salesman, had brought back from Waco, Texas.

"Wear it in good health, Mr. Arkin," said the student. "Now you're one of the good guys."

Arkin was wearing the hat going



“Hey! This really is a massage parlor!”

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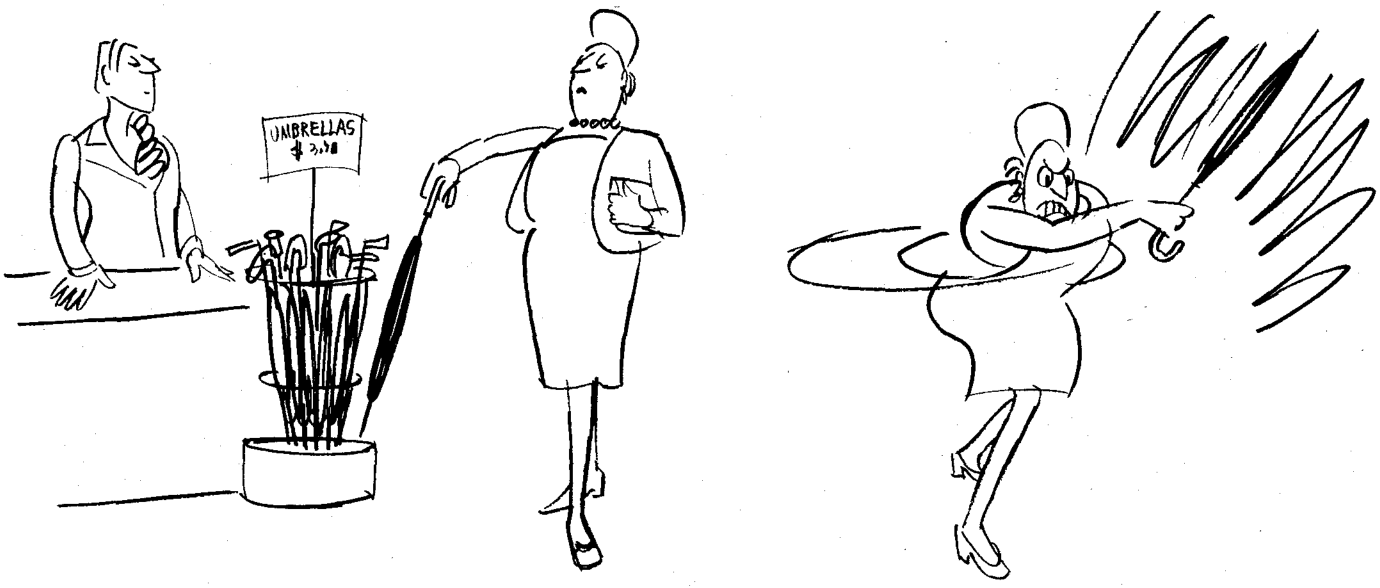
up the stairs to his office, accompanied by the student who had given it to him, when they encountered the sculptor, who grimaced, then glowered in disgust. Arkin was upset, though he felt at once the force of this uncalled-for reaction indicated that, indeed, the hat remark had been taken by Rubin as an insult. After the bearded student left Arkin, he placed the Stetson on his worktable, it had seemed to him, before going to the men’s room; and when he returned the cowboy hat was gone. The art historian frantically searched for it in his office and even hurried to his seminar room to see whether it could possibly have landed up there, someone having snatched it as a joke. It was not in the seminar room. Smoldering in resentment, Arkin thought of rushing down and confronting Rubin nose to nose in his studio, but could not bear the thought. What if he hadn’t taken it?

Now both of them evaded the other; but after a period of rarely meeting, they began, ironically, Arkin thought, to encounter one another everywhere—even in the streets of various neighborhoods, especially near galleries on Madison or Fifty-seventh or in SoHo, or on entering or leaving movie houses, and on occasion about to go into stores near the art school; each then hastily crossed the street to skirt the other, twice ending up standing close by on the sidewalk. In the art school both refused to serve together on committees. One, if he entered the lavatory and saw the other, stepped outside and remained a distance away till he had left. Each hurried to be first into the basement cafeteria at lunchtime, because when one followed the other in and observed him standing on line at the counter or already eating at a table, alone or in the company of colleagues, invariably he left and had his meal elsewhere. Once, when they came in together they hurriedly departed together. After often losing out to Rubin, who could get to the cafeteria easily from his studio, Arkin began to eat sandwiches in his office. Each had become a greater burden to the other, Arkin felt, than he would have been if only one were doing the shunning. Each was in the other’s mind to a degree and extent that bored him. When they met unexpectedly in the building after turning a corner or opening a door, or had come face to face on the stairs, one glanced at the other’s head to see what, if anything, adorned it; they then hurried by, or away in opposite directions. Arkin as a rule wore no hat unless he had a cold, then he usually wore a black woollen knit hat all day; and Rubin lately affected a railroad engineer’s cap. The art historian felt a growth of repugnance for the other. He hated Rubin for hating him and beheld hatred in Rubin’s eyes.

“It’s your doing,” he heard himself mutter to himself to the other. “You brought me to this, it’s on your head.”

After hatred came coldness. Each froze the other out of his life; or froze him in.

One early morning, neither looking where he was going as he rushed into the building to his first class, they bumped into each other in front of the arched art-school entrance. Angered, insulted, both started shouting. Rubin, his face flushed, called Arkin



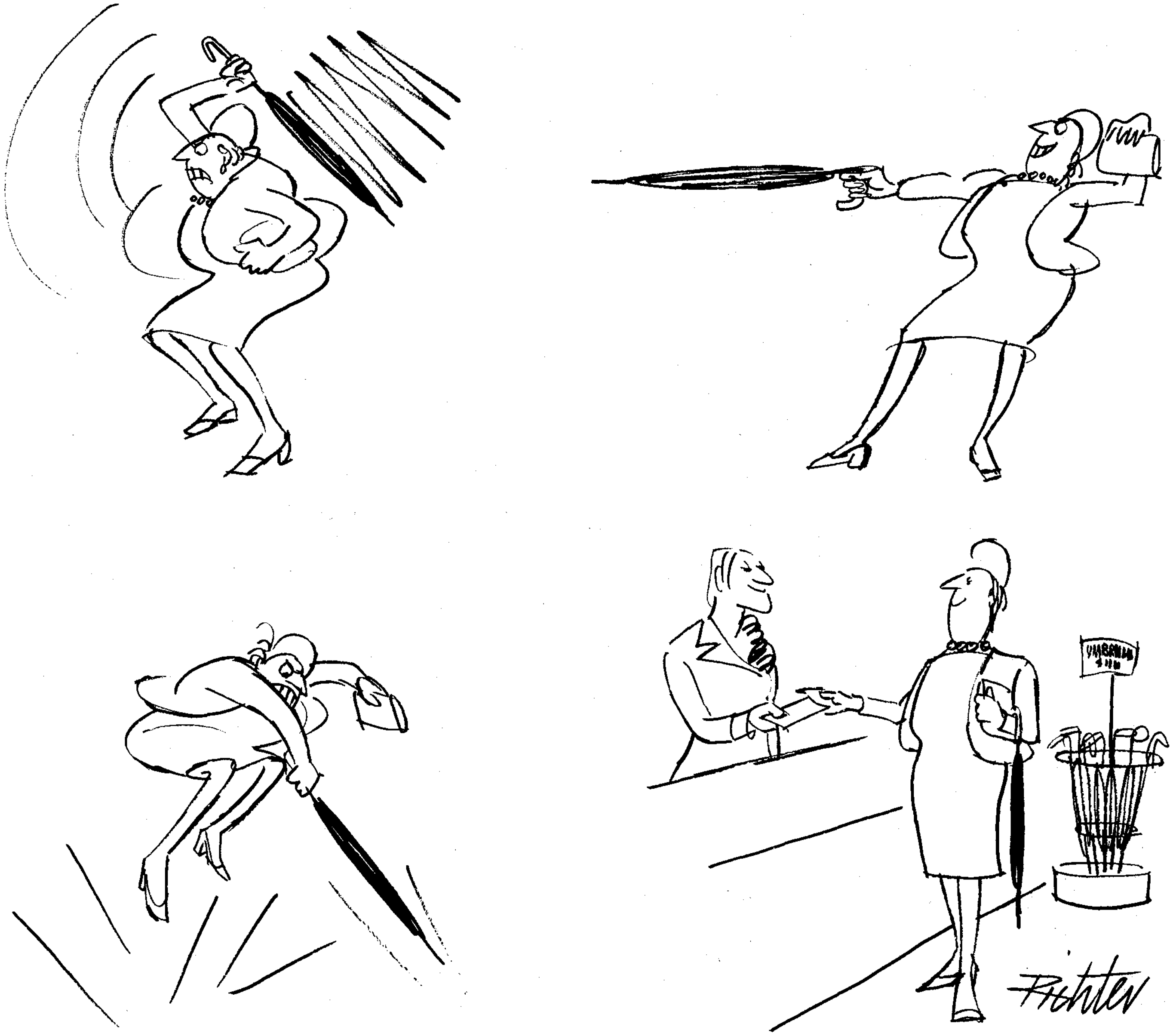
murderer, and the art historian retaliated by calling the sculptor thief. Rubin smiled in scorn, Arkin in pity; they then fled.

Afterward in imagination Arkin saw them choking one another. He felt faint and had to cancel his class. His weakness became nausea, so he went home and lay in bed, nursing a severe occipital headache. For a week he slept badly, felt tremors in his sleep; he ate next to nothing. "What has this bastard done to me?" he cried aloud. Later he asked, "What have I done to myself?" I'm in this against the will, he thought. It had occurred to him that he found it easier to judge paintings than to judge people. A woman had said this to him once, but he had denied it indignantly. Arkin answered neither question and fought off remorse. Then it went through him again that he ought to apologize, if only because if Rubin couldn't he could. Yet he feared an apology would cripple his craw.

HALF a year later, on his thirty-sixth birthday, Arkin, thinking of his lost cowboy hat and having heard from the Fine Arts secretary that Rubin was home sitting shivah for his recently deceased mother, was drawn to the sculptor's studio—a jungle of stone and iron figures—to search for the hat. He found a discarded welder's helmet but nothing he could call a cowboy hat. Arkin spent hours in the large skylighted studio, minutely inspecting the sculptor's work in welded triangular iron pieces, set amid broken stone statuary he had been collecting for years—decorative garden figures placed charmingly among iron flowers seeking daylight. Flowers were what Rubin was mostly into now, on long stalks with small corollas, on short stalks with petalled blooms. Some of the flowers were mosaics of triangles fixing white stones and broken pieces of thick colored glass in jewelled forms. Rubin had in the last several years come from abstract driftwood sculptures to figurative objects—the flowers, and some uncompleted, possibly abandoned, busts of men and women colleagues, including one that vaguely resembled Rubin in a cowboy hat. He had also done a lovely sculpture of a dwarf tree. In the far corner of the studio was a place for his welding torch and gas tanks as well as arc-welding apparatus, crowded by open heavy wooden boxes of iron triangles of assorted size and thickness. The art historian slowly studied each sculpture and after a while thought he understood why talk of a new exhibition had threatened Rubin. There was perhaps one fine piece, the dwarf tree, in the whole iron jungle. Was this what he was afraid he might confess if he fully expressed himself?

Several days later, while preparing a lecture on Rembrandt's self-portraits, Arkin, examining the slides, observed that the portrait of the painter he had remembered as the one he had seen in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam was probably hanging in Kenwood House in London. And neither hat the painter wore in either gallery, though both were white, was that much like Rubin's cap. This observation startled the art historian. The Amsterdam portrait was of Rembrandt in a white turban he had wound around his head; the London portrait was him in a studio cap or beret worn slightly cocked. Rubin's white thing looked more like an assistant cook's cap in Sam's Diner than it did like either of Rembrandt's hats in the large oils, or in the other self-portraits Arkin showed himself on slides. What those had in common was the unillusioned honesty of his gaze. In his self-created mirror the painter beheld distance, objectivity, painted to stare out of his right eye; but the left looked out of bedrock, beyond quality. Yet the expression of each of the portraits seemed magisterially sad; or was this what life was if, when Rembrandt painted, he did not paint the sadness?

After studying the pictures projected on the small screen in his dark office, Arkin felt he had, in truth, made a referential error, confusing the hats. Even so, what had Rubin, who no doubt was acquainted with the self-portraits, or may have had a recent look at them—at *what* had he taken offense? Whether I was right or wrong, so what if his white cap made me think of Rembrandt's hat and I told him so? That's not throwing rocks at his head, so what bothered him? Arkin felt he ought to be able to figure it out. Therefore suppose Rubin was Arkin and Arkin Rubin—suppose it was me in his hat: "Here I am an aging sculptor with only one show, which I never had confidence in and nobody saw. And, standing close by, making critical pronouncements one way or another, is this art historian Arkin, a big-nosed, gawky, overcurious gent, friendly but no friend of mine because he doesn't know how to be. That's not his talent. An interest in art we have in common but not much more. Anyway, Arkin, maybe not because it means anything in particular—who says he knows what he means?—mentions Rembrandt's hat on my head and wishes me good luck in my work. So say he meant well—it's still more than I can take. In plain words it irritates me. The mention of Rembrandt, considering the quality of



Richter

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my work and what I am feeling generally about life, is a fat burden on my soul because it makes me ask myself once more—but once too often—why am I going on this way if this is the kind of sculptor I am going to be for the whole rest of my life? And since Arkin makes me think the same unhappy things no matter what he says to me—or even what he doesn't say, as for instance about my driftwood show—who wants to hear more? From then on I avoid the guy—like forever."

Afterward, after staring at himself in the mirror in the men's room, Arkin wandered on every floor of the building and then wandered down to Rubin's studio. He knocked on the door. No one answered. After a moment he tested the knob; it gave, he thrust his head into the room and called Rubin's name. Night lay on the skylight. The studio was lit with many dusty bulbs but Rubin was not present. The forest of iron sculptures was. Arkin went among the iron flowers and broken stone garden pieces to see if he had been wrong in his judgment. After a while he felt he hadn't been.

He was staring at the dwarf tree when the door opened and Rubin, wearing his railroad engineer's cap, in astonishment entered.

"It's a beautiful sculpture," Arkin got out, "the best in the room, I'd say."

Rubin stared at him in flushed anger, his face lean; he had grown long reddish sideburns. His eyes were for once green rather than gray. His mouth worked nervously, but he said nothing.

"Excuse me, Rubin, I came in to tell you I got those hats I mentioned to you some time ago mixed up."

"Damn right you did."

"Also for letting things get out of hand for a while."

"Damn right."

Rubin, though he tried not to, then began to cry. He wept silently, his shoulders shaking, tears seeping through his coarse fingers on his face. Arkin had taken off.

They stopped avoiding each other and spoke pleasantly when they met, which wasn't often. One day, Arkin, when he went into the men's room, saw Rubin regarding himself in the mirror in his white cap, the one that seemed to resemble Rembrandt's hat. He wore it like a crown of failure and hope.

—BERNARD MALAMUD

•

To complete the Dickensian picture, a multi-racial Salvation Army group was outside, smacking tumbrils and lustily singing one of those rousing old prohibition songs. I think it was "Throw Down the Bottle."—*Melbourne (Australia) Age.*

Or "*À bas la bouteille,*" as they used to sing in "A Tale of Two Cities."

CALIFORNIA

"AND what will you do with the house?" Paul, who had been her first husband, asked at the end of their conversation. Linda felt more easy. All the people who would be affected by her remarriage had now been accounted to. It was not that Paul had a right anymore to an accounting, but all the same she had worried that he might interrupt her with a consequence she had not thought of, and make her feel at fault.

"Mother is going to sell it for me. It seems silly to pay the commission to a stranger," she said. Paul moved toward the open French doors that led to the lawn and the lower garden. Mattie and Tina, their children, had been waiting for him outside for nearly an hour while she explained.

"You will stay for dinner?" she asked, hoping for the children's sake that he would not break the string of Sunday evenings. The question made him hesitate, and in his awkward pose by the door she was aware of a physical tension she had not guessed at while she was telling her story. But when he turned to her there was only the negotiator's mask.

"Yes," he said, as though it were nothing, and went out to them. Only then did she remember that she had not told him about the new terrace. He passed out of sight down the slope of close-clipped lustrous grass and around the corner of the house. He would be even more furious than she had thought, coming on it unaware, the paving stones still rough and flaked with cement, "ruining" (he would say) a corner of the garden.

"How did it go?" Her mother came in quietly and settled into the chair Paul had left.

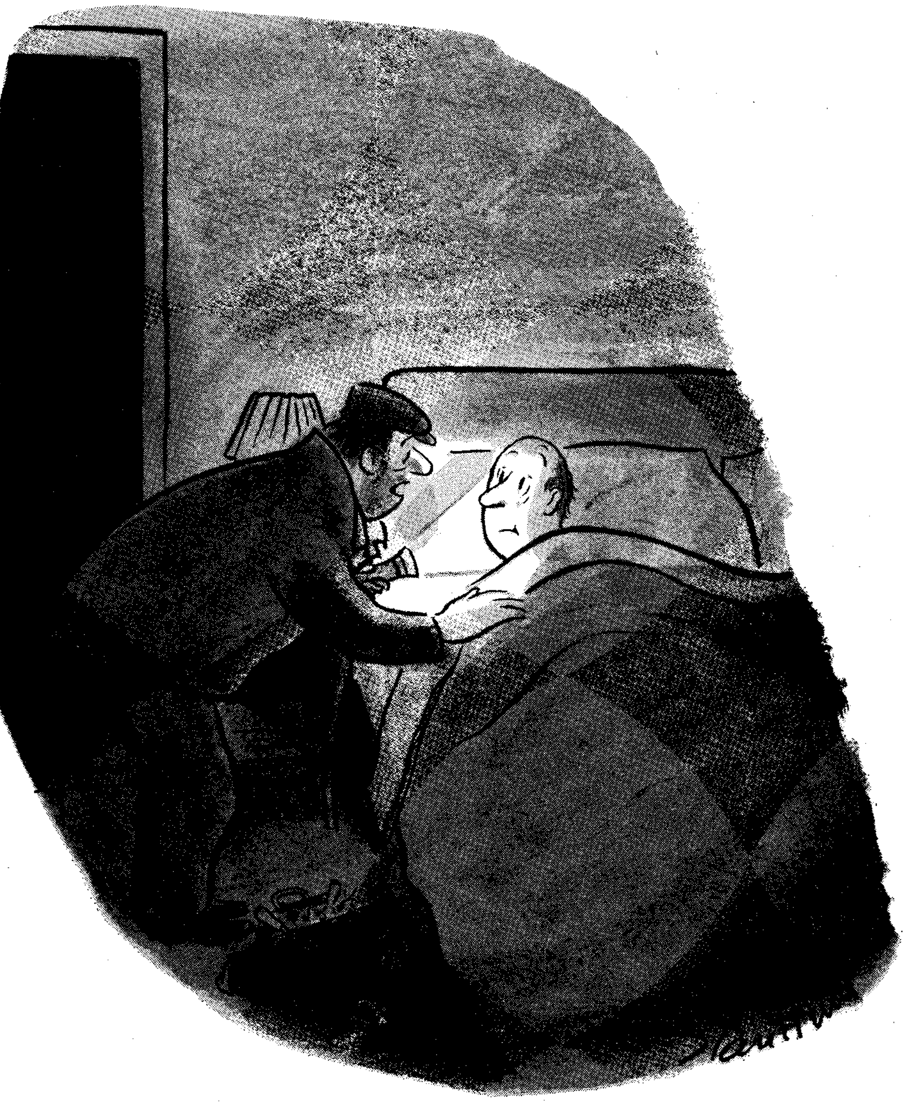
"He didn't say anything. I think the idea of the children in California bothers him. It's all the way across the country," Linda said.

"You have custody. Did he ask about the house?" Her mother's tone suggested a thousand conversations about the dangerous male—Paul was standing in for Linda's father—possible irrationalities canvassed, plans laid to waylay force with guile.

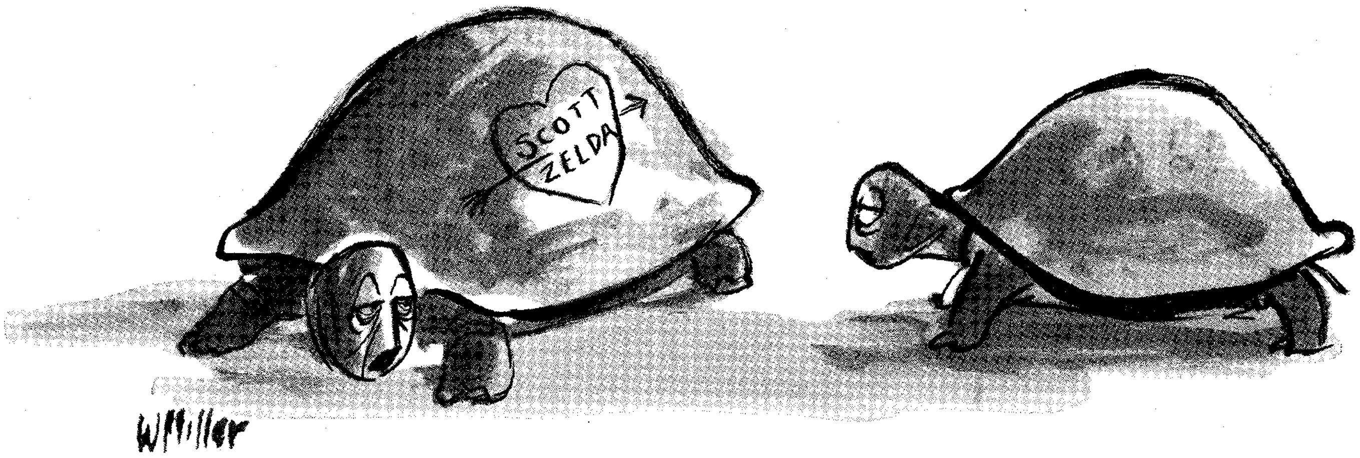
"I told him you would sell it for me," she answered. Was it she herself who was bothered by the idea of the children in California? She didn't want to talk to her mother. It occurred to Linda that she had begun to "judge" her mother again, and that it was unfair. There had been a time when she had judged her mother mercilessly, made strong by her love for Paul and, she thought now, by pure and unforgiving adolescent hatred. Then there had been a time when she had not "judged," and a time when she had appreciated her mother's order, her skill at helping with Mattie—and, when it came to that, her loyalty against Paul. Now she felt herself turning against her mother again.

This time, it was quite unfair, Linda thought. What she was judging was age. The decline of her mother's virtues enraged her as much as the virtues themselves had ever done. Mrs. Winslow's order was now only irritation with the details of her daughter's life. The skill had waned, and Linda was terrified when she went dancing with Michael and left the children in her mother's hands. Yet she thought herself too fierce. There was no way for her mother to escape this new condemnation except to grow older still and die. What Linda felt was like what she expected Paul to feel when he discovered the terrace—judgment run wild, its imagery of blindfold and scales no more than an excuse for the joy of the avenging sword. But Paul would have an answer for that, too, she thought. He would say that the passions are evil only so long as they are not articulated. He would say that there was nothing to do about hating her mother except to put the hatred in a context of discriminations—"civilize the emotion." And once she had done that, and hated her mother *for* this or that, then there was no reason for guilt.

Mrs. Winslow had come to Arlington from New York for a few days during the week to meet Linda's new man, Michael, and then had decided to stay over the weekend in case Linda needed support at the moment of telling Paul about it. The two women, wearing light sweaters, had spent the spring evenings in the lower garden, sitting in lawn chairs and watching Michael put in the terrace. He kept insisting that this was a "once-in-a-lifetime do-it-yourself," that he was not really that sort of person at all. He also did Italian-bricklayer imitations, caus-



"Wake up, sir! I just heard a funny noise downstairs, and I'm up here."



"I don't exactly know when. I was probably asleep when it happened."

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ing Mrs. Winslow to laugh hysterically, which embarrassed Linda. The children were used to him by this time, but they were fascinated by the construction materials and had to be constantly kept from hurting themselves. On Saturday evening, the terrace was finished, and Linda and her mother and Michael had champagne in the clutter of tools and bags of cement. After Michael left, Mrs. Winslow said, "It's not just that the children will be much better off with a man around all the time. That's obvious. But he's a man who's in touch with nature, with *things*. One thing I'll say for your father in spite of all is that he actually likes to get his hands dirty, and that's important for children."

Linda was thinking as her mother spoke that Paul had planned the lower garden four times. He had said it would save the house, which she loved but which he said could have been one of a row of identical tract split-levels for all the character it had. He was a snob, she thought; it was just that it had been built in 1934 to feel comfortable and be a credit to its owners that made him dislike it. When the garden at the bottom of the slope of grass was finally done, it was, by his lights, "perfect." She liked it well enough and kept it up when he was gone. He would say that it was as a gage of her final renunciation of all he "stood for" that she had offered it to Michael and her mother to defile.

Seeing that there would be no heart-to-heart that night, her mother had crept up to bed, strewing the bathroom they shared with Schiaparelli and Eve of Roma. Her mother even smelt different now, Linda thought. Sunday would be horrible.

THROUGH the open French doors, Linda, sitting with her mother while Paul played with the children, heard Mattie's voice go "Oooooo," in a dying fall. It was his Sunday voice. There was still grass for roughhousing in the lower garden. She wondered whether Tina was being left out. Since Tina had learned to walk, she had taken to sitting half under a bush and watching Mattie playing, Mattie showing off. Her eyes were full of envy. Or was it being without a father? Or the appearance of Michael in their lives?

Tina's head came into sight over the edge of the grass slope. She was riding Paul's shoulders, a queen slung in her litter. Linda saw her glance back at Mattie scrambling behind them and smile to herself. Paul was at once effortlessly and desperately aware of their moods, Linda thought, like a speculator locked into the market. It was the talent he was most proud of, a mother's talent. In the first days of the divorce, her friends had let her know without saying anything about it that they were horrified by the "breaking up of the family," as though a blow had been struck at the fundament of social order. But it was not that any abstract or holy bond had been dissolved. Paul had simply been deprived of the things that he loved. He would have continued with her indefinitely, if she had been willing, not to spare the children pain but to procure his own pleasure from them.

Mattie caught up just as Paul was coming in the door, and dove to tackle him. Paul fell as though he had really been surprised, easily swinging Tina from his shoulders, cradling her away from flying heels as Mattie leaped on him. They landed at Linda's feet in a tangle, smelling of the outside. She sent the children to the kitchen so that Paul could say whatever he would say.

"Why did you do it? You'll only be here a few more months," he said.

"It will be nice in the hot weather. The house gets unbearable sometimes," she answered.

"It must have cost a fortune for such a short time," he said.

"Michael put it in," she said. "The materials didn't cost much."

"Oh," said Paul.

"He did a beautiful job," said Mrs. Winslow.

"Do you think so?" said Paul, smiling at her.

"I think so," said Linda.

"So I gather," said Paul.

"It's my house," said Linda.

"Also true," said Paul.

"She can do what she wants with it," said Mrs. Winslow. Linda cringed. When she looked up, Paul was gone. He had slipped out again into the garden. They saw him hesitate at the top of the slope and then start down toward the terrace. The driveway was in the opposite direction.

"He wants the house," said Mrs. Winslow.

"No, he wants the children," said Linda.

"He wants the house," her mother answered. "It's obvious."

Linda wanted to scream at her. She could hear her mother's mind setting onto this idea like the jaws of a dog locking on a bone. The muscles in the dog's throat would become rigid in a sort of seizure. No matter how much you loved the dog, there was something awful about it. She wondered if her mother would go back to New York the next day. Mr. Winslow had called twice, but she had not made a reservation. (Of course, there was the shuttle.) The tone of irony with which Mrs. Winslow always addressed the subject of her husband had been deeper during this visit than ever before. It was part of what Linda could not stop herself from calling a disintegration. Her mother was still healthy,

THE DEATH SPIRAL

(For J.W., Who Died, Naval Air Station, Brunswick, Maine)

remembering how my hair
swept the ice when I leaned back
from the center where
you my partner my black
shaft spun me on your skates midair

seeing the jazz of the one-
winged fly spinning away
from his own center on his back in his own
eyes a loser I tried to play
a requiem rubbing my legs together to the bone

knowing your death knowing how you died in rings
of air your corkscrew plane sucked into the center
I pull away I pull away I pluck dark strings
of hair and sound the drumbeats of the drummer
on your dried wings

—Anne Hussey

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she thought, but it was no longer the reassuring manufactured health of sunlamps and scheduled exercise. A rank vitality below the surface had won out. She bloomed like a tropical plant.

“He could sell it himself,” said her mother.

“The house? Don't be silly. He doesn't know anything about real estate,” Linda answered.

“He could live in it.”

“He couldn't afford to buy it from me. And it's too big. Besides, he'd never live here,” said Linda.

“Why not? He loves it,” said her mother.

“He's upset because he loved the garden the way it used to be. He thought it made the house look better,” she answered. Her mother gave her a pitying look.

“California is warm all the time. California is beautiful,” said Mattie, close behind her ear. She jumped.

“That's right. It's beautiful,” said Mrs. Winslow, smiling at him.

After a while, Linda went out in the waning sun to find Paul. It was a transaction, she thought. He had spoken well of California in spite of the terrace. Now she must find him and thank him, in spite of the terrace.

He was lying on the grass, his back to the house.

“Why don't you put in a pool? That would be nice in the hot weather, too,” he said.

“He's not *that* rich,” she said, sitting down on the edge of the terrace.

“I suppose you call it ‘the patio,’ ” he said.

“It's not that bad, if you'd look at it,” she answered, amicably.

“Why does it have to be California?”

“California is beautiful,” she said. “Thank you for that.”

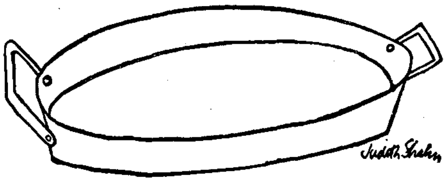
His answer was a sort of groan. It occurred to Linda that he was going to break down, and that it would be only the second time since she had known him. A year after they had moved into the house, he had said to her, “I think what you want is a divorce.”

She had said, “Yes,” and he had made the same sound. When he had started to cry, she had put her arms around him roughly, suddenly hopeful.

“This is not a reconciliation scene,” he had said then. Now, she thought, it was much easier. She leaned against the four feet of space between them as though it were the railing of a ship.

“When they're a little older, they'll visit in the summer. You'll see more of them than you do now,” she said. She was like a surgeon in a white coat, she thought, so far away from her was the pain her words produced. When she was younger, she had heard many times that life would be different when she had “responsibilities,” but she had not foreseen the peculiar freedom she now felt. Little by little, as the years passed, she had come to find her position fixed in relation to others rather than in relation to her own changing selves. The children, her mother, Paul, and now Michael had multiplied their expectations of her until no one of them alone could hold her accountable for her actions. In the old days, sitting here, she would have been lost in guilt, and Paul would have been able to draw her into an abandonment of herself. Now even if he were to speak directly to the part of her that was still tied to him (or to whatever it was in her that he had freed, or made), he could not sway her. The others protected her against him.

“Why do you care so much about the house?” she asked. He rolled over and looked at her, dry-eyed. He was being dramatic, she thought, and needed to be because he had no others to protect him. He was still caught in the sequence of his life—college, law school, unhappy marriage, divorce. For her, it was different. The events of her life were all primal now, and no longer in any sequence. They were birth, aging, marriage, childhood, separation, courting, death. He, on the other hand, was simply a young man of twenty-nine.


Judith Shahn

“Mattie is worried about going to California,” he said. “He's taking it out on Tina. You should talk to him about it.”

“You're right. I will,” she said. Then, after a while, she said, “Stay for dinner.”

“No, I can't,” he said.

“Of course you can. You planned to,” she answered.

“I can't,” he said, not moving.

“Then a drink,” she said.

“If you'll bring it to me out here,” he said. They both smiled. She was surprised at her light spirits as she went in through the basement door and up the stairs to ask her mother to give the children supper.

“He'll come and play with you for a minute before he leaves,” she said when they asked for him.

He had set up two chairs on the flagstones.

“It needs to be rained on,” he said.

“What's this all about?” she asked.

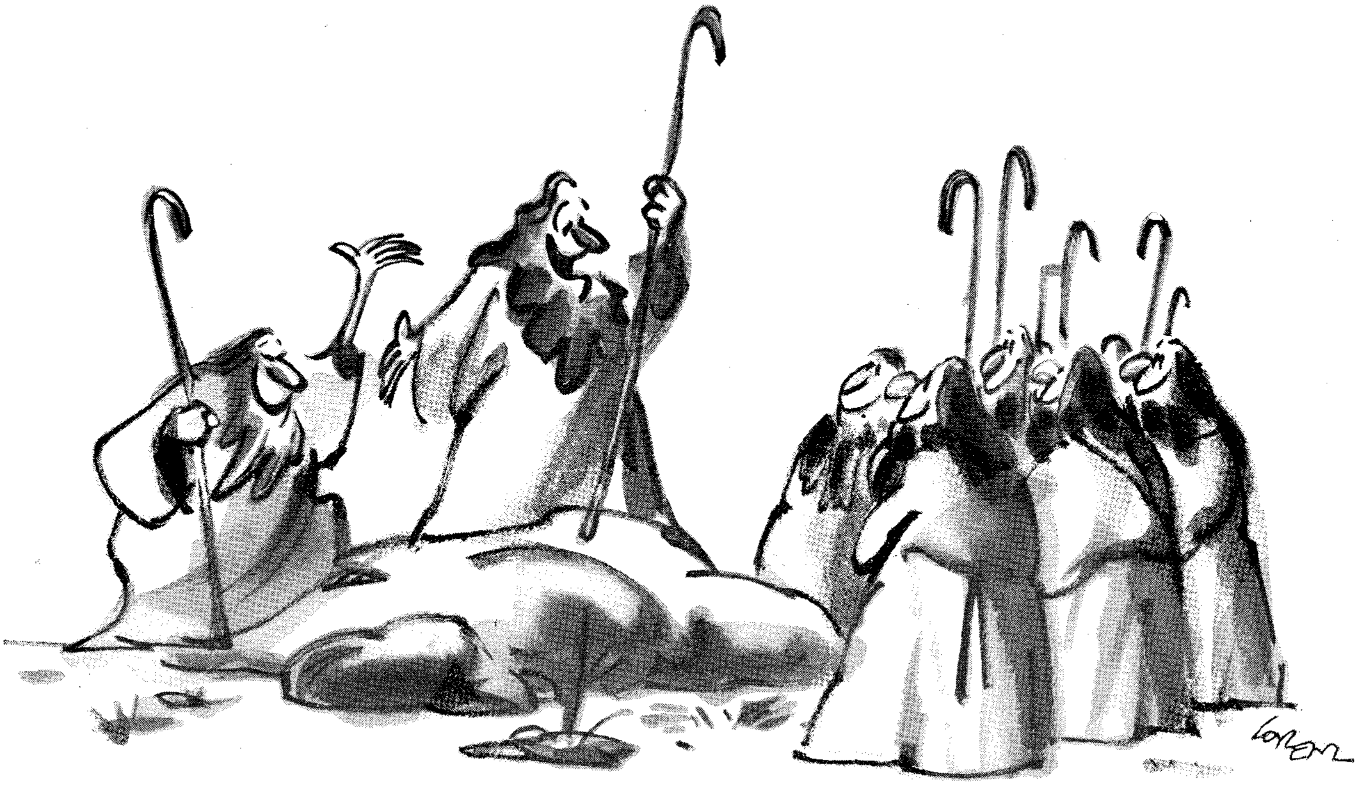
“Maybe I'm still in love with you,” he said.

“More than I deserve for a single gin-and-tonic,” she said, and sat down awkwardly, spilling half her drink on his shoe.

“Sorry,” she said.

He grinned at her, savoring how much he had been able to throw her off. It was a hollow victory, she thought. Even if it upset her and pleased her to hear him say it, she had kept her distance. They talked about Mattie's school.

“He wants the house,” Linda's mother said when the children were in bed and the dinner dishes washed.



"And so, without further ado, let's welcome Brother Joseph, the seer without a peer, who knoweth no fear."

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"No, not the house," said Linda.

"Did he say he didn't want the house?" her mother asked.

"No," she said. "I didn't ask him."

"There you are," said her mother.

"You'll get your lousy commission," she said. She had shouted. She remembered that Michael had left a bottle of Cointreau and went to pour herself a glass.

"You owe him nothing. Nothing at all," said her mother.

"I didn't say I did," Linda answered.

"He doesn't need it," said her mother.

"How would you know?" said Linda. Then, as an afterthought, "Go to bed."

"I don't want to go to bed," said her mother.

"All right, we'll sit here," said Linda. Her mother read for half an hour and then gave in.

Toward the end of their regular Sunday-night telephone conversation, Linda said to Michael, "What would you say if I gave away my dowry?"

"Who to?" said Michael.

"To Paul," said Linda. "It's worth about thirty-two thousand dollars."

Michael's judicious pause was just like Paul's, she thought. Or perhaps all men did it.

"Is he there?" Michael asked.

"No. He doesn't know anything about it," she said.

"How much is the equity?" he asked. She had not expected this question.

"I don't know. I think between eight and nine thousand," she said.

"Who put up the down payment?"

"He did."

"Who's been paying on the mortgage?"

"He has."

"All right," said Michael.

"How much would the broker's commission be if I sold it?" she asked.

"Between sixteen and eighteen hundred," he said. "But I doubt that your mother is licensed to sell real estate in Virginia."

"Oh," said Linda. "But she could get a license?"

"Probably."

"I have to talk to Mattie more about California," she said.

"That's a good idea," said Michael.

Paul did not answer his phone. He had probably gone out to get drunk. She decided to sit down and think about it and have another glass of Cointreau. Then she had to go to the kitchen for a glass of water, it was so sweet. Her mother was letting out the bath water upstairs. Paul would not be home for hours. Every penny invested in the house had come from him in the first place, she thought, and he must be perfectly aware of it. Why should that make any difference? She dialled the number of a couple they had known who were still close to Paul. The husband answered, and when she identified herself he was friendly and concerned.

"Yes, he's here," he said.

It occurred to her that the divorce had been a misfortune for this man. His wife was one of Paul's childhood friends. Linda's presence had been necessary for balance when they had dinner together. Now he must feel left out.

"I want to give you the house," she said, when Paul came on the line.

"Thank you, Linda, but I don't want it," he answered.

"You love it," she said.

"I couldn't live in it," he said.

"You could sell it," she said, feeling desperate.

"I don't know anything about real estate," he said.

"You paid for it," she said.

"I know," he said. "But when you're married I won't have to pay anything anymore."

"Of course," she said.

"Thank you, anyway," he said. "Be sure to talk to Mattie."

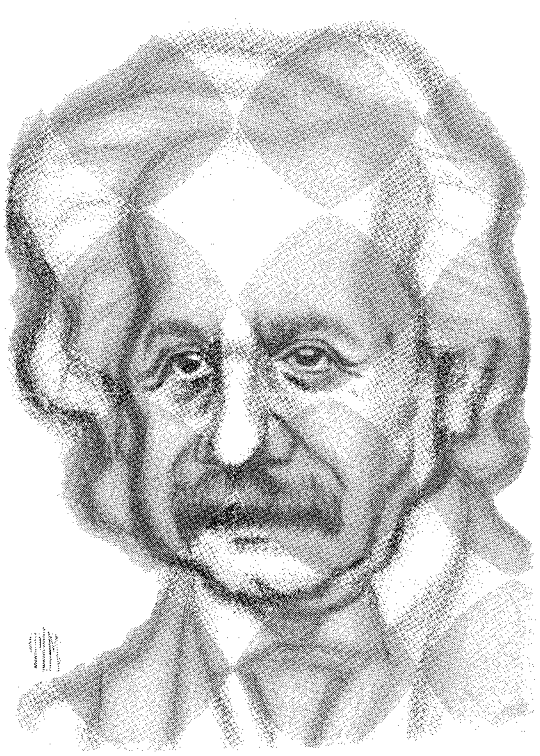
"Thank you," she said. "Good night."

Her mother was asleep. She left a note on the table beside her bed: "It's O.K. He doesn't want it. You'd better get a license in Va." She wondered whether her mother's face would have this look when she was dead and laid out for burial. The bones and muscles seemed to bloom with force in the white hair on the pillow.

—Duncan Kennedy

PROFILES

THE SECRETS OF THE OLD ONE—II



AFTER 1905, when Albert Einstein published his paper on the special theory of relativity, he began to receive recognition in the world of physics. "The researches whose results Einstein published at Bern in 1905 were so unusual that to the physicists of the Swiss universities they seemed incompatible with the assigned work of a minor official of the patent office," Philipp Frank, the physicist and biographer of Einstein, has written, and "Attempts were soon made to bring Einstein to teach at the University of Zurich."

Here Einstein and Professor Alfred Kleiner, a leading physicist of Zurich, who was Einstein's principal advocate at the university, ran into a snag—a rule that no one could be appointed a professor until he had served for some time as a *Privatdozent*. This was a strange academic position whose holder had no obligations—and the university had no obligation to pay him, either. The *Privatdozent* could give what lectures he felt like, for which students paid him a small fee. It was almost impossible to make a living as a *Privatdozent*, and so Einstein, while he fulfilled the requirement, held a job at the patent office in Bern. But, despite everything, he was finally called to Zurich in 1909, as a professor "extraordinary," which was a lowly academic job. In fact, his salary remained what it had been at the patent office, and he had to give up the relatively inexpensive life he had been leading in Bern, since a university professor had a certain unavoidable minimum of social responsibilities.

Einstein always retained a great fondness for Zurich, but in the fall of 1910, when the Chair of Theoretical Physics at the German University in Prague fell vacant and he was invited to fill it, he accepted, for the post meant a promotion. He moved to Prague in 1911 and remained for a year and a half, during which he had a fair amount of contact with members of its Jewish literary circle, including Franz Kafka, Hugo Bergmann, and Max Brod; four years after Einstein had left Prague, Brod, in a novel called "The Redemption of Tycho Brahe," portrayed the character of Johannes Kepler, Tycho's assistant and scientific antagonist, as very much like the character of the young Einstein. In 1912, Einstein left Prague and returned to Zurich as a professor at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School. Throughout this period, he was working intensively in various branches of physics.

Curiously, the next significant development in relativity came not from Einstein but from his old teacher at the Polytechnic Hermann Minkowski. A Russian-German mathematician who was born in 1864 and died in 1909, a year after he did his fundamental work, and who had a generally unfavorable recollection of Einstein from his classes, Minkowski had moved in 1902 to the University of Göttingen, which was at that time and for many years afterward the mathematics capital of the world. In the main, it is Minkowski's formulation of the special theory of relativity that is now taught, because of its formal simplicity and mathematical elegance. At this period, Einstein still had an aversion to pure mathematics, and for several years he was not particularly enthusiastic about what is called Minkowski's "four-dimensional world view." It was only when Einstein arrived at the final formulation of his theory of gravitation, a sweeping generalization of Minkowski's work, that he fully appreciated its formal power. A bit of Einstein's earlier attitude remains in the introductory sentence of a chapter in "Relativity," a beautiful popular book that he wrote in 1916. "The non-mathematician is seized by a mysterious shuddering when he hears of 'four-dimensional' things, by a feeling not unlike that awakened by thoughts of the occult," Einstein begins. He goes on, "And yet there is no more common-place statement than that the world in which we live is a four-dimensional space-time continuum." Whether or not this is a "common-place statement" depends to some extent on the circles one moves in. What Einstein no doubt meant was that we commonly adopt a four-dimensional description of events without being aware—unless we happen to be mathematicians—of what we are doing. When we agree to meet someone in a given place at a given time, we are making a four-dimensional statement, since the meeting place can, precisely speaking, be specified by three spatial coördinates, x, y, and z, plus the time, t, which is the fourth coördinate, or "dimension." Hence, the meeting place in space-time is specified by what mathematicians call a four-dimensional vector. None of this has anything to do with the relativity theory, and Newtonian mechanics can perfectly well be formulated in four dimensions, but physicists do not find it "interesting" to do so. The reason is that in Newtonian physics time is "absolute," which is to say that its measure does not depend on which uniformly moving frame of reference—which "inertial frame"—we use in our description. The transformation equations that take one from one inertial frame to another in Newtonian physics, then, are "interesting" only for the three spatial dimensions. The fourth equation simply says that time as it is measured with respect to one inertial frame is identical to time as it is measured with respect to any other inertial frame. In the transformations of the special theory of relativity worked out early in this century by the Dutch physicist H. A. Lorentz, *both* space and time transform—lengths of moving objects are contracted and clocks are slowed, as viewed by an observer at rest—so since both are affected, it is natural to treat them conjointly in four dimensions. This is, in fact, what Einstein did implicitly in his 1905 paper. Minkowski, however, showed how one could "visualize" these transformations in a precise geometrical way.

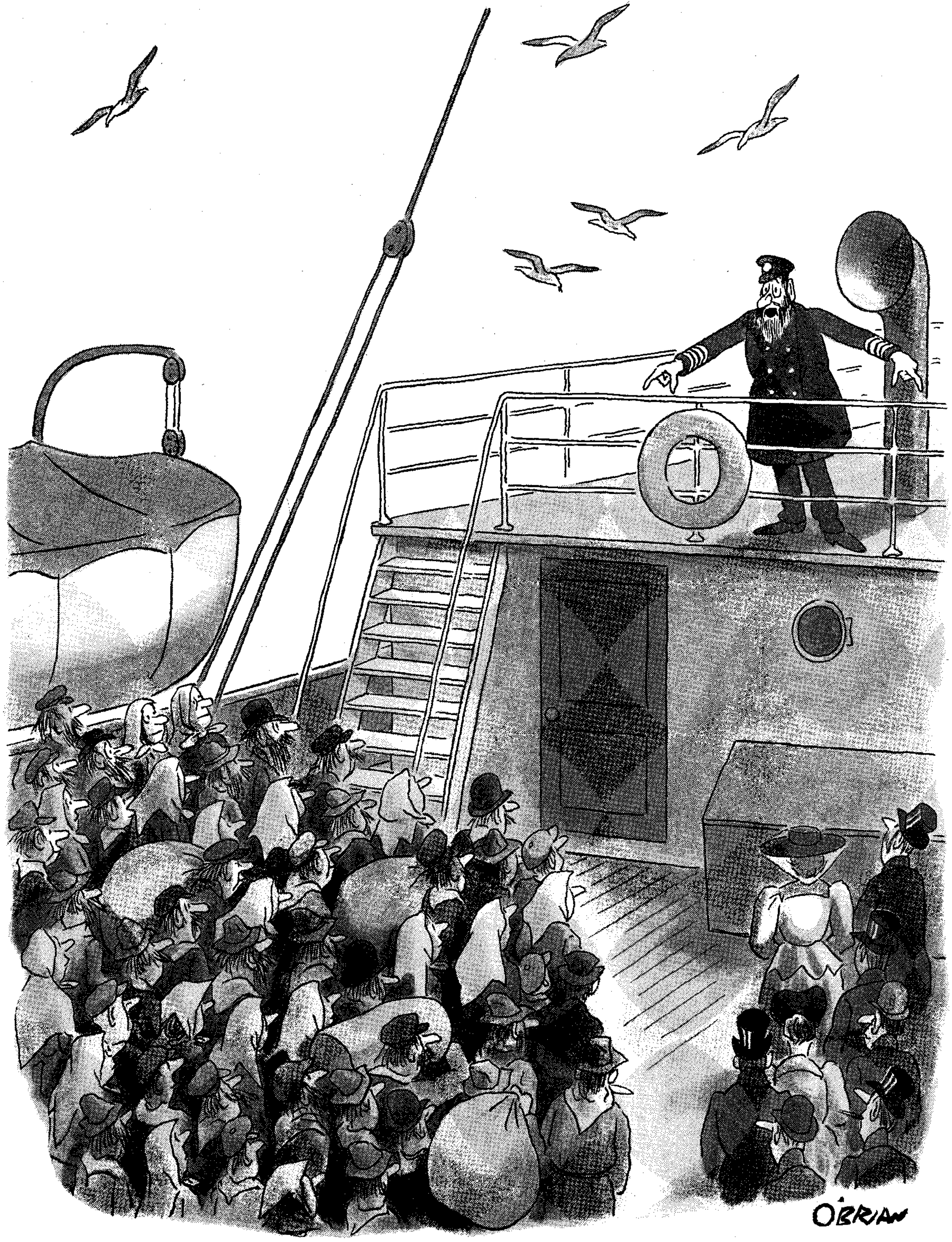
In 1908, Minkowski gave what must have been a rather ebullient lecture at the eightieth Assembly of German Natural Scientists and Physicians, in Cologne. One can almost say that this lecture, which he called "Space and Time," put relativity theory on the map. He begins with a statement that has been widely quoted, and misunderstood, ever since: "The views of space and time which I wish to lay before you have sprung from the soil of experimental physics, and therein lies their strength. They are radical. Henceforth space by itself, and time by itself, are doomed to fade away into mere shadows, and only a kind of union of the two will preserve an independent reality." Some science-fiction writers, poets, novelists, and philosophers, who seem to have stopped reading the lecture at that point, have interpreted these words to mean that thanks to the four-dimensional aspect of relativity one can somehow move oneself back and forth in time, into the future and the past, and God knows what. Unfortunately, nothing like this is true. Each of us is attached to his own individual Lorentz frame, and for us, as far as the theory of relativity is concerned, the future remains the future and the past the past. A somewhat more subtle question is whether causal sequences will appear the same to all observers connected by Lorentz transformations; that is, if in my Lorentz frame Event B follows Event A, will all other observers, in their Lorentz frames, see B follow A, even though space and time are transformed by Lorentz transformations connecting the various frames? The answer is yes, and one can prove by the Lorentz transformations that if in one frame two events occur in a given time order, they will appear in the same time order to all observers connected by Lorentz transformations, provided only that two events are related in such a way in space and time that a light signal can, in principle, be exchanged between them. This question has recently come up in connection with a novel speculation originated by the physicists George Sudarshan, of the University of Texas, and Gerald Feinberg, of Columbia University. They have looked into the theoretical possibility that there are particles that *always* travel faster than light. We have seen that it is impossible to accelerate an ordinary particle to a speed greater than that of light, but the question raised here is whether there may not be a new class of particles—which Feinberg has christened "tachyons"—that can never be decelerated to speeds less than that of light. It has been suggested how one might look for the tachyons in experiments, but so far the tachyons have not shown up. One is inevitably reminded of the famous limerick:

There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was far faster than light;
She set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned home the previous night.

What Einstein would have thought of the tachyons we unfortunately cannot know, but his initial reaction to Minkowski's papers was not enthusiastic, since in his opinion an unnecessarily elaborate mathematical formalism hid the physics. When the German physicist Max von Laue, who won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1914, published the first detailed mathematical textbook on Einstein's special theory of relativity, in 1911, soon after Minkowski delivered his lecture, Einstein commented jokingly, "I myself can hardly understand von Laue's book." A little later, David Hilbert, a professor at Göttingen, who was probably the greatest mathematician of that era, remarked, "Every boy in the streets of our mathematical Göttingen understands more about four-dimensional geometry than Einstein. Yet, despite that, Einstein did the work and not the mathematicians." Hilbert once asked a group of mathematicians, "Do you know why Einstein said the most original and profound things about space and time that have been said in our generation? Because he had learned nothing about all the philosophy and mathematics of time and space."

GRAVITATION is (under normal conditions) the weakest force that we know in nature. Suppose one compares, say, the electric force that repels one positively charged proton from another with the force of gravity that tends to attract them to each other. (We are basing this comparison on Coulomb's law for the electric force and Newton's law of universal gravitation for the gravity. According to modern ideas, neither law is strictly correct, but they are both accurate enough for the purposes of this argument.) It turns out that the electric force is stronger than the gravitational by a factor of about 10^{36}. (In the same mathematical terms, a million is represented by 10^6.) In other words, in considering the physics of protons we

"Are you depressed? You always smile when you're depressed."



"All right, folks, we'll be landing in a few minutes. You first-class passengers gather on my left. You huddled masses and wretched refuse gather on my right."

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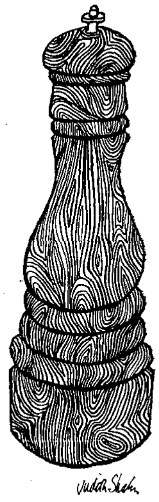
can under normal circumstances leave gravitation out altogether and still attain a high degree of accuracy in our computations. One may well ask, then, why the motions of the planets are governed by gravitation and not by electricity. The straightforward answer is that planets are nearly electrically "neutral." This answer points up a profound difference in the nature of the forces of electricity and gravity. Electric charges can be positive, negative, or neutral (as much negative as positive). It is a matter of historical convention which charge one calls "positive" and which "negative." By convention, the charge of the electron is "negative" and that of the proton is "positive," while the neutron (the third component of normal matter) has *no* net charge. The important thing is that the electron and the proton have equal and opposite charges. This means that a normal atom—that is, one that has all its electrons—is electrically neutral, so each of the planets as a whole is very nearly electrically neutral, and electrically neutral objects have no simple electrical effect on each other. In the theory of planetary motion, therefore, electricity, though it is a much stronger force than gravity when charged particles are involved, plays no role. What determines the strength of the gravitational force is the mass of the particle. Indeed, according to Newton's law of universal gravitation, any particle, whatever its electrical charge, is attracted to any other particle in the universe with a strength—or "coupling constant," to employ the modern term—that is proportional to the product of the two masses. The mass of an individual proton is infinitesimal—about one 10^{24}th of a gram (the neutron has almost the same mass)—but there is an astounding number of protons in, say, the sun. (The figure is about 10^{57} protons.) All these tiny masses add up to produce the net gravitational attraction that the sun exercises on the planets.

Physicists use the term "mass" in two ways that are not manifestly the same. On the one hand, there is the "inertial mass," which is the measure of a material object's response to a given force according to Newton's law $F = ma$: force equals the product of the "inertial mass" and the acceleration produced. This mass can be measured in experiments that have nothing to do with gravity; for example, the inertial mass of a proton can be determined by its response to an electric force. On the other hand, there is the "gravitational mass." This is the measure of the specifically *gravitational* attraction that two particles exert on each other. It had been known since Newton formulated his theory of universal gravitation that the inertial mass of any object on earth and its gravitational mass must be very nearly, if not completely, identical. The primitive observation that suggests this is that, neglecting air resistance, all objects in the gravitational field of the earth fall with the same acceleration. (This acceleration is the famous *g* of rocket flight—about thirty-two feet per second per second.) This is true whatever the "mass" of the object. In the gravitational equation, therefore, the "gravitational mass" of the object must cancel out against its "inertial mass," and the only mass that remains is the "gravitational mass" of earth. This curious feature of gravitation had been recognized and studied before Einstein, and early in the century the Hungarian nobleman Baron Roland von Eötvös made a career of measuring the equality of the inertial and gravitational mass to a high degree of accuracy (experiments done in the last few years by R. H. Dicke, of Princeton University, have demonstrated that the two masses are equal to about one part in one hundred billion), but almost no one, apparently, had thought of this equality as something worthy of special emphasis. To Einstein, however, the equality smacked not of accident but of insufficiently understood physical laws. In some notes that he published in 1933, he said, "This law, which may also be formulated as the law of the equality of inertial and gravitational mass, was now brought home to me in all its significance. I was in the highest degree amazed at its persistence and guessed that in it must lie the key to a deeper understanding of inertia and gravitation. I had no serious doubts about its strict validity even without knowing the results of the admirable experiments of Eötvös, which—if my memory is right—I only came to know later."

In a paper called "On the Influence of Gravitation on the Propagation of Light," which was published in the *Annalen der Physik* in 1911, Einstein attempted to set this observation in a more general framework. It was not a fully successful attempt, because at this stage Einstein had not abandoned Newton's theory of gravitation; rather, he was adding some extra principles to the old Newtonian theory, in an amalgam that did not hold together. However, some of the concepts he introduced then have survived, and moreover the paper is interesting for what it reveals about the evolution of Einstein's thought. One can sense Einstein's struggle in a way that one cannot in the paper on the general theory of relativity and gravitation that Einstein wrote in 1916, which stands alone in austere perfection. The main new idea in the 1911 paper is what has come to be known as "the principle of equivalence." This is a relativity principle, but one of a new character. It states that the effects of a uniform constant acceleration on an observer or his measuring instruments are indistinguishable from—that is, equivalent to—the effects of his being at rest but acted on by a uniform field of gravitation. To see what this means, we can imagine ourselves in a contrivance that has come to be known as an "Einstein elevator." This is a closed box sitting somewhere in space which can be tugged, say, "up," with a constant force, by someone outside pulling on a rope attached to the roof. We occupants of the elevator will feel ourselves pressed "down" toward the floor, and the principle of equivalence asserts that this downward force is identical to that which can be produced by a suitably constructed uniform gravitational field acting "downward" on a stationary elevator. We who are inside the elevator will not be able to tell which situation we are experiencing. This law implies the equivalence of gravitational and inertial mass, since, in effect, it equates a gravitational and an inertial force. However, it has consequences that are extremely interesting, among them the bending of light by the force of gravity.

Let us imagine the following situation: The elevator is being pulled upward by its rope with a constant force, and so with a uniform acceleration. We are outside the elevator, and at rest. We fire a beam of light in such a way that the light enters the elevator—by a small window, say—on a trajectory that is initially parallel to the elevator floor. We will then see the floor of the elevator accelerated upward toward the light beam. To us, at rest, the light ray follows a straight line, but to the people in the elevator the light beam will appear to have been bent toward the floor in an arc. But if they do not know they are being pulled up, they can, according to the principle of equivalence, conclude that there is a uniform gravitational field in their region of space which is bending the light downward. At first, this conclusion may seem very strange, because from a Newtonian point of view only objects with mass are acted on by gravity. If a contradiction with the principle of equivalence is to be avoided, it must be concluded that beams of light propagate in a gravitational field as if they had gravitational mass. But this idea, Einstein pointed out, is to be expected from the mass-energy relationship $E=mc^2$, of the special theory of relativity. Light beams certainly transport energy; light from the sun, after all, heats the earth. Einstein argued that if the energy content of the light is E, then its equivalent gravitational mass must be $\frac{E}{c^2}$.

At the end of his 1911 paper, Einstein noted that the bending of light by gravity was subject to experimental test. "As the fixed stars in the parts of the sky near the sun are visible during total eclipses of the sun, this consequence of the theory may be compared with experience," he wrote. "With the planet Jupiter the displacement to be expected [for a star in the neighborhood of Jupiter] reaches to about 1/100 of the amount given." Jupiter has a smaller mass and hence there is a smaller effect. He concludes, "It would be a most desirable thing if astronomers would take up the question here raised. For apart from any theory there is the question whether it is possible with the equipment at present available to detect an influence of gravitational fields on the propagation of light."



FOR Einstein, the years of the First World War were very difficult but also very happy ones. In 1914, shortly after he moved to Berlin from Zurich, he and his wife separated (they were divorced in 1919), and she returned to Zurich with their two young sons. Around that time, however, Einstein rediscovered some of his family who were living in Berlin—or, rather, they rediscovered him. Though he had grown up largely in Italy and Switzerland, the Einsteins were originally from Germany, and he had a number of wealthy and staid middle-class Berlin relatives, who had long thought of him as an irresponsible bohemian; now that he was a member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Science—he was elected to it in 1914—they were pleased to have him in the family. This was fortunate for Einstein in at least two ways. He was frequently in poor health—no doubt in part because of malnutrition resulting from scarcities in the Berlin restaurants in wartime—but at the house of his Uncle Rudolf he was well fed. Moreover, it provided him with the companionship of Rudolf's daughter Elsa, who was then recently widowed and was living in her parents' home with two daughters of her own, and who, according to Philipp Frank, was "a woman of friendly, maternal temperament, fond of amusing conversation, and interested in creating a pleasant home." Einstein married Elsa in 1919, and this second marriage was a happy one, for his wife gave him the kind of serene home life that he needed for his work.

From his earliest childhood, Einstein had had deep-rooted pacifist feelings. He despised everything connected with war and soldiers, and when the First World War broke out he refused to have anything to do with the celebrated "Manifesto to the Civilized World," which ended with the statement that German culture and German militarism had to be accepted together, and which was signed by ninety-three prominent German artists, scientists, and writers. In fact, he tried to involve himself with pacifists in other countries, among them Romain Rolland, the author of "Jean-Christophe." Rolland, who had fallen into disfavor in France because of his own pacifism, was living near Geneva, and Einstein went to visit him in September of 1915, at the conclusion of a visit to his children in Zurich. Rolland recorded some impressions of his visitor in his diary:

> Einstein is incredibly outspoken in his opinion about Germany, where he lives, and which is his second fatherland (or his first). No other German acts and speaks with a similar degree of freedom. Another man might have suffered from a sense of isolation during that terrible last year, but not he. He laughs. He has found it possible, during the war, to write his most important scientific work. I ask him whether he voices his ideas to his German friends and whether he discusses them with them. He says no. He limits himself to putting questions to them, in the Socratic manner, in order to challenge their complacency. People don't like that very much, he adds.

Einstein himself had written to his friend the physicist Paul Ehrenfest:

> Europe, in her insanity, has started something unbelievable. In such times one realizes to what a sad species of animal one belongs. I quietly pursue my peaceful studies and contemplations and feel only pity and disgust.

Einstein continued his "peaceful studies" throughout the war, writing some thirty papers between 1915 and 1918, but there was no possibility of testing the general theory of relativity until the war ended. No doubt an attempt would have been made sooner or later to test Einstein's theory of light deflection by the sun, but the fact that two expeditions to make such tests were launched by the British in 1919, immediately after the war, was certainly a result of Sir Arthur Eddington's interest in the revolutionary implications of general relativity, for he had been strongly attracted to the theory from the beginning; in fact, he was so convinced of its truth that when one of the members of Eddington's expedition asked Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, what would happen if the observations gave twice the Einstein prediction, Dyson replied, "Then Eddington would go mad, and you would have to come home alone."

There is no way to improve on Eddington's own account of what happened in 1919, as he gave it in his classic popular book on relativity, "Space, Time, and Gravitation." It begins:

> In a superstitious age a natural philosopher wishing to perform an important experiment would consult an astrologer to ascertain an auspicious moment for the trial. With better reason, an astronomer today consulting the stars would announce that the most favourable day of the year for weighing light is May 29. The reason is that the sun in its annual journey round the ecliptic goes through fields of stars of varying richness, but on May 29 it is in the midst of a quite exceptional patch of bright stars—part of the Hyades—by far the best star-field encountered. Now if this problem had been put forward at some other period of history, it might have been necessary to wait some thousands of years for a total eclipse of the sun to happen on the lucky date. But by strange good fortune an eclipse did happen on May 29, 1919.

At Eddington's instigation, the Astronomer Royal had alerted British astronomers to this chance as early as March of 1917, and preparations for two small expeditions to test Einstein's theory were begun. One was to go to Sobral, in northeastern Brazil, and the other, Eddington's, to Principe Island, in the Gulf of Guinea, off Equatorial Africa—two spots that were on the path of totality of the eclipse. Eddington and another astronomer arrived on Principe in the spring of 1919 with a large telescope and a good deal of photographic material, and they remained there for more than a month. Eddington wrote of the climactic events of the expedition:

> On the day of the eclipse the weather was unfavourable. When totality began the dark disc of the moon surrounded by

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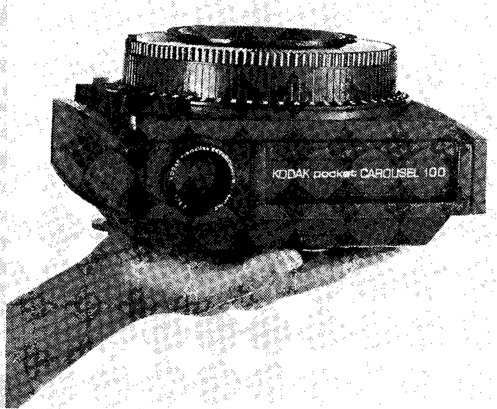

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> the corona was visible through cloud, much as the moon often appears through cloud on a night when no stars can be seen. There was nothing for it but to carry out the arranged programme and hope for the best. One observer was kept occupied changing the plates in rapid succession, whilst the other gave the exposures of the required length with a screen held in front of the object-glass to avoid shaking the telescope in any way.
>
> For in and out, above, about, below
> 'Tis nothing but a Magic *Shadow-*
> show
> Played in a Box whose candle is the
> Sun
> Round which we Phantom Figures
> come and go.
>
> Our shadow-box takes up all our attention. There is a marvelous spectacle above, and, as the photographs afterwards revealed, a wonderful prominence-flame is poised a hundred thousand miles above the surface of the sun. We have no time to snatch a glance at it. We are conscious only of the weird half-light of the landscape and the hush of nature, broken by the calls of the observers, and beat of the metronome ticking out the 302 seconds of totality. . . .
>
> [The expedition obtained sixteen photographs, of which only] one plate was found showing fairly good images of five stars, which were suitable for a determination. This was measured on the spot a few days after the eclipse in a micrometric measuring-machine. The problem was to determine how the apparent positions of the stars, affected by the sun's gravitational field, compared with the normal positions on a photograph taken when the sun was out of the way. Normal photographs for comparison had been taken with the same telescope in England in January. The eclipse photograph and a comparison photograph were placed film to film in the measuring-machine so that corresponding images fell close together, and the small distances were measured in two rectangular directions. From these the relative displacements of the stars could be ascertained. . . .
>
> The results from this plate gave a definite displacement, in good accordance with Einstein's theory and disagreeing with the Newtonian prediction. Although the material was very meagre compared with what had been hoped for, the writer (who it must be admitted was not altogether unbiassed) believed it convincing.

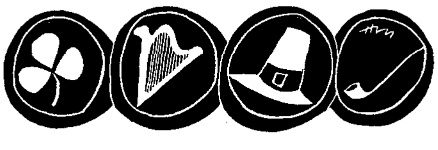
The Principe experiment gave a displacement of 1.61 seconds of arc with an experimental-error margin of thirty seconds, and the Sobral experiment gave 1.98 seconds with an error of twelve seconds; both results were in reasonable agreement with Einstein's prediction, which was a displacement of 1.74 seconds. The evidence was presented at a joint session of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society in London in November of 1919. Considering what was at stake, and the fact that Newton himself was one of the earliest and most distinguished members of the Royal Society, the atmosphere of this meeting must have been extraordinary. It is captured in a description by Alfred North Whitehead, who was there:

> The whole atmosphere of tense interest was exactly that of the Greek drama. We were the chorus commenting on the decree of destiny as disclosed in the development of a supreme incident. There was dramatic quality in the very staging—the traditional ceremonial, and in the background the picture of Newton to remind us that the greatest of scientific generalizations was now, after more than two centuries, to receive its first modification. Nor was the personal interest wanting; a great adventure in thought had at length come safe to shore.

There are two glimpses of Einstein's own reaction to the experimental confirmation of his theory. The first is a reminiscence by Ilse Rosenthal-Schneider, who was a student of his in 1919 and was with him in Berlin soon after he had received word of the results of the eclipse expeditions:

> . . . he suddenly interrupted the discussion . . . reached for a telegram that was lying on the windowsill, and handed it to me with the words, "Here, this will perhaps interest you." It was Eddington's cable with the results of the measurement of the eclipse expedition. When I was giving expression to my joy that the results coincided with his calculations, he said quite unmoved, "But I knew that the theory is correct;" and when I asked, what if there had been no confirmation of his prediction, he countered, "*Da könnt' mir halt der liebe Gott leid tun, die Theorie stimmt doch.*" . . . "Then I would have been sorry for the dear Lord—the theory is correct."

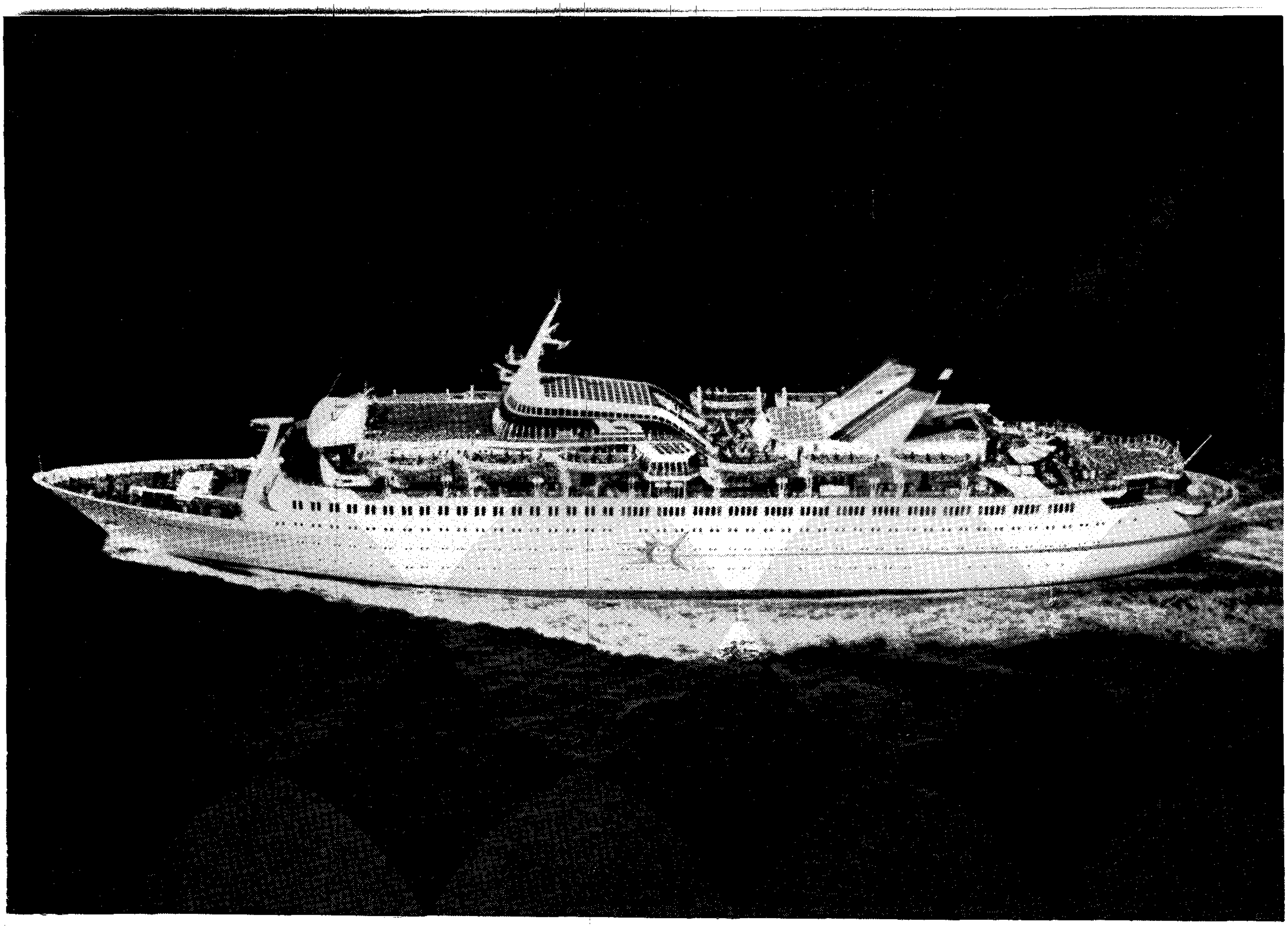
On September 27, 1919, upon receiving a telegram from Lorentz bringing him the first report of Eddington's having found star displacement at the rim of the sun, Einstein wrote a postcard to his mother (then in a sanatorium in Lucerne) that began, "Joyful news today. Lorentz has telegraphed me that the English expedition has really proved the deflection of light by the sun."



For Einstein, the eclipse expeditions meant the end of any private life. Almost upon the day of the public announcement of the bending of starlight by the sun, he became a public figure and a symbol. This change coincided with the first serious anti-Semitic outbreaks in Germany (which was then in a state of near civil war), some of which were, even then, directed against Einstein and "Jewish physics." It was perhaps with these things in mind that he wrote in an article on November 28, 1919, for the *Times* of London:

> Some of the statements in your paper concerning my life and person owe their origin to the lively imagination of the writer. Here is yet another application of the principle of relativity for the delectation of the reader:—Today I am described in Germany as a "German savant," and in England as a "Swiss Jew." Should it ever be my fate to be represented as a *bête noire*, I should, on the contrary, become a "Swiss Jew" for the Germans and a "German savant" for the English.

THE principal result of Einstein's theory of gravitation is that the presence of gravitation—which is to say the effect of a gravitating body like a planet or the sun—is to modify the geometry of space and, more generally, of space and time. In the geometry of Euclid, every triangle has three angles whose sum is exactly a hundred and eighty degrees. This is what is *meant* by a triangle in Euclidean geometry. However, we can draw a physical triangle on the ground with a stick and ask if this triangle has an angle sum of a hundred and eighty degrees. Strictly speaking, the answer is no, because the ground is part of the earth, and the earth is a globe—a sphere—and triangles drawn on a sphere have angle sums greater than a hundred and eighty degrees. (One may take a globe of the world and draw a triangle with the apex at the North Pole and the base on the equator. One will find that such a triangle has an angle sum greater than a hundred and eighty degrees.) It is a question of physical measurement whether a given triangle constructed in nature is or is not Euclidean. The possibility of the existence of non-Euclidean geometries was raised by the German mathematician Carl Friedrich Gauss at the beginning of the nineteenth century; Gauss—and, afterward and independently, a Hungarian mathematician, János Bolyai, and a Russian, Nikolai Lobachevski—constructed perfectly consistent geometries that were non-Euclidean. (Gauss, apparently feeling that his work would be ridiculed, never published it.) One could prove all sorts of consistent theorems in these geometries even though triangles do not have angle sums of a hundred and eighty degrees. This work was extended by the nineteenth-century German mathematician Bernhard Riemann. In the familiar Euclidean plane geometry, one is dealing only with flat planar surfaces. In the geometry originated by Riemann, all triangles have angle sums greater than a hundred and eighty de-



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grees. This geometry is called "elliptic"—the geometry of a surface with "positive" curvature, like a sphere. In the geometry of Gauss and his successors, on the other hand—a geometry known as "hyperbolic"—all triangles have angle sums less than a hundred and eighty degrees. One can visualize this as the geometry of a surface of "negative" curvature, shaped something like a funnel.

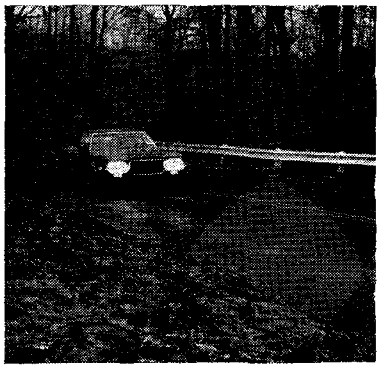
In 1902, it occurred to the German astronomer Karl Schwarzschild, then at the University of Göttingen, to try to determine the geometry of space by measuring the angle at which the light rays from a star intersected the earth at two widely separated points on the earth's orbit around the sun. This makes a huge triangle, and Schwarzschild wanted to know what its angle sum was, and hence what the "curvature" of space was. He did not have any particular theory in mind, apparently, but was simply fascinated by the question. He wrote:

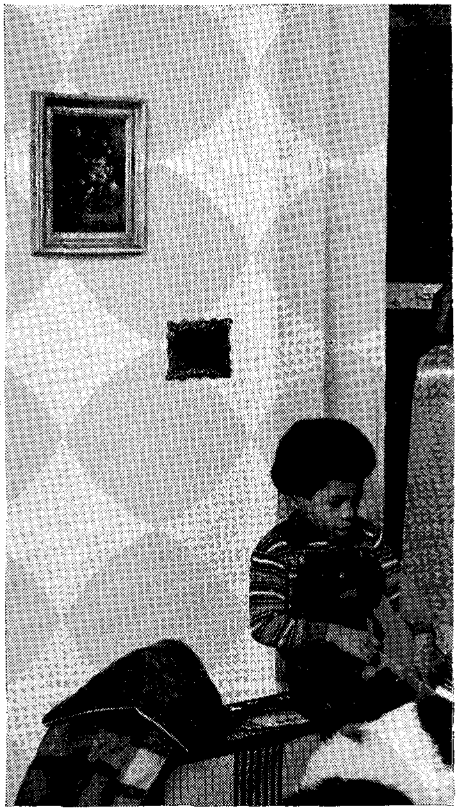
> One finds oneself here, if one but will, in a geometrical fairyland, but the beauty of this fairy tale is that one does not know but what it may be true. We accordingly bespeak the question here of how far we must push back the frontiers of this fairyland; of how small we must choose the curvature of space, how great its radius of curvature.

Schwarzschild performed measurements on various stars but was able to conclude only that the "radius of curvature"—a precise mathematical definition of the degree to which a surface is curved—must be very large if space is curved at all. (An infinite radius of curvature, by definition, corresponds to flat, or Euclidean, space.) It is somehow fitting that it was Schwarzschild who, in 1916 (the year he died), found the first exact solution to Einstein's general gravitational equations for a situation in which the gravitational source can be taken to be a single fixed mass point. This is a very good approximation for many problems in gravitational physics, and the "Schwarzschild solution" is still of fundamental importance in the physics of gravitation. It gives the main features of the gravitational motion of a planet, which is light and small compared to the sun—which in this solution is taken as approximately fixed in space.

In Einstein's theory of gravitation, the behavior of a clock is modified when the clock is placed in a gravitational field. This is something that was not anticipated by the geometrists of the nineteenth century—or, probably, by Schwarzschild. To put the matter baldly, a clock in a gravitational field is slow compared to an identical clock free of the effects of gravity, and the stronger the gravity is, the slower the clock will be. We may get a feeling for how this works by considering a clock attached to the rim of a rotating wheel and comparing its reading to the reading of an identical clock at rest at the center of the wheel. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that we take as our clock the lifetime of some decaying elementary particle. As we have seen, this lifetime is *increased* as compared to the rest lifetime of the particle if we view this decay from the rest system. Here, the more rapidly we spin the wheel the longer our particle will appear to live when we view it from the center of the wheel. To an observer attached to the wheel, the particle will appear at rest. But he will be subject to a force pushing him away from the wheel. By the principle of equivalence, he can regard this as a gravitational force attracting him away from the wheel. Hence, he will say that the lifetime of the decaying particle is longer because he and the particle are in a gravitational field, while the observer at the center of the wheel is in a space that is free of gravity. The general theory of relativity yields the same result for clocks of arbitrary construction subjected to arbitrary gravitational forces.

The general theory of relativity makes the further statement that a clock in *any* gravitational field, uniform or not, will appear slow compared to a clock free of gravitation. In fact, Einstein makes mention in his 1916 paper of astronomical data that he thought might confirm such a prediction. He had in mind what is now known as "the gravitational red shift." When electrons jump from one orbit to another within an atom of a particular element, they give off light with characteristic frequencies, which is to say of characteristic colors. The spectra resulting from such jumps are used to identify chemical substances, and, in particular, spectral lines have been used since the mid-nineteenth century to identify the elements in stars, including, of course, the sun. These atomic vibrations also constitute a kind of clock, and, according to the general theory of relativity, they should slow down when the atoms are in the strong gravitational field at the surface of a star. In such a case, the light spectra of all the elements should be shifted toward red. Red light—there are, of course, many shades—has the smallest frequency of any visible light. The other, or high-frequency, end of the visible spectrum is in violet. Einstein thought that this





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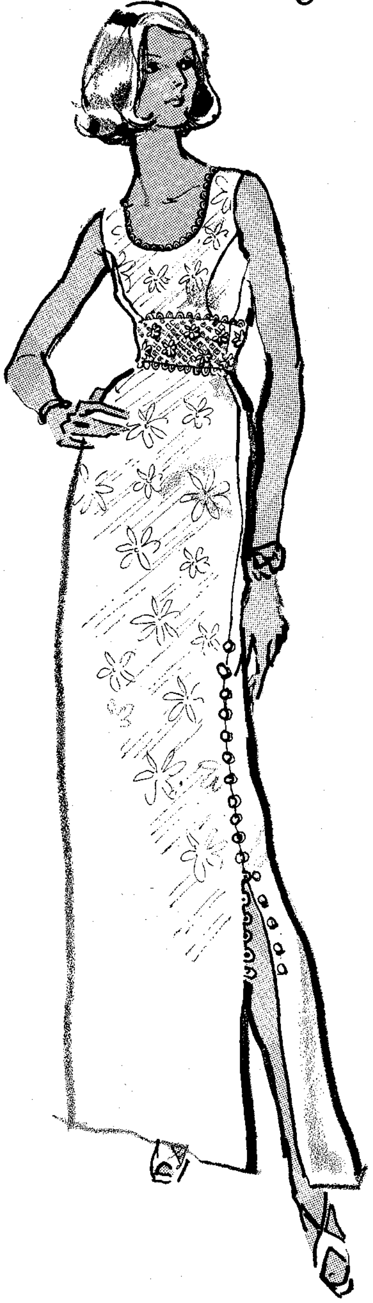

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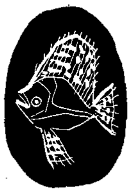
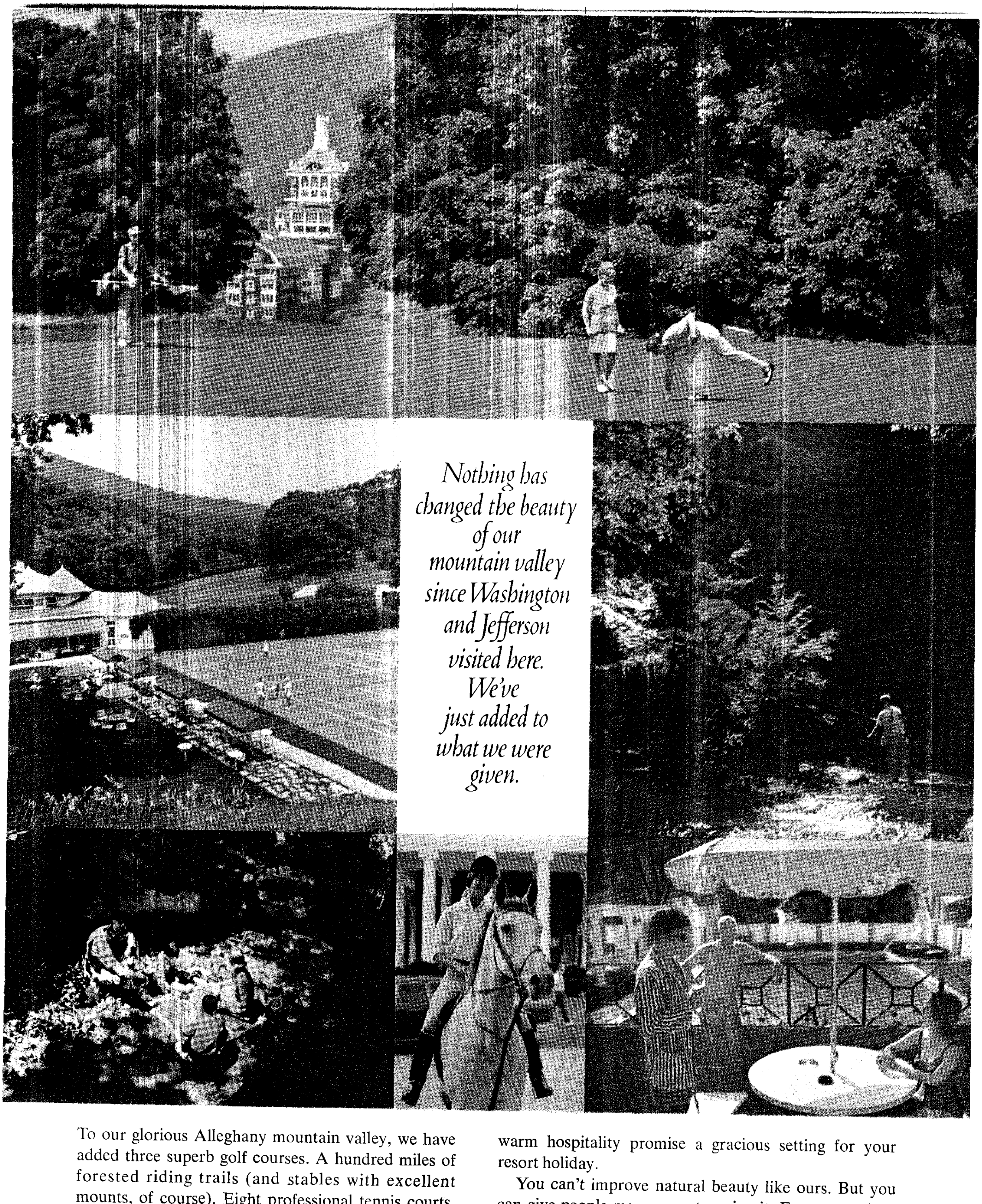
effect might already have been seen at the time he wrote his paper. We now know that separating this effect from the general background of complicated astronomical effects that change the spectral characteristics of starlight is much more difficult than was at first imagined, and it is only in the last few years that astronomers really *have* seen the Einstein red shift in stars—or, anyway, believe they have. Meanwhile, some beautiful experiments done on earth by independent groups at Harvard University and at Harwell, in England, had measured the Einstein effect in a manner that seems to leave no doubt about it.

In the Jefferson Laboratory at Harvard, there is a seventy-four-foot tower—which is to say that the bottom of the tower is seventy-four feet closer to the center of the earth than the top, so the gravitational force at the bottom is slightly stronger than that at the top. When light of a definite frequency is allowed to travel down the tower, this difference produces, according to the Einstein theory, an extremely small light shift (two parts in 10^{15}). What the experiment at Harvard, conducted by Professor R. V. Pound and a graduate student, detected was not a red shift of the light but, rather, a violet shift; that is, if we think of the light as being made up of quanta, then as these "fall" toward the bottom of the tower they gain energy, since, like a ball that is dropped, they move into a region of stronger gravitation. A gain in energy means an increase in the frequency of the light, and therefore a shift toward the violet. On the other hand, light leaving the sun and moving toward earth loses energy, since the earth generates a weaker gravitational force than the sun; such light is shifted toward red. An inhabitant of the sun who performed experiments on light coming from earth would find this light shifted toward the violet, as in the Pound experiment, since it would be moving from a low gravitational potential to a higher one. By using the most modern optical techniques, Pound and his collaborator were able to confirm Einstein's prediction to an accuracy of about one per cent. The essential trick in the Harvard experiment and all similar ones is this: Nuclei can emit photons of a precisely defined energy when the nuclei make transitions from one state to another. These photons may be reabsorbed by similar nuclei to reverse the transition. This process can be affected if, as in the Harvard experiment, the light undergoes a change in wavelength while it is travelling from the emitter to the absorber. The absorber is no longer in "resonance" with the emitter, and the absorption is reduced, which demonstrates that the light frequency has been shifted. The real difficulty that these experiments must overcome is that the nuclei in matter tend to jiggle around, and this jiggling leads to a lack of precision in defining the light frequency. In 1958, the German physicist R. L. Mössbauer discovered a method of implanting these nuclei in crystals, which eliminates the jiggling. This "Mössbauer effect," for the discovery of which he received the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1961, is at the heart of modern methods to measure the red shift.



In his 1916 paper, Einstein made two predictions—the bending of light by the gravitational field of the sun, and the red shift, both of which have been confirmed—and a deduction. The deduction solved a problem in planetary astronomy that had puzzled astronomers at least since the middle of the nineteenth century. It had been well known to astronomers since the time of Newton that the sun's gravitational field is not the only influence on a planet's motion. The planets influence each other's motion to some degree by their mutual gravitation. At first, it was thought that these perturbations, although small, might add up to make the whole system unstable, so that eventually the solar system, or parts of it, could become unstuck and the planets simply wander off into space, or perhaps crash into the sun. But at the end of the eighteenth century the French mathematical physicist Pierre Simon Laplace proved that a special feature of Newton's law was that this could not happen, even if the perturbed orbits were not simple closed ellipses. In 1845, the French astronomer Urbain Jean Joseph Leverrier found by an actual analysis of the observed orbit of Mercury, the planet closest to the sun, that its orbit did *not* close. Each time the planet went around the sun, it returned to a different point in space, so its orbit, viewed over a long period, would be not a simple ellipse but many overlapping ellipses. (To study this effect, scientists usually pick the point of the orbit closest to the sun—the perihelion—and watch how it changes as the years pass.) It turned out that the perihelion of Mercury changes—by the minute but measurable amount of about forty-three seconds of arc per century—over and above what could be accounted for by Newtonian gravitation. For a while,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VANITY FAIR A company of VF corporation astronomers thought there might be a hidden planet near the sun that caused this effect, but by the beginning of the twentieth century no such planet had been found, and astronomers were beginning to suspect the accuracy of Newton's law of gravitation. It is a remarkable feature of Einstein's theory of gravitation that it predicts exactly this perihelion advance for Mercury. It also predicts a similar effect (much smaller) on the orbits of the other planets, farther away from the sun.

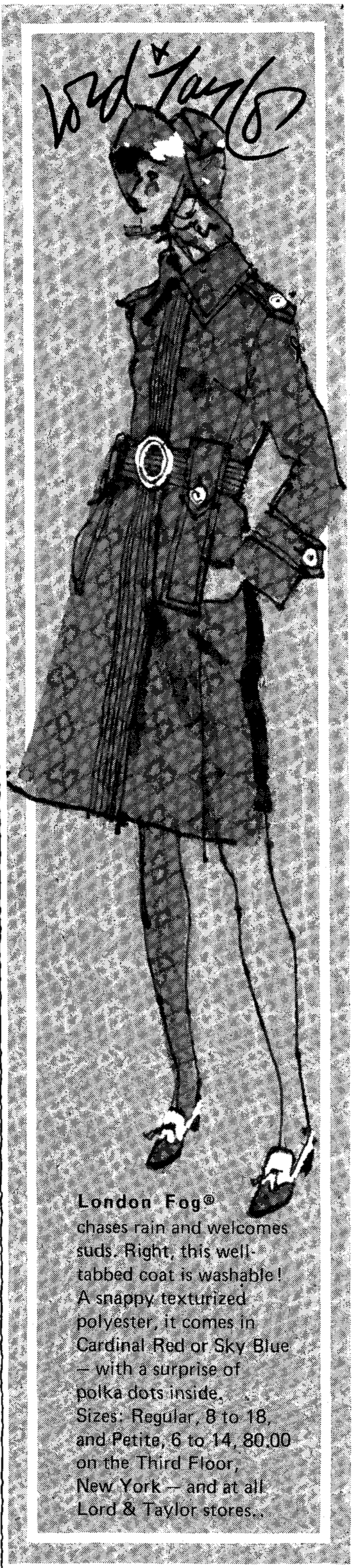
An even more profound aspect of the geometry of gravitation suggested by Einstein's theory is a new insight into the ancient question of cosmology, which is concerned with the structure and evolution of the universe as a whole. Because of the daring and apparently hopelessly difficult questions that cosmology tries to answer, and because of the paucity of experimental data, it was long regarded as something of a black sheep in the scientific family—more science fiction than science. At the moment, though, it is one of the most active and most exciting of all the branches of science. This change can be attributed, at least in substantial part, to developments stemming from a paper that Einstein published in 1917, called "Cosmological Considerations on the General Theory of Relativity," which, curiously, is now "antiquated if not wrong." Leopold Infeld, a Polish physicist who worked with Einstein in the nineteen-thirties, characterized the paper that way in 1947, and added, "I believe Einstein would be the first to admit this. . . . Yet the appearance of his paper is of great importance in the history of theoretical physics. Indeed, it is one more instance showing how a wrong solution of a fundamental problem may be incomparably more important than a correct solution of a trivial uninteresting problem."

Einstein begins his paper with a critique of the cosmology that is suggested by a straightforward application of Newton's theory of gravitation. Newton made an attempt to construct a universe, extending to infinity, in which the stars would be uniformly distributed and would interact through mutual gravitation. Newton was seeking to explain what he took to be a static and unchanging universe of infinite extent. What Einstein pointed out—and this had been noticed by others as well—is that by the terms of Newton's own law of gravitation this situation cannot exist; the mutual gravitational attraction of stars so distributed will cause the system to expand or contract. We now know that this situation does not exist—that the universe is expanding. If Newton had been so disposed, he might have predicted a universe that evolves in space instead of trying as he did to account for a static universe. However, in 1917 all the astronomical evidence still suggested a static universe, so Einstein was led to try to fit such a universe into *his* theory of gravitation. He soon realized that the objections he had made to Newton's theory were equally valid when they were applied to his own, and he modified his theory. This modification is the subject of his 1917 paper, in which he wrote:

> . . . I shall conduct the reader over the road that I have myself travelled, rather a rough and winding road, because otherwise I cannot hope that he will take much interest in the result at the end of the journey. The conclusion I shall arrive at is that the field equations of gravitation which I have championed hitherto still need a slight modification, so that on the basis of the general theory of relativity those fundamental difficulties may be avoided which have been set forth . . . as confronting the Newtonian theory.

To his old gravitational equations he added a new term, called the cosmological term, which was characterized by a new small constant (in addition to the gravitational constant). This cosmological constant does not modify the old predictions of his theory which have to do with "local" phenomena—those involving the solar system. With the help of the mathematician J. Grommer, Einstein was able to find a solution to the new equations—a solution that appeared to be static. (Some time later, Eddington showed that in fact the solution was not really static—that if the universe received any slight jiggle anywhere it would start to expand or contract.) This solution pictures the universe as a sort of sphere in space-time, filled, on the average, with a small, uniform density of matter. According to this picture, a light ray started at any point in the universe will return to its starting point in about ten billion years. Also in 1917, the Dutch astrophysicist W. de Sitter found a second solution to the equations, which corresponded to the somewhat artificial situation in which the average matter density is zero but which gave the universe the interesting feature of expansion. This was the first theoretical suggestion of an expanding universe.

Then, in 1922, the Russian mathematician A. Friedmann, dropping the cosmological term, reverted to Einstein's original equations, and found



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that they had a solution for an expanding universe with a non-zero matter density. At first, Einstein did not believe this result, and attempted a refutation, which found its way into print, but he soon realized that Friedmann's work was correct, and, along with most other cosmologists, abandoned the cosmological term as an unnecessary complication. Most modern cosmological thinking makes use of the Friedmann solution. By 1929, thanks in part to the American astronomer E. P. Hubble, it had become clear that the universe *was* expanding.

Until early in the twentieth century, there had been no firm evidence that any of the objects astronomers had observed, such as nebulae, lay outside our own Milky Way galaxy. But with the work at Harvard, in 1912, of Henrietta Leavitt and, later, of Harlow Shapley, it was shown that these objects were in fact outside the Milky Way. Another important step was taken by V. M. Slipher at the Lowell Observatory, in Flagstaff, Arizona. Beginning in 1912, Slipher observed that these distant galaxies showed a spectrum shift of their light—that the spectral lines from their starlight were displaced toward red—when compared to the spectra of nearer stars of presumably similar chemical composition. By 1929, Hubble had shown that this red shift obeyed a very simple law: the farther away the galaxy, the farther its light is shifted toward red. We know that light emitted by an object that is moving away shows a red shift, just as sound emitted by a train moving away from us has its pitch lowered. Hence it was, and is, natural to assume that distant astronomical objects are receding from us in such a way that the farther away an object is, the faster it is receding. Some very distant astronomical objects have been observed in which there are red shifts of more than half the normal wavelength.

In 1927, the Belgian Abbé Georges Lemaître introduced the idea that the expansion of the universe had begun with a gigantic cosmic explosion—a "big bang," in the terminology of the late George Gamow—some ten billion years ago, when the matter of the universe was compressed into a state of extremely high density. Gamow and his collaborators and successors have been working for the last thirty years, with considerable success, at trying to explain the observed distribution of matter and radiation in the universe in terms of the nuclear physics of this explosion. It now seems that the quasars—quasi-stellar radio sources, which, if present notions hold up, are distributed near the edge of the visible universe—may be remnants of this primeval explosion, along with the recently discovered cosmic "black-body radiation," which seems to fill the universe and may constitute an aftereffect of the explosion. The geometry of the universe is not yet completely known, but there is reason to believe that it may be a Friedmann geometry, with positive curvature, like a sphere, and with the property that light emitted at any given point will eventually come back to that point. This is what is meant by saying that the universe is "closed." All these developments in cosmology indicate the richness of the ideas contained in Einstein's general theory of relativity.

ALMOST every contemporary physicist would agree that the year 1905 can be regarded as the *annus mirabilis* of modern physics. Four papers by Einstein were published in the *Annalen der Physik* in 1905, and each, in a separate way, has changed our views of the physical universe. Two of the papers were on the special theory of relativity, and these form a unit in terms of style and subject matter; a third had to do with the Brownian motion, which is the incessant motion of suspended microscopic particles in liquids; and the fourth (actually the first to be published) was the foundation of quantum physics. In 1949, the German physicist Max Born expressed with eloquence and authority what every physicist has come to feel about this work:

> One of the most remarkable volumes in the whole of scientific literature seems to me Volume 17 (4th series) of *Annalen der Physik*, 1905. It contains three papers by Einstein . . . each today acknowledged to be a masterpiece, the source of a new branch of physics. These three subjects, in order of pages, are: theory of photons, Brownian motion, and relativity. Relativity is the last one, and this shows that Einstein's mind at that time was not completely absorbed by his ideas on space and time, simultaneity and electro-dynamics. In my opinion he would be one of the greatest theoretical physicists of all times even if he had not written a single line on relativity—an assumption for which I have to apologise, as it is rather absurd. For Einstein's conception of the physical world cannot be divided into watertight compartments, and it is impossible to imagine that he should have by-passed one of the fundamental problems of the time.

No one who is really competent has yet attempted to paint a complete psychological portrait of Einstein, and it is only in the last few years that scholars have begun to sift through the enormous collection of documents—letters, unpublished manuscripts, and the like—that have become available. Al-

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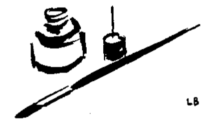
though Einstein is the only modern scientist whom one can begin to compare with Newton from the point of view of achievement, it is difficult to find much that they had in common as men. Newton was a fanatical, solitary Puritan, given to violent rages, frequently unscrupulous in the pursuit of his personal ambitions, and ungenerous in his appraisal of the work of his contemporaries, who were in some cases scientists of the first rank. Everyone who had any substantial contact with Einstein came away with an overwhelming sense of the nobility of the man. A descriptive term for him that recurs again and again is "humanitarian"—a reference to the simple, lovable quality of his character. Nowhere in his professional life is there the remotest hint of the often bitter competitiveness—the struggle over claims to scientific invention—that clouds and sometimes destroys the lives of scientists. Of course, Einstein, with his achievements, had no need to engage in any such struggle, and besides, unlike Newton, he lived in an era in which physics had become a recognized professional activity with an implicit "gentlemanly" code of ethics. (Most of Newton's scientific contemporaries, to judge from their correspondence, were nearly as unpleasant as Newton.) But this is beside the point. Newton had no need for such struggles, either—in the sense that his scientific reputation was never in jeopardy. It was universally recognized by the end of the seventeenth century—long before his death, in 1727—that he was among the greatest scientists who had ever lived. Yet he was at odds—the most savage kind of personal warfare—with every one of his contemporaries who was anything like his intellectual equal and who insisted on being treated as such. The men around Newton were either bitter rivals or sycophantic followers; he had no collaborators. Einstein had serious scientific differences with most of his scientific contemporaries—especially late in his life, when he rejected quantum theory—but in his dealings with them there is always a sense of mutual respect and, at least on Einstein's side, of real pleasure at learning about new discoveries or new ideas. It is typical that Einstein was the first to recognize the significance of the ideas on the wave nature of matter propounded, without a shred of direct experimental evidence, in 1924 in a Ph.D. thesis by a then unknown French physicist, Louis de Broglie. Einstein later came to reject the usual interpretation of the "de Broglie waves." Still, de Broglie noted, in a 1955 paper, "The scientific world of the time hung on every one of Einstein's words, for he was then at the peak of his fame. By stressing the importance of wave mechanics, the illustrious scientist had done a great deal to hasten its development. Without his paper [developing and extending some of de Broglie's ideas], my thesis might not have been appreciated until very much later."



Among the characteristics that Einstein and Newton seem to have had in common, apart from their genius, was an all but infinite capacity for single-minded concentration on a scientific problem. This is something quite different from a capacity for hard work, which they both had also. For a theoretical physicist, hard work means long and sometimes tedious computations. This requires less in the way of actual concentration than does the grasping of a problem in one's mind in such a way that it can be reduced to a computation; theoretical physicists are fond of saying that formulating the correct question is much more difficult than trying to answer it. The really profound discoveries in theoretical physics do not begin as well-posed problems. A well-posed problem implies the existence of a theory that provides the language in which to pose the problem. Physics textbooks are full of well-posed problems that sometimes require great ingenuity to work out but are not really profound. They require a perhaps unlikely juxtaposition of the formulas and ideas in the book. But nature is not a textbook, and although one can trace the antecedents of a discovery like Newton's law of universal gravitation or the special theory of relativity, there is a kind of mental leap involved in making such a discovery which carries it beyond its antecedents, often in wholly unanticipated ways. In an essay on Newton, John Maynard Keynes describes Newton's powers of concentration in a manner that applies equally to Einstein:

> His peculiar gift was the power of holding continuously in his mind a purely mental problem until he had seen straight through it. I fancy his preeminence is due to his muscles of intuition being the strongest and most enduring with which a man has ever been gifted. Anyone who has ever attempted pure scientific or philosophical thought knows how one can hold a problem momentarily in one's mind and apply all one's powers of concentration to piercing through it, and how it will dissolve and escape and you find that what you are surveying is a blank. I believe that Newton could hold

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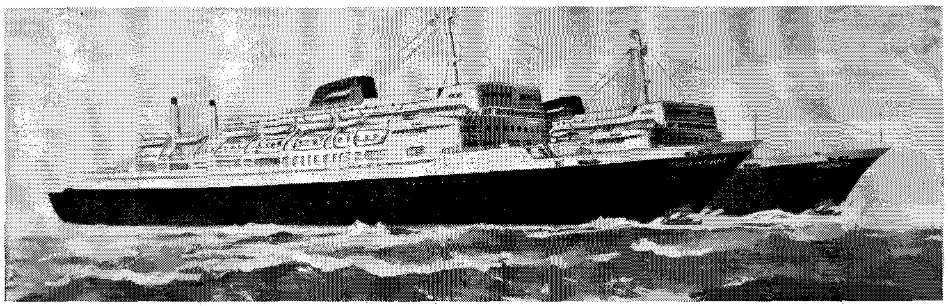

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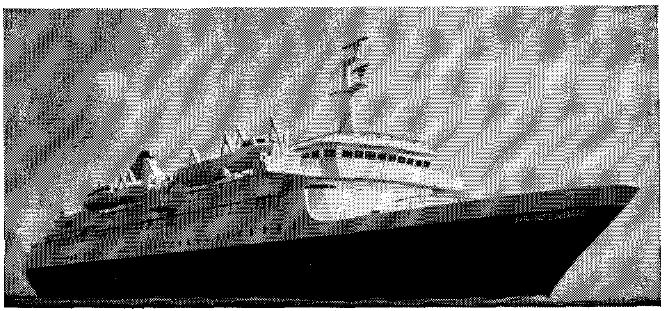

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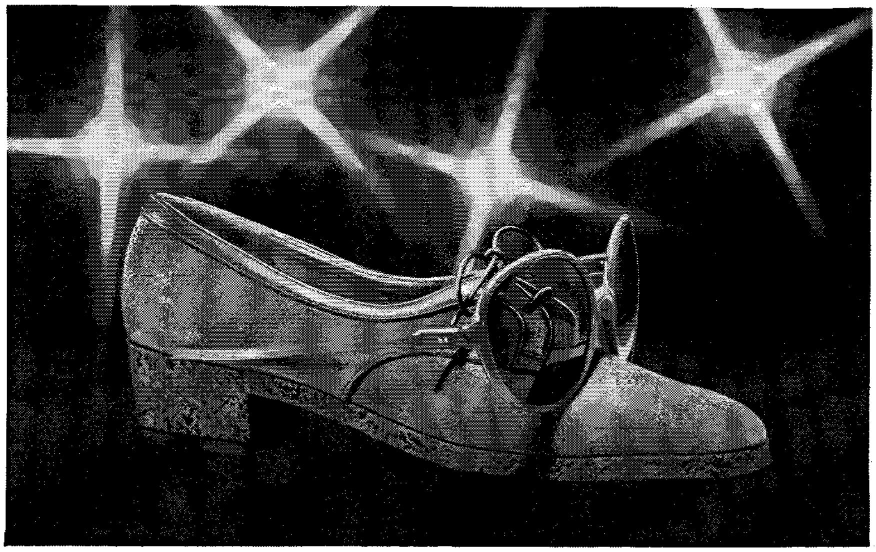

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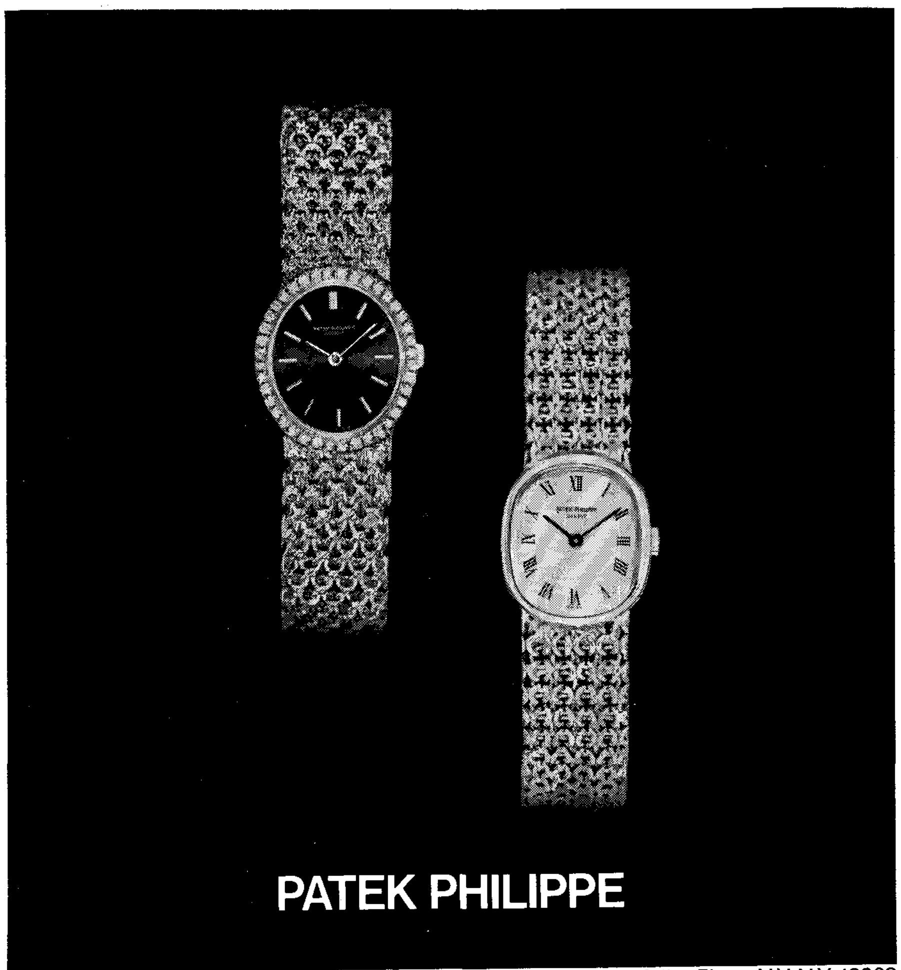

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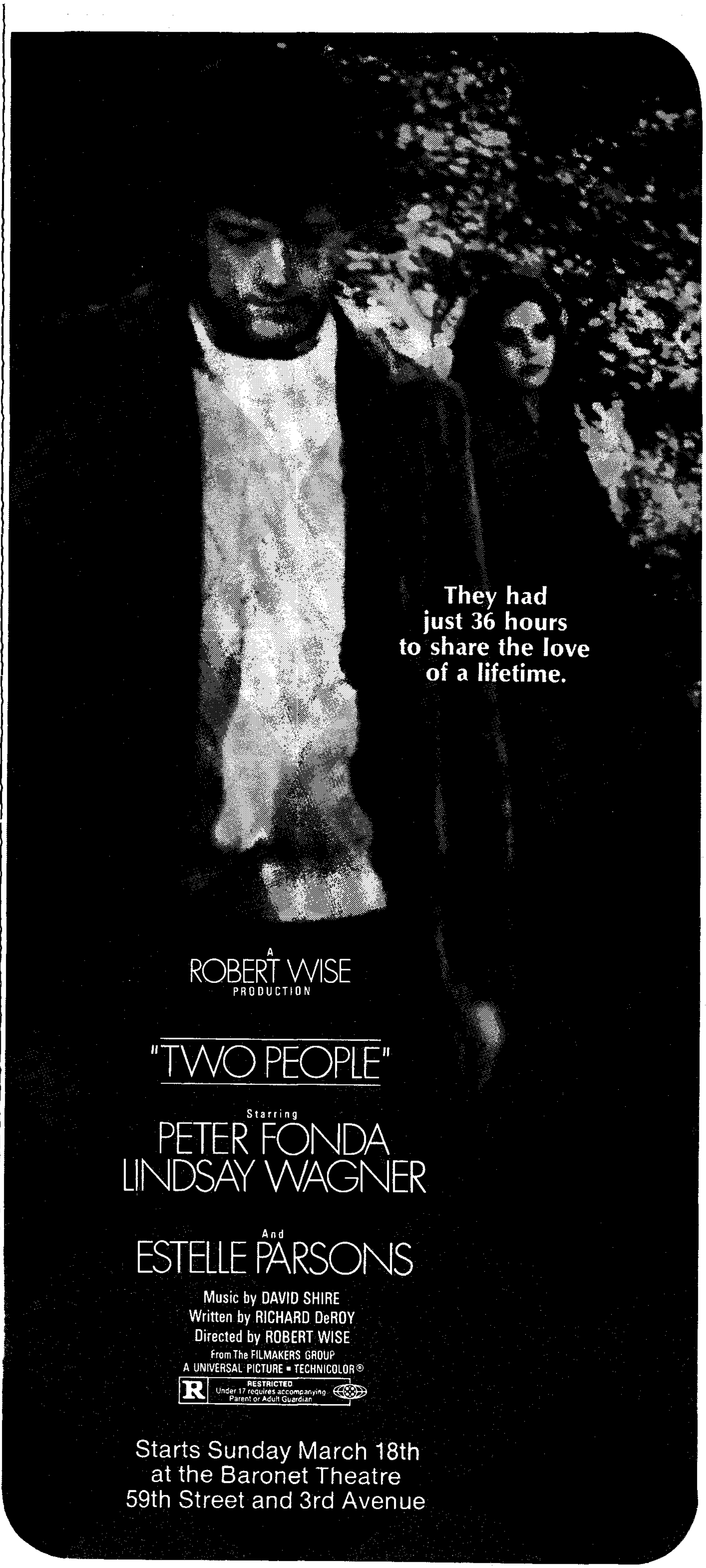
a problem in his mind for hours and days and weeks until it surrendered to him its secret. Then being a supreme mathematical technician he could dress it up, how you will, for purposes of exposition, but it was his intuition which was pre-eminently extraordinary—"so happy in his conjectures," said de Morgan, "as to seem to know more than he could possibly have any means of proving." The proofs, for what they are worth, were, as I have said, dressed up afterwards—they were not the instrument of discovery.

Like Newton, Einstein could, and did, concentrate on individual problems over a long period. Indeed, from all accounts, the special theory of relativity required nearly a decade of preparatory thought, although, as Einstein later remembered it, the final formulation and the writing of the manuscript took only five or six weeks. The general theory of relativity and gravitation took about seven years to complete (if one subtracts a number of false starts), and Einstein worked constantly on the unified-field theory—an attempt to establish a connection between gravitation and electromagnetism—for more than three decades. Moreover, the early works of Einstein—all those preceding the papers on the general theory of relativity—have just this incredible "intuitive" sense that Keynes sees in Newton. There is a major difference in the two great physicists' methods of presentation, in that Newton, particularly in his "Principia," adopts the rigorous, impersonal, formal style of a geometry text. In reading the early papers of Einstein, one has—perhaps erroneously—a sense of being close to the thinking processes of the man. They are full of passages like "In a memoir published four years ago I tried to answer the question whether the propagation of light is influenced by gravitation. I return to this theme, because my previous presentation of the subject does not satisfy me." These early papers also have a strikingly nonmathematical character. They contain relatively few equations—and often the equations they do contain are not numbered sequentially, as they would be in any modern physics paper, if only as an aid in following and referring back to the arguments. (None of the equations in the 1905 paper on special relativity are numbered.) These papers are full of ideas that are often expressed in terms of simple thought experiments, which enable one to visualize what is going on prior to and concomitant with the mathematical expression. Einstein was, apparently, not a particularly good mathematical calculator, and he did not arrive at his results through long calculations. (He often claimed that his memory was bad, and prodigious calculational ability usually goes with an exceptional memory.) He arrived at results by a phenomenal intuition of what they *should* be. Einstein tried at various times to describe what appeared to him to be distinctive about his thought processes, and in these descriptions the role of pictures—visual imagery—as opposed to words is what stands out. He wrote in 1946, in his "Autobiographical Notes":

> What, precisely, is "thinking"? When, at the reception of sense-impressions, memory-pictures emerge, this is not yet "thinking." And when such pictures form series, each member of which calls forth another, this too is not yet "thinking." When, however, a certain picture turns up in many such series, then—precisely through such return—it becomes an ordering element for such series, in that it connects series which in themselves are unconnected. Such an element becomes an instrument, a concept. I think that the transition from free association or "dreaming" to thinking is characterized by the more or less dominating role which the "concept" plays in it. It is by no means necessary that a concept must be connected with a sensorily cognizable and reproducible sign (word); but when this is the case thinking becomes by means of that fact communicable....
>
> For me it is not dubious that our thinking goes on for the most part without use of signs (words) and beyond that to a considerable degree unconsciously. For how, otherwise, should it happen that sometimes we "wonder" quite spontaneously about some experience? This "wondering" seems to occur when an experience comes into conflict with a world of concepts which is already sufficiently fixed in us. Whenever such a conflict is experienced hard and intensively it reacts back upon our thought world in a decisive way. The development of this thought world is in a certain sense a continuous flight from "wonder."

Anyone who has ever worked on a scientific problem has experienced such flights from "wonder." If the scientific discipline has reached the stage of development at which a significant breakthrough has just been made (as happened in atomic physics in the nineteen-thirties, after the discovery of the modern quantum theory), then what is involved is the reduction of phenomena to the newly created theoretical mold—a form of problem solving not far removed from the textbook exercise. However, the actual creation of the new theory appears to require a different sort of reduction altogether. Here the creator must fit the phenomena into a pattern that he alone can discern. This pattern is shaped by some sort of intuitive sense—some feeling about what the world should be like. Different though they apparently were as men, Newton and Einstein shared a



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confidence in the rightness of their own intuitions. Einstein once wrote, "To him who is a discoverer in this field the products of his imagination appear so necessary and natural that he regards them, and would like to have them regarded by others, not as creations of thought but as given realities." When a certain point in the creative process had been reached, both Newton and Einstein "knew" that they must be right, and could wait confidently for experiment to bear their theories out. Newton's intuitions in physics were not seriously challenged by experimental developments that occurred during his lifetime, and this was true for much of Einstein's creative life as well. However, in Einstein's reaction to the quantum theory there is a sharp break between his sense of the fitness of things and what experiments appeared to be revealing. His reaction to this conflict was to withdraw deeper and deeper into the solitude of his own intuitions.

NO physicist had more to do with the creation of quantum physics than Einstein. His work in this field alone would have been a full scientific career for any other physicist. Yet just when, after nearly thirty years of profound struggle, physicists succeeded in changing what had appeared to be an intellectual chaos into a logical scientific structure—the quantum theory, which many people consider the supreme triumph of twentieth-century scientific thinking—Einstein turned his back on it. Both in correspondence and in articles, Einstein wrote extensive explanations of his rejection of the theory—a theory that, in P. A. M. Dirac's phrase, "accounts for all of chemistry and most of physics" (and, we might now be tempted to add, all of biology). In reading these explanations, one is inevitably struck by two things. First, there is the man's incredible stubbornness. He would not budge. He listened to arguments against his position for nearly thirty years—listened and absorbed, and refuted, and would not budge. The second thing one is struck by is his ultimate reason for rejecting the theory: the word that occurs again and again is "incompleteness." He could not accept in a fundamental physical theory a description that gave up "visualizable" causal events for probabilities. In some sense, he remained rooted all his life in the visual and geometric sensibilities that were among his most vivid childhood memories.

The quantum—more precisely, the quantum of action—was first postulated in 1900 by the German physicist Max Planck. It seems fitting that the theory of the quantum should have been born with the new century, for it went beyond the bounds of classical physics in a radically new way. The concepts of the quantum theory are what really set twentieth-century physics off from everything that preceded it. This may seem a surprising observation to one who has been exposed to the conclusions to be drawn from the relativity theory, but both the special and the general relativity theories are set in the philosophical context of a causal description of events occurring in space and time—or space-time. Einstein's space-time consists of points whose positions and times are to be determined by classical procedures involving rulers and clocks of a kind that any nineteenth-century physicist would be comfortable with. The quantum theory, at least in the modern form developed in the nineteen-twenties, denies the underlying validity of such descriptions, and in so doing it has changed and influenced the whole epistemological basis of science.

The full acceptance of these revolutionary ideas came slowly; one encounters again and again the curious spectacle of the progenitors' making a dramatic step and then drawing back, to stand aloof while the next generation of scientists sweeps on. Planck, for example, was one of the earliest of the great physicists to accept Einstein's special theory of relativity. He began to work on it almost immediately, because it fitted into his philosophical outlook. But of Einstein's early work on the quanta—Planck's quanta—Planck could write, "[That] he may sometimes have missed the target, as, for example, in his hypothesis of light quanta, cannot really be held against him." And Einstein himself, in 1926, after the German physicist Werner Heisenberg had made the breakthrough that led to the new quantum mechanics, wrote to Max Born, "An inner voice tells me that it is still not the true Jacob. The theory produces a lot, but it brings us hardly any closer to the secret of the Old One. In any case I am convinced that He doesn't play dice."

An even more bizarre relationship between Einstein and the development of the quantum theory has recently come to light. Of all the aspects of the theory, the one most characteristic of its methodology is the Heisenberg "uncertainty principle," which gives the precise limits of measurement on entities as small as atoms. The fact that the theory imposed such limits on the measurement of, for example, positions

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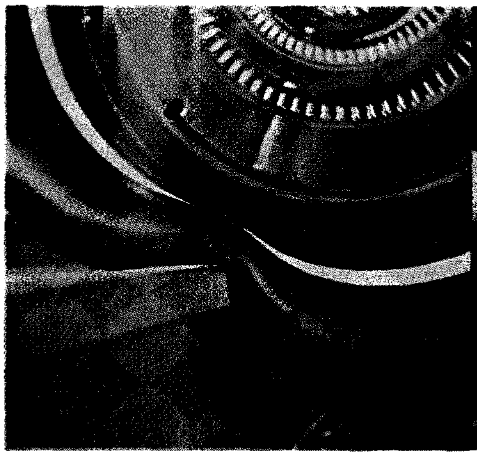

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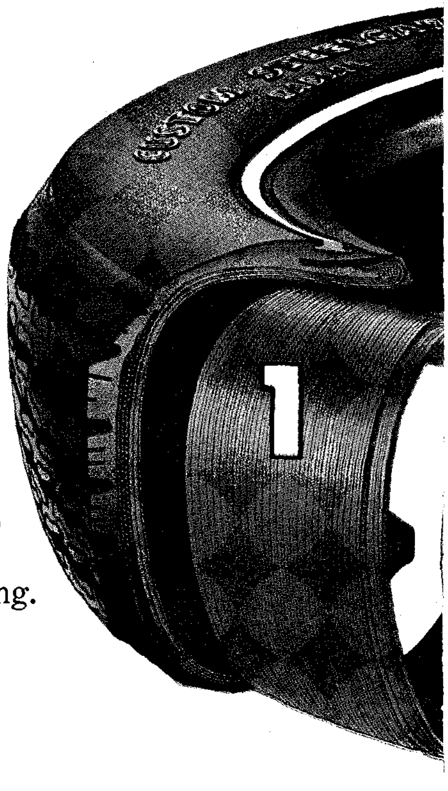

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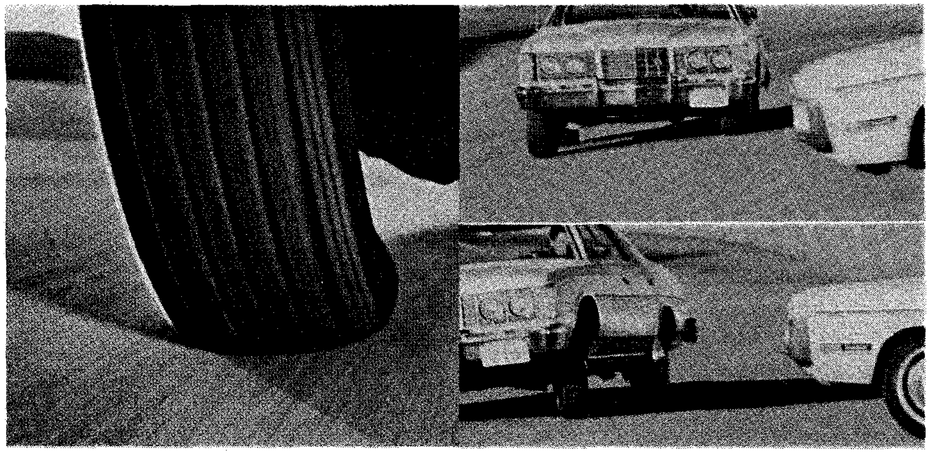

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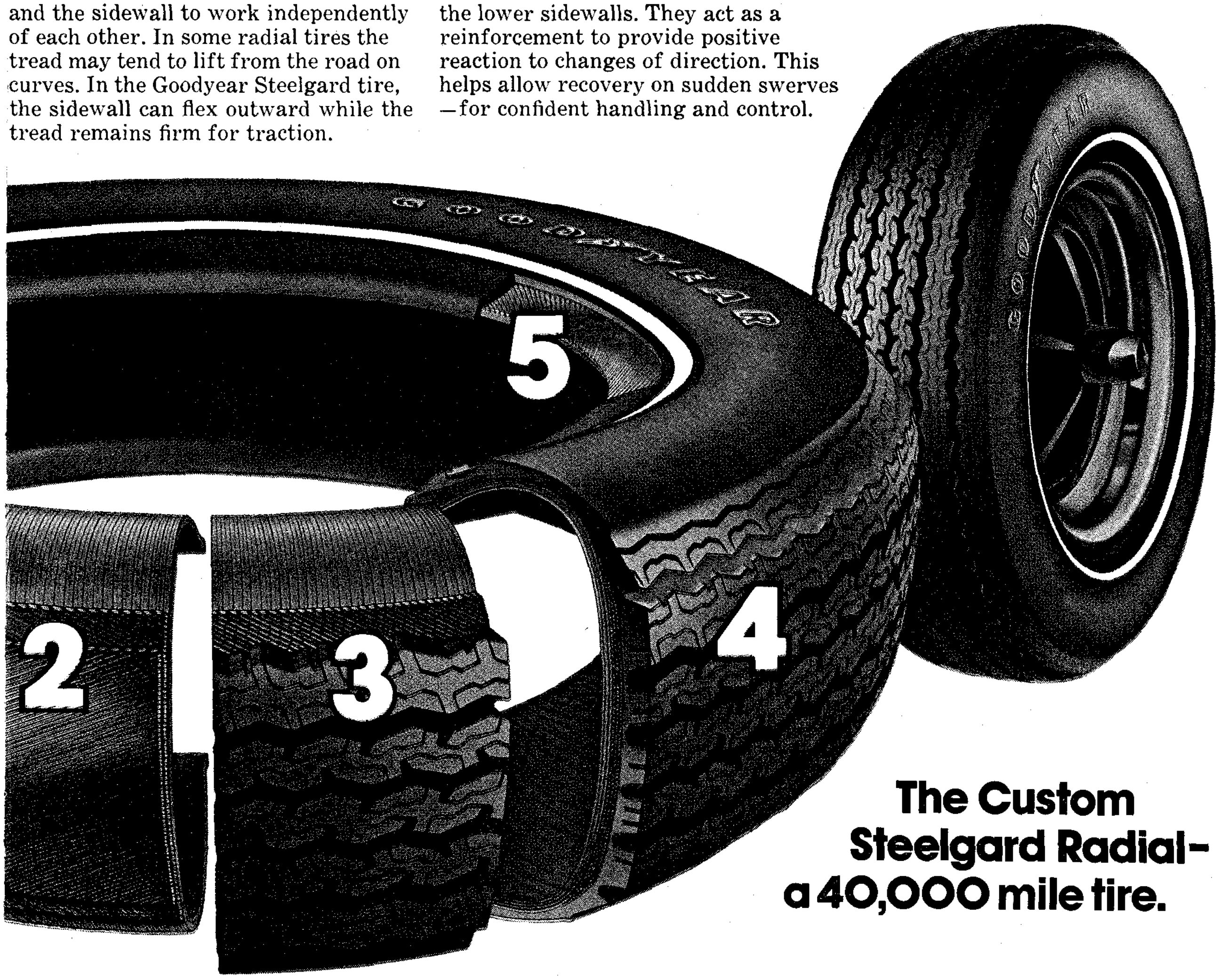

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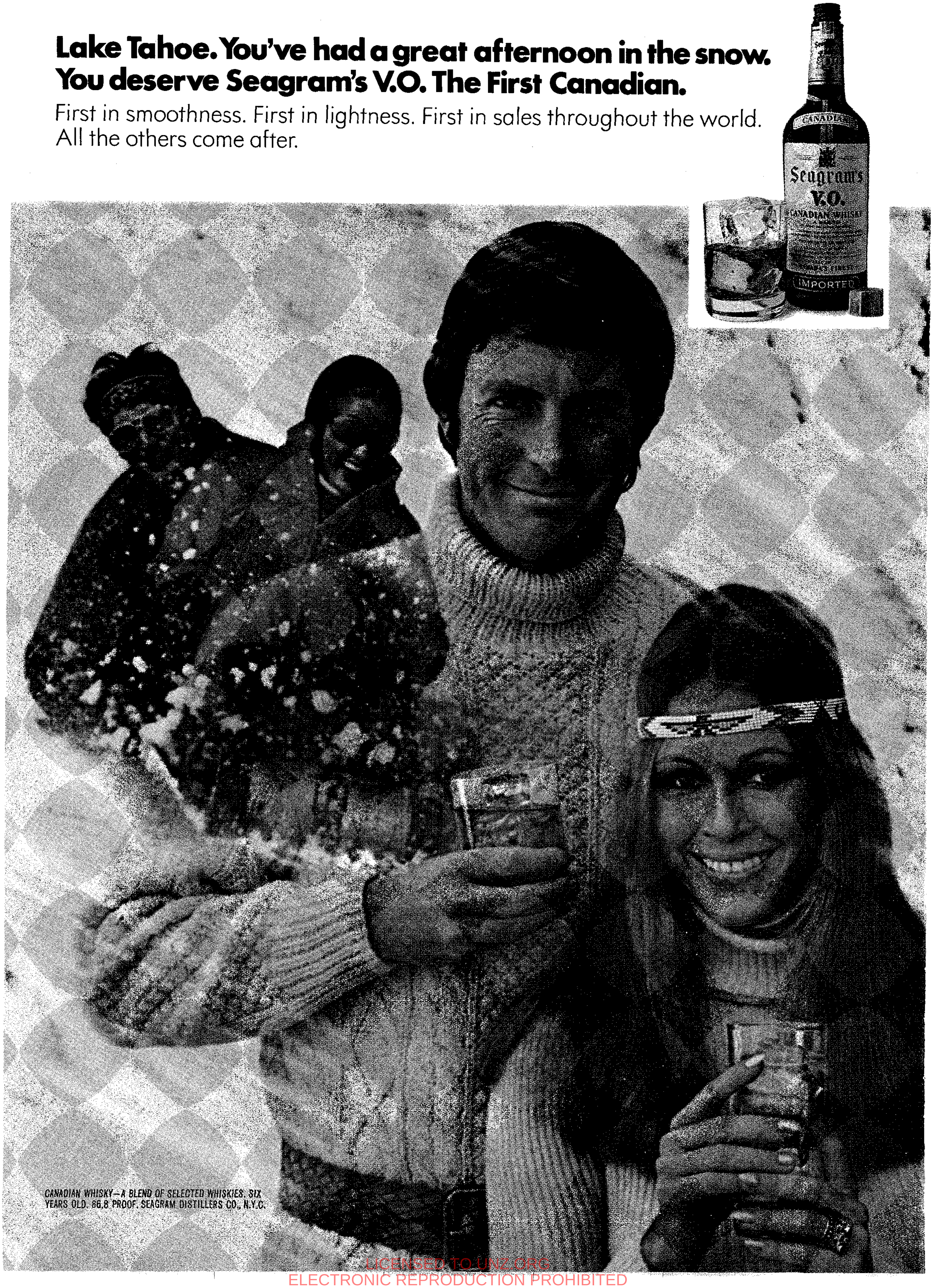
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and momenta of particles disturbed Einstein profoundly. He simply could not reconcile it with his view of physics in terms of the geometric structure of space-time. He made many unsuccessful attempts to refute the uncertainty relationships, although he gradually modified his position to the point of maintaining that the relationships were "incomplete"—were an intermediate step between classical physics and some ultimate synthesis of classical concepts of fields and the geometry of space-time. By a strange irony, however, Heisenberg attributes his original inspiration in formulating the uncertainty principle to a conversation he had with Einstein in Berlin in 1926. Heisenberg then believed, mistakenly, that Einstein still held the Machian positivistic view—the idea that all quantities that entered a physical theory must have "operational definitions" in terms of measuring instruments—which characterized the analysis leading to the special theory of relativity; in reality, Einstein had abandoned this position many years earlier, when he was seeking his final formulation of the theory of gravitation. Hence, Heisenberg was astounded when Einstein asked, in response to a remark concerning electron orbits inside the atom, "But you don't seriously believe that none but observable magnitudes must go into a physical theory?"

Heisenberg answered, with some surprise, "Isn't that precisely what you have done with relativity? After all, you did stress the fact that it is impermissible to speak of absolute time, simply because absolute time cannot be observed; that only clock readings, be it in the moving reference system or the system at rest, are relevant to the determination of time."

As Heisenberg recalls it, Einstein then said, "Possibly I did use this kind of reasoning, but it is nonsense all the same. Perhaps I could put it more diplomatically by saying that it may be heuristically useful to keep in mind what one has actually observed. But on principle, it is quite wrong to try founding a theory on observable magnitudes alone. In reality the very opposite happens. It is the theory which decides what we can observe." This remark—"It is the theory which decides what we can observe"—remained in Heisenberg's mind and became the theme of the work that led him to formulate the uncertainty principle.

Planck himself was one of the least radical personalities imaginable. He was descended from an ancient German family of scholars, public servants, and lawyers. His father was a professor of law at Kiel, where Planck was born, in 1858. In his autobiography, Planck wrote:

> What led me to my science and from my youth filled me with enthusiasm, is the fact—not at all self-evident—that our laws of thinking conform with the lawfulness in the passage of impressions which we receive from the outer world, thus making it possible for man to gain information about that lawfulness by mere thinking. [This idea was stated by Einstein in his famous aphorism "One may say the eternal mystery of the world is its comprehensibility."] In this it is of the highest significance that the outer world represents something independent of us and absolute with which we are confronted, and the search for the laws which govern this absolute has appeared to me as the most fascinating work of a lifetime.

Early in his scientific career, Planck was struck by the fact that the great laws of thermodynamics involving energy and entropy which were developed in the nineteenth century seem to have just this absolute character. For this reason, he at first rejected the theory proposed by the Scottish physicist James Clerk Maxwell, and developed by the Austrian physicist Ludwig Boltzmann, that the laws of thermodynamics really summarized only the *average* or *most probable* behavior of systems with enormous numbers of particles. For Boltzmann, the scientist who had seen deepest into this idea by the eighteen-eighties, a system such as a gas evolved in time toward configurations of greater and greater probability. During this evolution, the system might fluctuate into a configuration that was improbable, but then it would continue its evolution toward the probable. For Planck, initially, such probability considerations violated his ideal of the absolute, so he rejected them. In 1900, however, under the pressure of new experimental results, he changed his mind.

The events that led to Planck's quanta began quite innocuously. In the mid-nineteenth century, several physicists, notably the German physicist Gustav Kirchhoff (who was Planck's teacher at the University of Berlin), began a theoretical and experimental attack on the problem of so-called black-body radiation. In a typical experimental setup, one heats a partly evacuated opaque enclosure, and the walls of the enclosure begin to vibrate as they are heated. These vibrating walls—or oscillators—then give off electromagnetic radiation. The radiation bounces around inside the enclosure, and eventually an equilibrium is established. The radiation inside the en-

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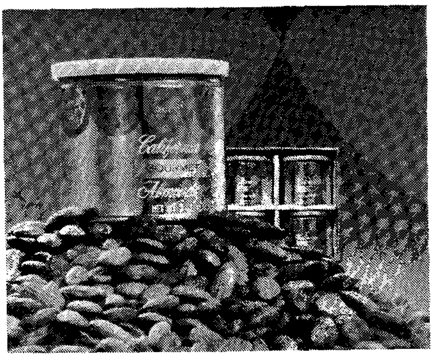

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closure has various frequencies, or colors, distributed in a certain spectrum, which physicists call the normal, or black-body, spectrum. One can measure the distribution by making a small hole in the enclosure and sampling the radiation inside with a spectrometer and, say, a thermocouple to measure the intensity of the radiation at a given frequency. What Kirchhoff proved was that this spectrum was independent of the nature of the material making up the walls. It thus had the sort of "absolute" character that appealed to Planck. Then, in the late eighteen-nineties, the German physicist Wilhelm Wien found a very simple mathematical expression (he guessed at it) that appeared to fit the experimental results for the form of the spectrum. The simplicity of the Wien formula led Planck to try to derive it from first principles—from the laws of thermodynamics. By the end of the century, Planck thought—erroneously, it turned out—he had found an argument for it, and in 1899 he submitted to the *Annalen der Physik* a paper that he believed settled the question. While he was correcting the proofs of his paper, some new experimental results began to emerge, and in a note added in proof he pointed out that the Wien distribution did not seem to hold at the end of the spectrum corresponding to the longer—that is, the redder—wavelengths.

By October of 1900, Planck had come to realize that his original arguments for the Wien law were wrong, and had invented a new formula—again with no real theoretical justification—which seemed to fit all the experiments. And Planck later recalled that no sooner had he announced his new formula in a meeting of physicists than it was confirmed. He wrote in his autobiography about a meeting he had with Heinrich Rubens, of the University of Berlin:

> The very next morning I received a visit from my colleague Rubens. He came to tell me that after the conclusion of the meeting, he had that very night checked my formula against the results of his measurements and found a satisfactory concordance at every point. . . . Later measurements, too, confirmed my radiation formula again and again—the finer the methods of measurement used, the more accurate the formula was found to be.

So it has remained to the present day.

Thus far, none of this had to do with quanta. These emerged at the next step, when Planck attempted to derive his formula. In this derivation, he found, reluctantly, that he was forced to adopt Boltzmann's statistical methods, but with an important new assumption; namely, that when the atomic oscillators constituting the walls of the radiation container emitted and absorbed the radiation from the container, they could change energy only in quantized units. In the description of this process according to classical physics, the oscillators could take up any amount of energy, but what Planck had to assume was that each oscillator could absorb units of energy that were integer multiples of some minimum unit characteristic of the oscillator. It could absorb one unit or two units and so on, but never half a unit or three-quarters of a unit. The image that Einstein was fond of was that radiation energy is like beer in a keg which can be bought and sold only in pint bottles, in that the energy can be taken from the atomic oscillators only in discrete lump sums—quanta of energy.

Planck was at first quite confident that this requirement of quantized units represented some flaw in his method of derivation—that if he worked harder he could make the quanta go away and still obtain his formula. He spent the next ten years trying to do this. Late in his life, he wrote:

> My futile attempts to fit the elementary quantum of action somehow into the classical theory continued for a number of years, and they cost me a great deal of effort. Many of my colleagues saw in this something bordering on a tragedy. But I feel differently about it. For the thorough enlightenment I thus received was all the more valuable. I now knew for a fact that the elementary quantum of action played a far more significant part in physics than I had originally been inclined to suspect.

Einstein's starting point was much less ambitious and much less radical, but, as usual, by following his arguments through to the end, no matter where they led, he arrived at conclusions that altered our view of the physical world forever. Einstein notes in his 1905 paper titled "On a Heuristic Point of View Regarding the Production and Transformation of Light" that he began by accepting the Wien law—which for the shorter, or bluer, frequencies was essentially identical to Planck's formula—as an experimentally given fact, and he then asked himself what this implied about the radiation in the heated container. (Several years later, he set to work to derive the full Planck formula, and his derivation is now standard in all the textbooks on quantum physics.) By using his knowledge of statistical mechanics, Einstein was able to show from the Wien law that the radiation in the enclosure obeyed the same mathematics as if it were made up of quanta. To return to

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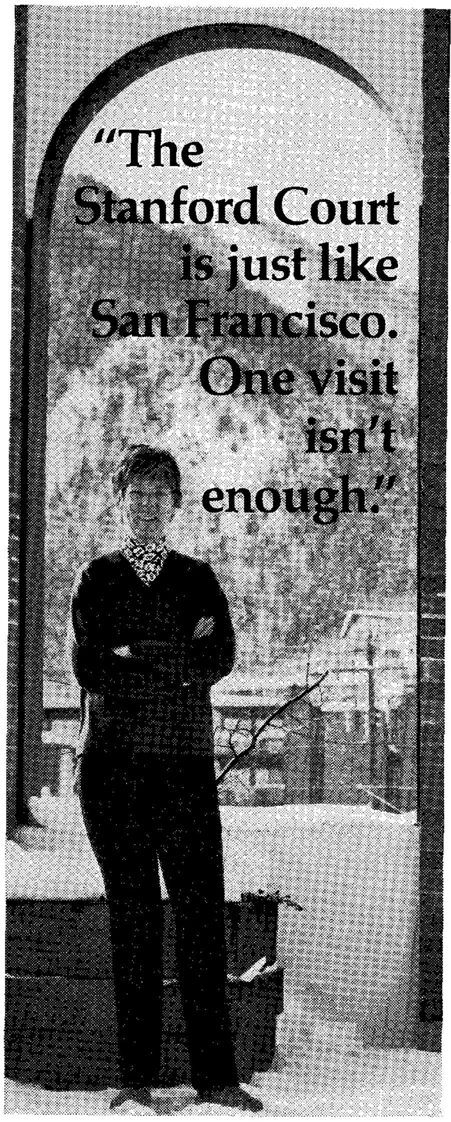
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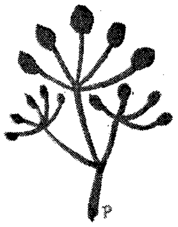
Einstein's image, it was not only that the beer in the keg was bought and sold in pints but that the beer consisted of separate pints even when it was in the keg. There was no escape from this conclusion as long as one accepted the Planck law (or, in the case of the short wavelengths, the Wien law) from experiment and applied to it the reasoning that was totally successful for the statistical mechanics of gases and liquids—the same reasoning that Einstein had used in his theory of Brownian motion. Having established this conclusion, he asked the next question, which Planck had not done: Did this discovery have any implications for other phenomena involving the interaction of radiation and matter? Einstein found several such phenomena that were affected by it, and among them was the photoelectric effect.

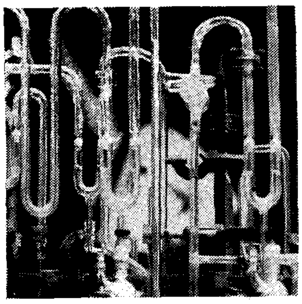


The photoelectric effect first came to the attention of physicists late in the nineteenth century. It was noticed that if ultraviolet light—light of very high frequency—fell on the surface of certain metals it would from time to time cause the ejection from the metal of a high-energy electron. Since it was then assumed that electromagnetic radiation consisted of waves, it seemed most peculiar that a wave, if it had enough energy to knock out a single electron, did not knock out all the electrons in its path. It was as if a group of swimmers were lined up on a beach in the path of a wave that was apparently energetic enough to knock them all over and, instead of doing so, simply knocked down a single swimmer here and there, leaving the rest upright. In 1902, Philipp Lenard, the German experimental physicist, who won the Nobel Prize in 1905, and who later became a virulent Nazi, made the important observation that if the intensity of the light was increased—by, for example, bringing the light source closer to the metal plate—the energy of the ejected electrons did not increase but their number did increase. That, too, was totally mysterious from the point of view of the wave theory.

It was this set of facts that Einstein wanted to explain with the quanta. Here he made use of an important consideration that had emerged from his calculations. He had shown—and this was a feature of Planck's derivation of the black-body spectrum as well—that the energy of a light quantum was proportional to its frequency. This meant, for example, that quanta of blue light would be more energetic than quanta of red light, and that X rays would be more energetic still, since their frequencies were higher than any visible light frequency. The basic energy equation, then, took the simple form $E=hv$, where E was the energy of the quantum, v was the frequency, and h was a new natural constant, which is now called Planck's constant. (If E is measured in ergs and the frequency is measured per second, then Planck's constant has, according to recent measurements, the value 6.62559×10^{-27} erg-seconds, with a small experimental error in the last two places.)

If one accepted the quantum hypothesis, one could handily explain Lenard's result. According to this hypothesis, the light acts in these experiments not like a wave but like a collection of discrete energy quanta. As long as the light is of a single frequency—blue, say—all the quanta will have the same energy. No matter how intense the source is, it can produce only more quanta of the same energy. When a light quantum collides with an electron, it can give up all its energy to the electron—like billiard balls in collision—and the more intense the source is, the more quanta there are, and the larger is the number of collisions that can be produced.

The first quantitative experiments to test Einstein's ideas were done in 1914 and 1915, by the American physicist Robert Millikan, who published his results in 1916. Millikan, an extraordinarily gifted experimenter, found that in order to carry out these experiments he had to keep his metal surfaces in a vacuum chamber to prevent them from becoming coated with impurities that would block the exit of the electrons from the metal. By doing so, and by varying the color of the impinging light over a rather wide range, he was able to make a full and successful test of Einstein's equation. Millikan did not greet his findings with great elation, because it seemed to him—as it did to most other physicists, including Einstein—that they merely deepened the mystery of the nature of light. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, most physicists had assumed that light did consist of energetic particles, but experiments begun in England in 1803 by the English physicist and physician Thomas Young and followed up in France in the next decade by the French physicist Augustin Fresnel and others seemed to rule out particle theories of light once and for all. These experiments had a common theme—interference. When two waves overlap in space, they interfere with each other,



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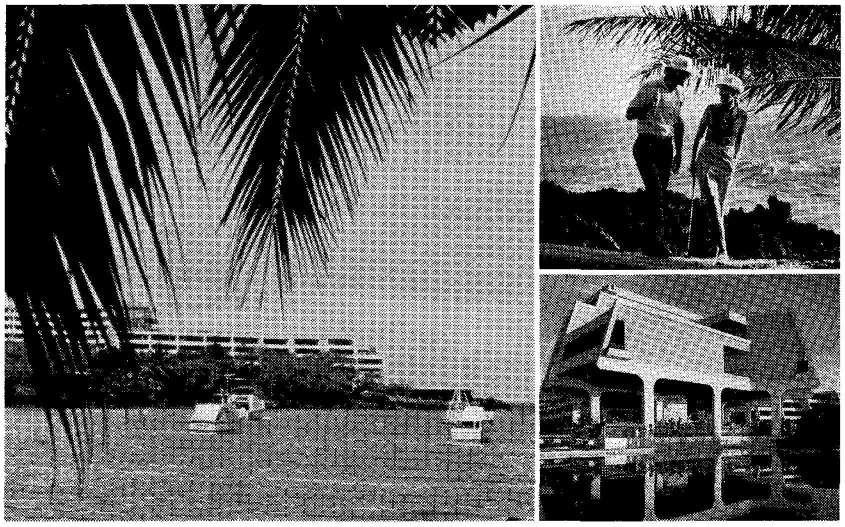

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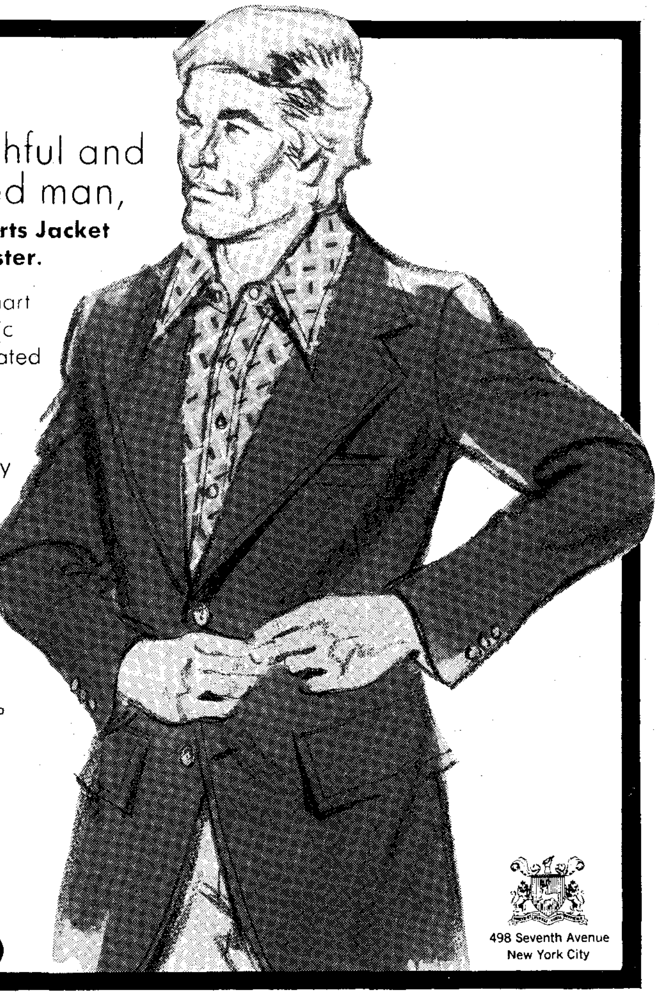

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which means that in combining they produce a wave motion that differs from either of the individual wave motions. At certain points in the resultant wave train, if a trough of one wave is superimposed on a crest of the other the resultant wave amplitudes can exactly cancel, giving a null amplitude; if, for example, one is referring to light waves, at these points the two light waves will interfere with each other in such a way as to produce a dark spot. Young showed this explicitly; his experiment consisted of passing light through two small holes in a screen and discovering that where beams coming through the two holes met they produced a pattern of alternating bands of light and dark. He was later able to use this technique to measure the wavelength of various kinds of visible light.

During the nineteenth century, these techniques were refined, and the whole science of optics was built around the wave theory of light, which appeared to have found its final formulation in Maxwell's equations. Einstein was fully aware of the success of the wave theory when he wrote his paper on light quanta, and in his paper he stated, "The wave theory, operating with continuous spatial functions, has proved to be correct in representing purely optical phenomena and will probably not be replaced by any other theory." He went on:

> One must, however, keep in mind that the optical observations are concerned with temporal mean values and not with instantaneous values, and it is possible, in spite of the complete experimental verification of the theory of diffraction, reflection, refraction, dispersion, and so on, that the theory of light that operates with continuous spatial functions may lead to contradictions with observations if we apply it to the phenomena of the generation and transformation of light.
>
> It appears to me, in fact, that the observations on "black-body radiation," photoluminescence, the generating of cathode rays [electrons] with ultraviolet radiation, and other groups of phenomena related to the generation and transformation of light can be understood better on the assumption that the energy in light is distributed discontinuously in space. According to the presently proposed assumption the energy in a beam of light emanating from a point source is not distributed continuously over larger and larger volumes of space but consists of a finite number of energy quanta, localized at points of space, which move without subdividing and which are absorbed and emitted only as units.

For the next twenty years, Einstein spent much of his time trying to understand this "schizophrenic" character of light. (The reader may have noted that the schizophrenia is built into the fundamental energy equation of the quanta, $E=h\nu$, since the frequency is a wave concept and also characterizes the quantum "particle" energy.) The results of this work of his can be divided into two parts: a part that Einstein published, which had to do with finding applications of the quantum ideas to other phenomena, and a part that he did not publish, because it was unsuccessful—this part having to do with finding some sort of basic theory that would incorporate the two aspects of light into a single description. Of the former part, the two most interesting applications are perhaps Einstein's quantum theory of the "specific heats" of solids and his study of that part of the black-body spectrum which corresponds to long wavelengths. The term "specific heat" refers to the ability of substances to absorb heat, raising their temperature; that is, the amount by which the temperature of a body is raised when a specific amount of heat is added. Einstein found that some anomalies in the observed behavior of heat absorption at low temperatures—departures from the predictions of classical physics using conventional oscillators as heat absorbers—could be explained when Planck's quantized oscillators were used as the heat absorbers. This discovery inaugurated the modern development of the quantum theory of solids, and the existence of confirming experiments available as early as 1910, right after Einstein did his first work on the subject, first attracted the attention of many physicists to the possible validity and importance of the quantum hypothesis.

The second significant piece of work had to do with the long-wavelength part of the Planck formula. This is the other end of the spectrum from that which Einstein had considered in his original 1905 paper. A fact that Planck had not been aware of at the time he was doing his work was that a theory that fitted this end of the spectrum had been worked out at about the same time by the British physicist Lord Rayleigh, and slightly corrected by the British astronomer James Jeans. The important feature of their result is that it is an inevitable consequence of classical physics: if Planck's constant, which characterizes the quanta, is set equal to zero in his formula, one arrives at the Rayleigh-Jeans law. Einstein went a step further. He showed, again using statistical-mechanical arguments, that this end of the spectrum arises from the *wave* nature of light. Hence, the full black-body spectrum has built into its structure in a striking fashion both the wave and the particle aspects of light.

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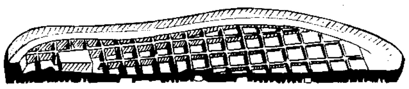

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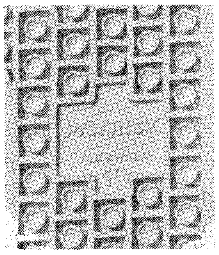

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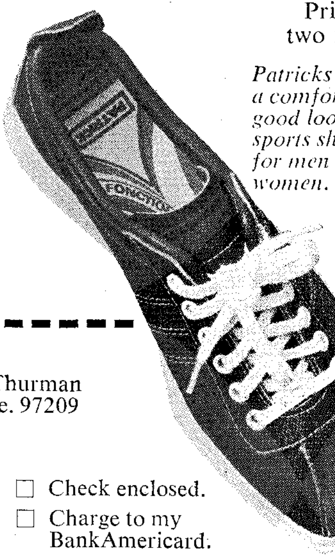

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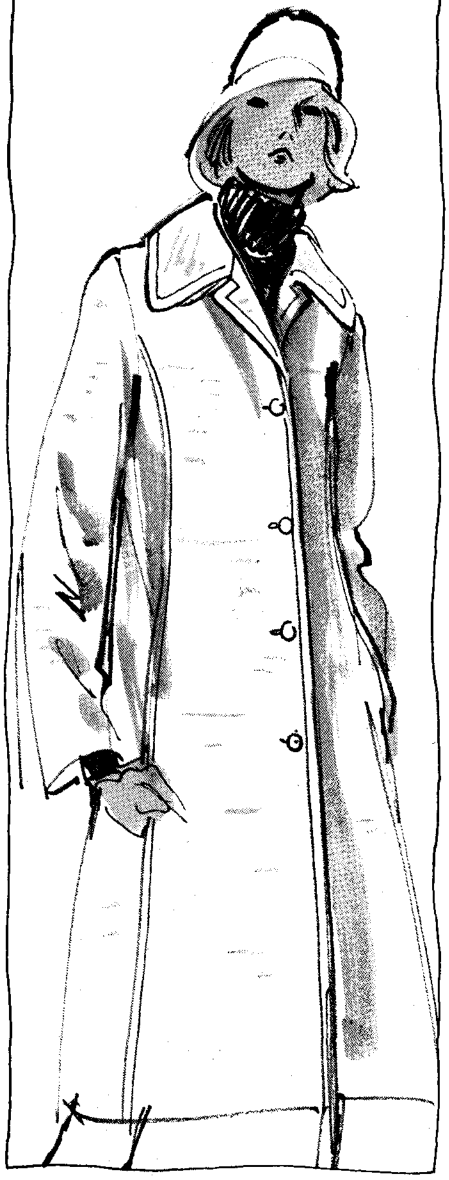

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mind as he wrestled with the quanta can be gleaned from a letter and an anecdote. The anecdote has been recounted by Philipp Frank:

> About this time [in 1911, when Einstein was in Prague] . . . Einstein began to be much troubled over the paradoxes arising from the dual nature of light. . . . His state of mind over this problem can be described by this incident:
>
> Einstein's office at the university overlooked a park with beautiful gardens and shady trees. He noticed that there were only women walking about in the morning and men in the afternoon, and that some walked alone sunk in deep meditation and others gathered in groups and engaged in vehement discussions. On inquiring what this strange garden was, he learned that it was a park belonging to the insane asylum of the province of Bohemia. The people walking in the garden were inmates of this institution, harmless patients who did not have to be confined. When I first went to Prague, Einstein showed me this view, explained it to me, and said playfully: "Those are the madmen who do not occupy themselves with the quantum theory."

The letter was written somewhat earlier—in 1908—to a collaborator named J. J. Laub:

> I am ceaselessly occupied with the question of the constitution of radiation and am in correspondence on this question with H. A. Lorentz and Planck. The former is an astonishingly profound [Lorentz, then fifty-five, was regarded as the greatest living theoretical physicist, while Einstein was twenty-nine and was still working at the patent office] and at the same time amiable man. Planck is also very pleasant in his correspondence. He has, however, one fault: that he is clumsy in finding his way about in foreign trains of thought. It is therefore understandable when he makes quite faulty objections to my latest work on radiation. He has not, however, said anything against my criticisms. I hope that he has read them and recognized them. This quantum question is so incredibly important and difficult that everyone should busy himself on it. I have already succeeded in working out something which may be related to it, but I have serious reasons for still thinking that it is rubbish.

Einstein moved from the University of Zurich to Prague in 1911, but in the autumn of 1912 he was back in Zurich, as a professor at the Polytechnic. He remained in Zurich for less than two years, moving to Berlin in April of 1914. He lived in Berlin until 1932, when he left Germany forever. During this period, Max Born, who nominally held a chair at the University of Berlin, was often in Berlin, even though most of the university's normal activities were suspended after the German military mobilization in August of 1914, for with the presence of Einstein and Planck—and, a little later, Erwin Schrödinger—Berlin had become the greatest center in the world for theoretical physics, a distinction it retained until the mid-nineteen-twenties. (The center of gravity then shifted to younger men in Göttingen and Copenhagen.) The Berlin physics colloquium—sometimes referred to jokingly as the Hall of the Genii—had a regular weekly attendance of outstanding scientists whose like has never been assembled for any length of time in one place before or since. In 1948, Born wrote of this period:

> Planck and Einstein met at regular intervals at the Berlin Academy, and a friendship developed which went far beyond the exchange of scientific ideas. Yet it is difficult to imagine two men of more different attitudes to life: Einstein a citizen of the whole world, little attached to the people around him, independent of the emotional background of the society in which he lived—Planck deeply rooted in the traditions of his family and nation, an ardent patriot, proud of the greatness of German history and consciously Prussian in his attitude to the state. Yet what did all these differences matter in view of what they had in common—the fascinating interest in the secrets of nature, similar philosophical convictions, and a deep love of music. They often played chamber music together, Planck at the piano and Einstein fiddling, both perfectly absorbed and happy. Planck was an excellent pianist and could play on demand almost any piece of classical music, a great many by heart. He also liked to improvise either on a theme given to him, or on old German folk-songs which he dearly loved.

Einstein was sensitive to the dangers of the rise of Nazism in Germany from its beginnings in the early nineteen-twenties, when the first outbreaks of organized German anti-Semitism occurred. Planck, on the other hand, perhaps because of his patriotism or because of his advanced age, underestimated the strength and durability of the Nazi movement. He despised the Nazis, but he thought that they represented only a passing political phase. Around 1933, he had an audience with Hitler in the hope of persuading him not to destroy the career of a Jewish colleague, the celebrated chemist Fritz Haber. (During the First World War, Haber had made discoveries concerning the manufacture of explosives which, according to Born, had been crucial in keeping Germany in the war. Haber was driven out of Germany in 1933 and died soon afterward.) Hitler was transported into such a rage by the request that, in the words of Born, "Planck could do nothing but listen silently and take his leave." After this, Planck abandoned all hope of doing anything to change the regime, and resigned himself to living out his existence in

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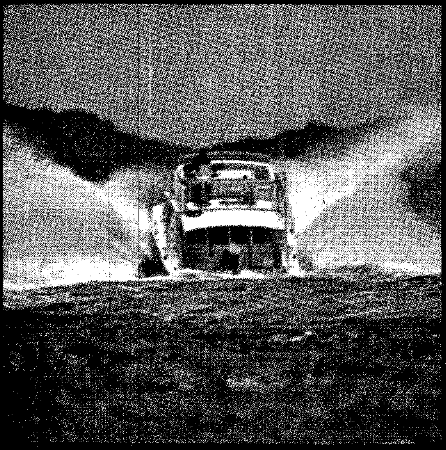

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Germany as best he could. His house and library were destroyed by air raids during the Second World War, and his son, Erwin, was executed by the Nazis for taking part in the July, 1944, plot against Hitler. Planck lived the remainder of his life in Göttingen, and he died in 1947, at the age of eighty-nine.

THE ending of the First World War did nothing to remove the difficulties Einstein faced. He was frequently ill. The German inflation had made his financial position extremely precarious, especially since he was supporting his former wife and their two sons, in Switzerland. Moreover, he found the general atmosphere of Germany uncongenial. If it had not been for his loyalty to Planck and a few other colleagues, he might well have migrated to the Netherlands to join his good friend Paul Ehrenfest, at the University of Leiden. Ehrenfest, a Viennese who was about a year younger than Einstein, had first met Einstein in Prague in 1912, and was so impressed by him that he was prepared to move to Zurich when Einstein moved there just to have the opportunity to continue working with him. Einstein found in Ehrenfest a wonderfully enthusiastic scientific colleague and a totally honest and rigorous scientific critic, and the two men developed a deep friendship, or, at least, as deep a friendship as Einstein's nature permitted. After Ehrenfest went to Leiden as Lorentz's successor, in 1912, Einstein visited him fairly often. One visit took place in 1916, just after Einstein had published the general theory of relativity. In addition to Ehrenfest, Einstein wanted very much to talk to Lorentz, who, though he was then in nominal retirement, was in reality still working intensively on research. Ehrenfest wrote a vivid account of this meeting with Lorentz:

> In his usual way, Lorentz saw to it first at dinner that Einstein felt himself enveloped in a warm and cheerful atmosphere of human sympathy. Later, without any hurry, we went up to Lorentz's cozy and simple study. The best easy chair was carefully pushed in place next to the large work table for the esteemed guest. Calmly, and to forestall any impatience, a cigar was provided for the guest, and only then did Lorentz begin quietly to formulate a finely polished question concerning Einstein's theory of the bending of light in a gravitational field. Einstein listened to the exposition, sitting comfortably in the easy chair and smoking, nodding happily, taking pleasure in the masterly way Lorentz had rediscovered, by studying his works, all the enormous difficulties that Einstein had had to overcome before he could lead his readers to their destination, as he did in his papers, by

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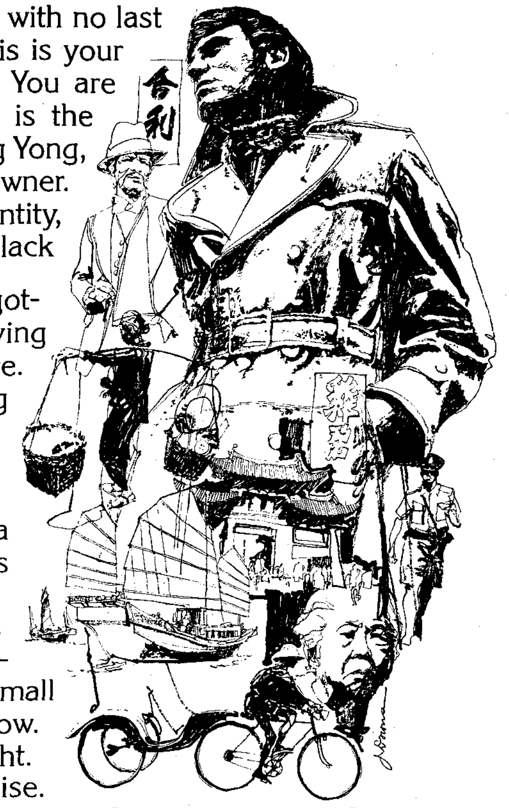

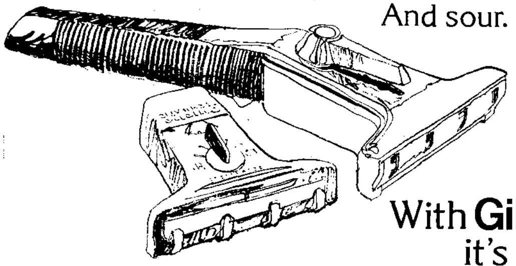

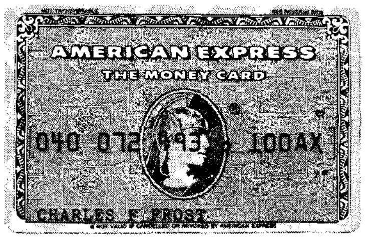

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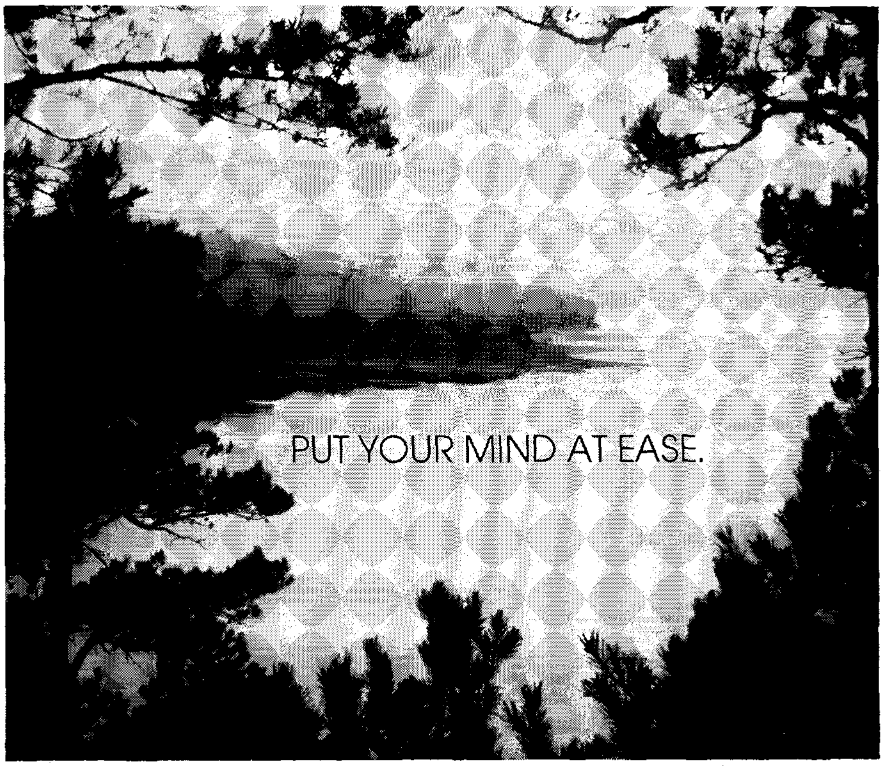

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a more direct and less troublesome route. But as Lorentz spoke on and on, Einstein began to puff less frequently on his cigar, and he sat up straighter and more intently in his armchair. And when Lorentz had finished, Einstein sat bent over the slip of paper on which Lorentz had written mathematical formulas to accompany his words as he spoke. The cigar was out, and Einstein pensively twisted his finger in a lock of hair over his right ear. Lorentz, however, sat smiling at an Einstein completely lost in meditation, exactly the way a father looks at a particularly beloved son—full of secure confidence that the youngster will crack the nut he has given him, but eager to see how. It took quite a while, but suddenly Einstein's head shot up joyfully; he "had it." Still a bit of give and take, interrupting one another, a partial disagreement, very quick clarification and a complete mutual understanding, and then both men with beaming eyes skimming over the shining riches of the new theory.

It is little wonder that toward the end of his own life Einstein could write of Lorentz, "For me personally he meant more than all the others I have met on my life's journey." And it is little wonder that Einstein was tempted to settle in Leiden in 1919, for Ehrenfest had communicated to him an offer that would have allowed him both financial security and complete freedom to spend his time as he wished, "provided only that one can say 'Einstein is in Leiden—in Leiden is Einstein.' " A few days later, Einstein wrote:

> Your offer is so fabulous and your words are so friendly and so full of affection that you can hardly imagine how confused I have been as a result of your letter. You know, of course, how delighted I am with Leiden. And you know how much I like all of you. But my situation is not so simple that I can do the right thing by just following the inclination of my own feelings. I am sending you a letter that Planck wrote me while I was in Zurich. After receiving it I promised him not to turn my back on Berlin unless conditions were such that he would regard such a step as natural and proper. You have hardly any idea of the sacrifices that have been made here, with the general financial situation so difficult, to make it possible for me to stay and also to support my family in Zurich. It would be doubly base of me if, just when my political hopes are being realized, I were to walk out unnecessarily, and perhaps *in part* for my material advantage, on the very people who have surrounded me with love and friendship, and to whom my departure would be doubly painful at this time of supposed humiliation. You have no idea with what affection I am surrounded here; they are not all out to catch the drops of oil my brain sweats out.

So Einstein remained in Berlin, although he did accept a special professorship in Leiden that enabled him to visit there for a few weeks each year.

In the same letter to Ehrenfest, Einstein asked, "Have you perhaps heard anything there about the English solar eclipse expedition?"—a reference to the expedition that first confirmed the bending of light by the sun's gravitation. Einstein's letter was written on September 12, 1919. On September 27th, he received word from Lorentz that his theory had been confirmed. The news, which was reported in newspapers throughout the world, made Einstein a public figure overnight, and made him and the relativity theory an obvious target for the anti-Semitic attacks that were beginning against Jewish intellectuals. In 1920, an Anti-Einstein League was formed in Germany, offering a substantial sum of money to anyone who would write a refutation of Einstein's work. On August 24th of that year, the League sponsored a meeting in the Berlin Philharmonic Hall (attended by Einstein) at which Einstein and his work were attacked. A few of his colleagues responded in a letter to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and a few days later Einstein himself wrote an angry letter, also published in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. This letter deeply shocked Ehrenfest, who seemed to feel that Einstein should have ignored the matter as unworthy of his attention. From this time until he left Germany, in 1932, Einstein and his work were the targets of a steadily mounting campaign.

To read even a very brief account of the fate of German Jews in the nineteen-thirties is to become sick at heart. No one, however eminent, was immune. In 1933, Philipp Lenard wrote in the *Völkische Beobachter*, the Nazi paper:

> The most important example of the dangerous influence of Jewish circles on the study of nature has been provided by Herr Einstein with his mathematically botched theories consisting of some ancient knowledge and a few arbitrary additions. These theories now gradually fall to pieces, as is the fate of all products that are estranged from nature. Even scientists who have otherwise done solid work cannot escape the reproach that they allowed the relativity theory to get a foothold in Germany, because they did not see, or did not want to see, how wrong it is, outside the field of science also, to regard this Jew as a good German.

Two years later, at the opening of a new physics institute, Lenard said in an inaugural address:

> I hope that the institute may stand as a battle flag against the Asiatic spirit in science. Our Führer has eliminated this same spirit in politics and national economy, where it is known as Marxism. In natural science, however, with the overemphasis on Einstein, it still holds sway. We must recognize that it is unworthy of a German to be the intellectual fol-

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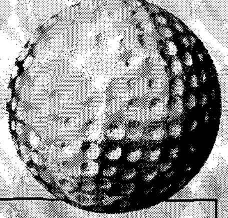

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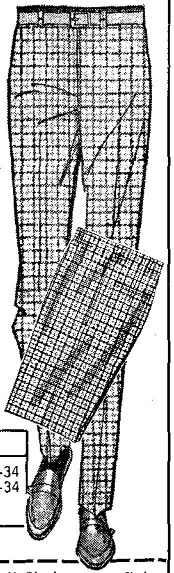

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> lower of a Jew. Natural science, properly so called, is of completely Aryan origin, and Germans must today also find their own way out into the unknown. *Heil Hitler.*

By 1939, despite statements like that of the Nazi Minister of Education Bernhard Rust that "National Socialism is an enemy not of science but only of theories," science in Germany had been destroyed. (It is only now being reconstituted.) Most of the great German scientists, Jewish or non-Jewish, had left. A few men of the older generation, like von Laue, managed to survive in Germany despite an outspoken anti-Nazi position, and some, like Heisenberg and von Weizsäcker, made whatever compromises were necessary in order to continue working. Von Weizsäcker, an outstanding nuclear physicist, was the son of Ribbentrop's Secretary of State, and, as a member of a family of diplomats, tried to work out arrangements with the Nazi Party whereby the results of the relativity theory could be divorced from their connection with Einstein and "Jewish physics" and taught and used in research. Once, in 1943, von Laue was rebuked for having given a lecture in Sweden in which he mentioned the relativity theory without adding that German physicists "expressly dissociated" themselves from it. The British author David Irving, in his book "The German Atomic Bomb," wrote, "Von Weizsäcker advised the great physicist to reply that the theory had in fact been largely developed by the Aryans Lorentz and Poincaré long before Einstein . . . von Laue ignored the friendly advice, and sent an openly defiant article to a scientific periodical about the theory. 'That shall be my answer,' he wrote to von Weizsäcker."

Einstein's stand on many political and moral questions changed during this time. Despite his feelings, he urged that the European countries begin to rearm. In 1933, he wrote to a young pacifist:

> What I shall tell you will greatly surprise you. Until quite recently we in Europe could assume that personal war resistance constituted an effective attack on militarism. Today we face an altogether different situation. In the heart of Europe lies a power, Germany, that is obviously pushing toward war with all available means. . . . Imagine Belgium occupied by present-day Germany! Things would be far worse than in 1914, and they were bad enough then. Hence I must tell you candidly: Were I a Belgian, I should not, in the present circumstances, refuse military service; rather, I should enter such service cheerfully in the belief that I would thereby be helping to save European civilization.
>
> This does not mean that I am surrendering the principle for which I have stood heretofore. I have no greater hope than that the time may not be far off when refusal of military service will once again be an effective method of serving the cause of human progress.

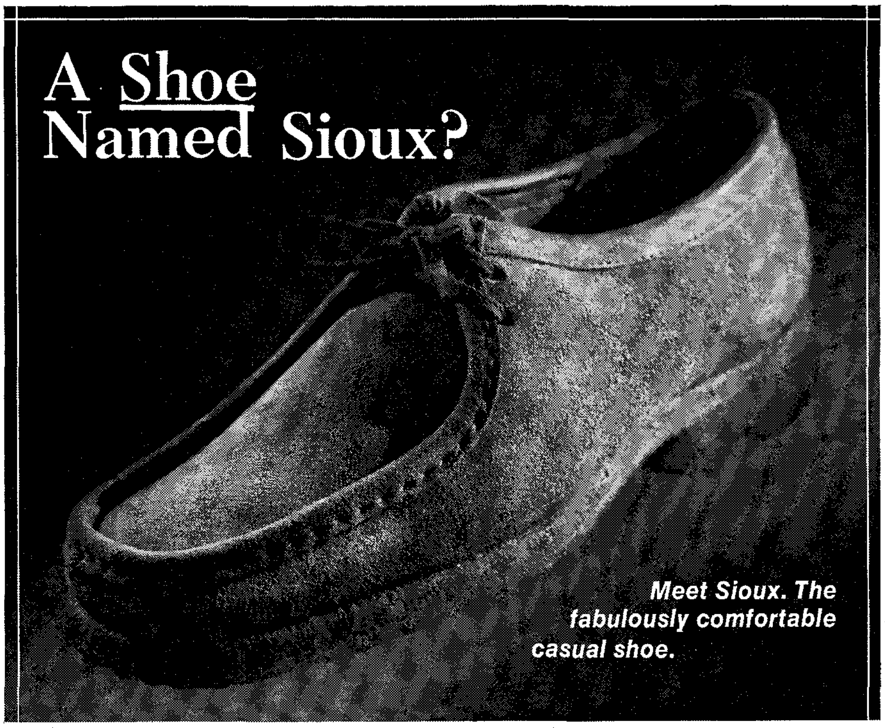
As Einstein became increasingly aware of German anti-Semitism, he felt a closer and closer bond to his fellow-Jews. There is a deeply moving photograph of Einstein taken in a Berlin synagogue in 1930. Skeptic and free-thinker that he was, and remained until the end of his life, there he sits, wearing a black yarmulke and holding his violin, prepared to take part in a concert as a means of raising money to help his fellow-Jews. And even earlier, in the nineteen-twenties, Einstein, who had been a strong anti-nationalist, became a public supporter of Zionism, seeing in the movement a source of hope for the survival of the European Jews. After the death of Chaim Weizmann, the first president of Israel, in 1952, Einstein received an offer from Prime Minister Ben-Gurion inviting him to become Israel's second president. He replied:

> I am deeply moved by the offer from our State of Israel, and at once saddened and ashamed that I cannot accept it. All my life I have dealt with objective matters, hence I lack both the natural aptitude and the experience to deal properly with people and to exercise official functions. For these reasons alone I should be unsuited to fulfill the duties of that high office, even if advancing age was not making increasing inroads on my strength. . . .
>
> I am the more distressed over these circumstances because my relationship to the Jewish people has become my strongest human bond, ever since I became fully aware of our precarious situation among the nations of the world.

UNTIL the mid-nineteen-twenties, Einstein continued to make fundamental positive contributions to the quantum theory, but after 1925, when the theory seemed to have taken a decisive step forward, through the work of Heisenberg, Pauli, Born, Bohr, Dirac, Schrödinger, and others, he turned against it. Perhaps some future generation of physicists will discover that his critical intuitions were really right, though this does not now seem likely. In fact, because of his opposition to the later developments in the quantum theory, many physicists have not been aware of the full scope of Einstein's contributions to the quantum physics of the nineteen-twenties. Recently, Professor Martin J. Klein, a physicist and historian of science at Yale University, has made the most detailed study so far of the influence of Einstein on this work, and especially on the discovery of the wave nature of matter. As Klein points out, Einstein's great work of the nineteen-twenties had to do with quantum statistics applied to the mechanics of gases—what we now call the Bose-Einstein gas. This is a gas made up of particles that have classical angular momenta, like billiard balls. There is another class of particles, called Fermi-Dirac particles, that have nonclassical angular momenta, or spin. Such particles—electrons are an example—can form gases with different statistical properties. S. N. Bose, an Indian physicist working in Dacca, had sent Einstein a short manuscript in 1924, and in July of that year the journal *Zeitschrift für Physik*, published in Berlin, received a rather unusual submission—a paper entitled "Planck's Law and the Hypothesis of Light Quanta," which was written by Bose and translated by Einstein. Einstein had been so deeply impressed by the manuscript, which was written in English, that he had translated it into German and sent it, on Bose's behalf, to the journal.

Bose had discovered a new method of doing quantum statistics for light quanta, and had applied it to obtain a new derivation of Planck's radiation formula. Einstein realized that one could apply the same methods to ordinary atomic gases, but to do so would necessarily imply that the particles composing such gases would behave statistically like light quanta, and therefore should—or, at least, *could*—also show wave characteristics. It was while he was carrying out these calculations that he received a copy of the thesis in which de Broglie had made the same conjecture—for other reasons—and, in Einstein's words, had "lifted a corner of the great veil." By 1925, Einstein had sufficient confidence in the idea to write, "A beam of gas molecules which passes through an aperture must, then, undergo a diffraction analogous to that of a light ray." That this in fact happens was confirmed through experiments made in 1927 by the American physicists C. J. Davisson and L. H. Germer and independently by the British physicist G. P. Thomson. (These experiments actually used electrons, but the principle is the same.) This means that not only light is schizophrenic—exhibiting both wave and particle aspects—but so are "particles," like the electron. Under suitable circumstances, electrons act like waves, which is to say that beams of electrons can interfere with each other just as light waves do.

In 1925, Heisenberg and the Austrian physicist Erwin Schrödinger made



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the great theoretical breakthroughs that led to modern quantum mechanics. At first, it looked as if each of them had invented a separate theory and there were two different quantum theories. But by 1926 Schrödinger had proved that the two theories were mathematically equivalent. Schrödinger discovered the equation that described the behavior of the de Broglie waves—or, as he insisted on calling them, "the de Broglie-Einstein" waves. He wrote, "My theory was stimulated by de Broglie's thesis and by short but infinitely far-seeing remarks by Einstein." Einstein greeted Schrödinger's first paper with enthusiasm, and he wrote to Schrödinger, "The idea of your article shows real genius."

Both Einstein and Schrödinger rejected the next step in the development of the new "wave mechanics," which was taken by Born and his colleague Pascual Jordan. This had to do with the question of what the de Broglie waves were supposed to represent. The first interpretation, going back to de Broglie, was that particles such as the electron were classical particles—small billiard balls—but that the waves determined the trajectories of these particles when, for example, they circulated around an atomic nucleus. But Born and Jordan argued that such a classical interpretation in terms of particle trajectories was inconsistent and that, in fact, from the solutions to the Schrödinger equation one could calculate the *probable* behavior of the particles and *nothing else.* There is no precisely determined trajectory. One may illustrate this with light quanta. If a light ray is sent through a small aperture, interference effects will cause a diffraction pattern to form on a screen at the other side of the aperture. Now, the same experiment can be performed by sending light quanta, one at a time, through the aperture. Each light quantum will pass through and hit at some point on the screen. According to the Born-Jordan interpretation, one cannot predict with certainty what an individual light quantum will do when it arrives at the aperture. One can only state what it is most likely to do—something that is determined by the Schrödinger wave function. According to the theory, the light quantum is most likely to hit that point on the screen where, in the wave picture, the diffraction pattern is brightest. This resolves the wave-particle schizophrenia, but at the cost of giving up a deterministic description of physical events. Strict determinism, such as physicists from Newton to Einstein had become accustomed to, had to be abandoned, and

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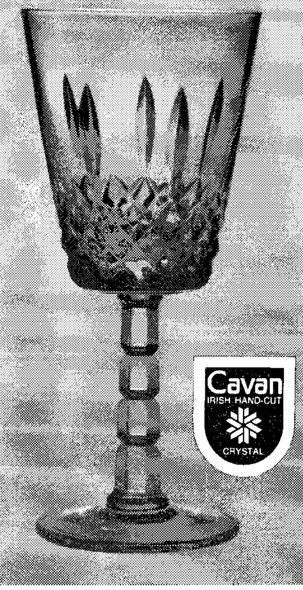

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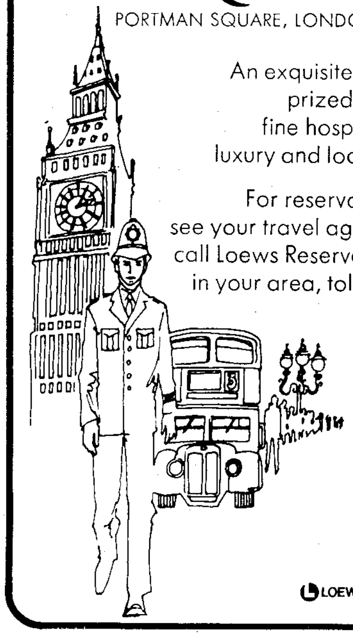

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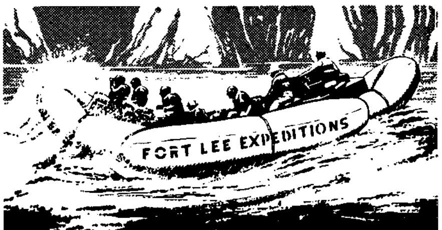

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this Einstein and Schrödinger would not accept. Einstein said again and again, "God does not play dice with the world."

The new interpretation of wave mechanics was further developed by Heisenberg and Bohr, at Bohr's institute in Copenhagen, to which Heisenberg was a frequent visitor. The main idea that came out of their work was that the particle-wave duality was not an incidental feature of atomic physics but a basic fact about nature and could be traced through a careful analysis of the meaning of "measurement" on the atomic scale, which Heisenberg expressed in terms of his "uncertainty principle." The most famous example of how this principle works is the "Heisenberg microscope." This is an imaginary device capable of generating and observing light quanta of such short wavelengths that one could use it to measure the positions of electrons in atoms. Heisenberg argued that such quanta would have to be so energetic that after each measurement the electron would be knocked out of the atom, and hence the concept of an electron "orbit" in an atom, being unmeasurable, was meaningless. Using the Schrödinger wave function, one could predict where in the atom the electron could most probably be found, but nothing more, Heisenberg said. Bohr saw in this something even deeper—a whole new philosophical outlook, which he called "complementarity," and which he felt illuminated the limitations on the use of concepts not only in physics but throughout science and philosophy. Just as in physics, where there are pairs of complementary variables such as position and momentum of such a character that the more precisely the one is determined, then necessarily the more imprecise must be the determination of the other, so, Bohr said, in such ancient philosophical questions as the separation of subject from object, or the role of love versus justice, the interplay of mutually restrictive complementary concepts can be seen.

From the beginning, Einstein rejected the uncertainty principle. In 1928, he wrote to Schrödinger, "The Heisenberg-Bohr tranquillizing philosophy—or religion?—is so delicately contrived that, for the time being, it provides a gentle pillow for the true believer from which he cannot very easily be aroused. So let him lie there." As one might imagine, Einstein was not content to let the true believers—who within a very short time included most physicists—lie on their pillows. He began almost at once to point out apparent paradoxes in the theory, which

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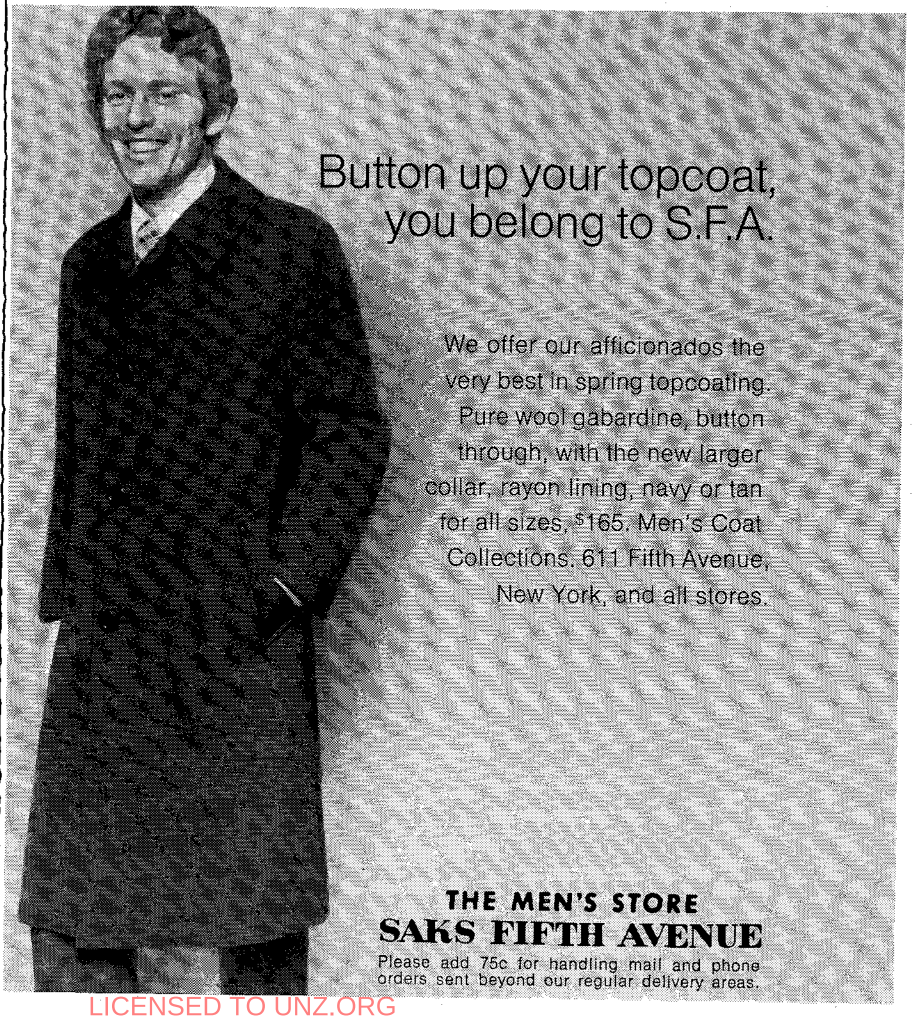

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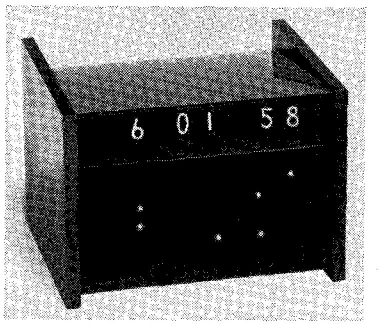

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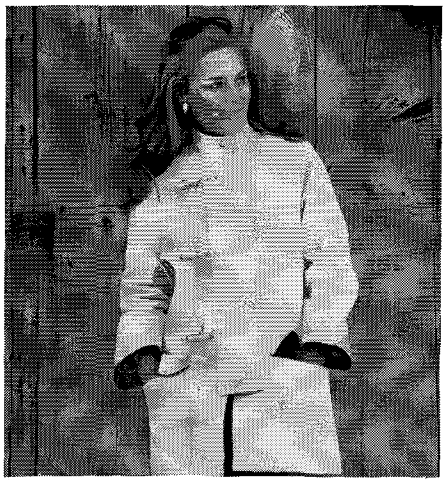

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Bohr responded to, one after another, even after Einstein's death. As people who knew Bohr often noted, it was as if each day he began from the beginning, reviewing all his arguments in real or imaginary dialogues with Einstein, to make sure he had left nothing out. In 1948, Bohr wrote a masterly summary of his discussions with Einstein over the years, which he concluded by stating, "Whether our actual meetings have been of short or long duration, they have always left a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and when writing this report I have, so-to-say, been arguing with Einstein all the time even when entering on topics apparently far removed from the special problems under debate at our meetings." Bohr recounted one of their most celebrated discussions, which took place at the Solvay Congress in physics in Brussels in 1930. For this occasion, Einstein—perhaps drawing on his experience as an examiner of patents in Bern—had invented a remarkable imaginary device involving clocks and scales which appeared to violate the uncertainty principle. After a sleepless night, Bohr discovered that in his reasoning Einstein had forgotten to take into account the effect of his own discovery that clocks run at a slower rate in a gravitational field, and that when this effect was allowed for the uncertainty principle held good.

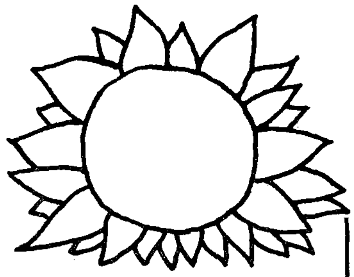
All the principals in this debate—which lasted nearly three decades—remained unbudgeable to the end. (Ehrenfest, who knew both Einstein and Bohr well and witnessed many of their discussions, was tormented by conflicting feelings about who was right, and this, it is generally agreed, was one of the factors that led to his suicide, in 1933.) Born summarized the attitude of many physicists when he wrote of Einstein, in 1948, "He has seen more clearly than anyone before him the statistical background of the laws of physics, and he was a pioneer in the struggle for conquering the wilderness of quantum phenomena. Yet later, when out of his own work a synthesis of statistical and quantum principles emerged which seemed to be acceptable to almost all physicists, he kept himself aloof and skeptical. Many of us regard this as a tragedy—for him, as he gropes his way in loneliness, and for us who miss our leader and standard-bearer." Some time before writing this, Born had received a letter from Einstein that contained the words "In our scientific expectation we have grown antipodes. You believe in a God playing dice and I in perfect laws in the world of things existing as real objects, which I try to grasp in a wildly speculative way."

IN March of 1933, two months after Hitler came to power, Einstein announced that he would not return to Germany. He was then teaching at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, California, and after a brief interlude in Belgium he returned to the United States in October, as one of the first professors at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study. Here, for the next twenty-two years, he spent his winters working—often alone, sometimes with young assistants—on his attempt at a unified-field theory, and spent his summers working on physics, playing chamber music with his neighbors, and sailing his small boat (he rented a summer home in Nassau Point, near Peconic, Long Island). There were occasional visitors in the summer, and among them, in 1937, was C. P. Snow, who set down these impressions of his visit:

> At close quarters, Einstein's head was as I had imagined it: magnificent, with a humanizing touch of the comic. Great furrowed forehead; aureole of white hair; enormous bulging chocolate eyes. I can't guess what I should have expected from such a face if I hadn't known. A shrewd Swiss once said it had the brightness of a good artisan's countenance, that he looked like a reliable old-fashioned watchmaker in a small town who perhaps collected butterflies on a Sunday.
>
> What did surprise me was his physique. He had come in from sailing and was wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. It was a massive body, very heavily muscled: he was running to fat round the midriff and in the upper arms, rather like a foot-baller in middle-age, but he was still an unusually strong man. He was cordial, simple, utterly unshy.

Two years later, in mid-July of 1939, the physicists Leo Szilard and Eugene Wigner paid Einstein a visit at Nassau Point—the first of a chain of events that led to the nuclear age. So much has been written about these events that it may be worthwhile to attempt to clarify what actually happened. In December of 1938, the German chemists Otto Hahn and Franz Strassmann and the Austrian physicist Lise Meitner, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft, in Berlin, "discovered" nuclear fission. The fact is that fission was achieved as early as 1934 by Enrico Fermi, in Italy, and by Irène and Fréderic Joliot-Curie, in France, but their work was not correctly interpreted until 1938, when Frau Meitner, working in collaboration with her nephew, Otto Frisch, realized that the experiments of Hahn and Strassmann meant that they had split the atomic nucleus. Frau Meitner, who was Jewish, had by this time fled to Sweden, and she learned the results of the experiments she had been working on with Hahn and Strassmann by correspondence with Hahn. Hahn was baffled by the fact that when the experimenters bombarded uranium by slow neutrons this yielded barium nuclei, which are about half the mass of uranium nuclei. Where did the barium come from? She and Frisch soon realized that the uranium nuclei must have split in the bombardment—or, as they said, the uranium nuclei "fissioned." Frisch relayed this information to Bohr, in Copenhagen. In January of 1939, physicists in the United States were made aware of fission in the course of discussions with Bohr at a scientific meeting in Washington, and soon afterward several of them achieved it in their own laboratories. Einstein had not been involved with any of this and, indeed, had doubted whether nuclear energy had any practical use whatever. He is reported to have said a few years before that to him the prospect of using it was so remote as to resemble "shooting birds in the dark in a country where there are only a few birds." What worried Wigner and Szilard was their realization that if Germany was going to try to build an atomic bomb she would need large quantities of uranium, and their knowledge that after Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia, in the spring of 1939, one of the first actions that the Germans took was to block the export of uranium from the Czech mines—a sure indication that the Germans were aware of the metal's importance. Szilard knew that Einstein had had a close friendship with the Belgian royal family and was in periodic correspondence with Queen Elizabeth. He and Wigner had the idea of informing Einstein about the uranium situation so that he could pass the information on to the Queen, since Belgium controlled the very important uranium deposits in the Belgian Congo; thus the uranium in the Congo might be kept from falling into German hands, and an important source of supply might be opened up to the United States. This was the subject of the conversation with Einstein in July, and it was decided that a letter would be drafted to the Queen and sent to her after it had been cleared by the State Department.

Around this time, too, Szilard had become concerned because the financial resources of the Physics Department of Columbia University, where he and Fermi were working, were not sufficient to support the research they were doing on fission. Szilard was advised



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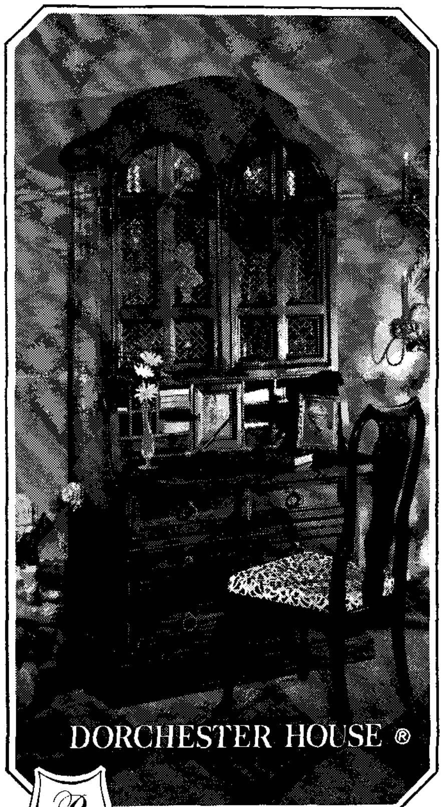

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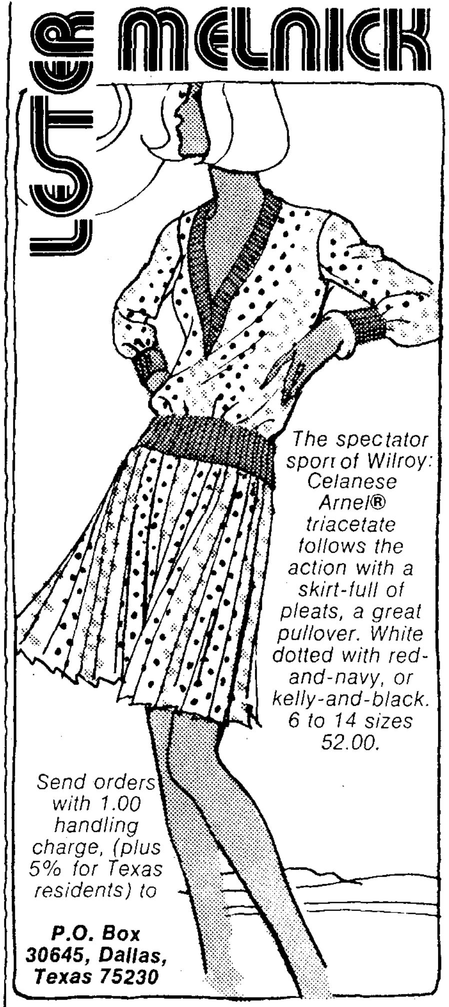
to get in touch with Alexander Sachs, an economist and banker who was an adviser to President Roosevelt, in the hope of obtaining federal support for the research. Sachs immediately realized the possible significance of nuclear fission and suggested that it be brought to Roosevelt's attention. Shortly afterward, Szilard and Edward Teller, who was then a visiting professor at Columbia, went out to Long Island, and there Einstein dictated the first draft, in German, of a letter to Roosevelt. By August 2nd, two weeks after this visit, Szilard had prepared an English version, which was approved and signed by Einstein and was given to Sachs to transmit to Roosevelt. The final version read:

> SIR:
>
> Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard, which has been communicated to me in manuscript, leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future. Certain aspects of the situation seem to call for watchfulness and, if necessary, quick action on the part of the administration. I believe, therefore, that it is my duty to bring to your attention the following facts and recommendations.
>
> In the course of the last four months it has been made probable—through the work of [Frédéric] Joliot in France as well as Fermi and Szilard in America—that it may become possible to set up nuclear chain reactions in a large mass of uranium, by which vast amounts of power and large quantities of new radium-like elements would be generated. Now it appears almost certain that this could be achieved in the immediate future.
>
> This new phenomenon would also lead to the construction of bombs, and it is conceivable—though much less certain—that extremely powerful bombs of a new type may thus be constructed. A single bomb of this type, carried by boat or exploded in a port, might very well destroy the whole port together with some of the surrounding territory. However, such bombs might very well prove to be too heavy for transportation by air.
>
> The United States has only very poor ores of uranium in moderate quantities. There is some good ore in Canada and the former Czechoslovakia, while the most important source of uranium is the Belgian Congo.
>
> In view of this situation you may think it desirable to have some permanent contact maintained between the administration and the group of physicists working on chain reactions in America. One possible way of achieving this might be for you to entrust with this task a person who has your confidence and who could perhaps serve in an unofficial capacity. His task might comprise the following:
>
> a) To approach Government Departments, keep them informed of the further developments, and put forward recommendations for Government action, giving particular attention to the problem of securing a supply of uranium ore for the United States.
>
> b) To speed up the experimental work



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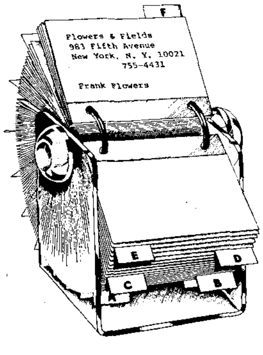

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which is at present being carried on within the limits of the budgets of University laboratories, by providing funds, if such funds be required, through his contacts with private persons who are willing to make contributions for this cause, and perhaps also by obtaining the cooperation of industrial laboratories which have the necessary equipment.

I understand that Germany has actually stopped the sale of uranium from the Czechoslovakian mines which she has taken over. That she should have taken such early action might perhaps be understood on the ground that the son of the German Under-Secretary of State, von Weizsäcker, is attached to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institut in Berlin, where some of the American work on uranium is now being repeated.

Yours very truly,
A. EINSTEIN

It was not until October 11th that Sachs had a chance to present Einstein's letter to Roosevelt, along with some documentary material from Szilard. On October 19th, Roosevelt sent Einstein a brief note saying, "I have found this data of such import that I have convened a board consisting of the head of the Bureau of Standards and a chosen representative of the Army and Navy to thoroughly investigate the possibilities of your suggestion regarding the element of uranium." Almost immediately, the Advisory Committee on Uranium was formed. Einstein had some informal contact with the committee, but this ended in April of 1940, when Einstein withdrew from further active collaboration, although he did urge that the committee proceed with its work as rapidly as possible. (During the war, Einstein functioned as a consultant to the Navy, but his work cannot have had anything to do with atomic bombs, because the Navy took no part in atomic research.) In any event, it is unlikely that Einstein could have been of much service to a project like Los Alamos, where the atomic bomb was developed, since the work was mainly in nuclear engineering and nuclear physics—fields in which he had no expertise. He may have been told or may have guessed what was going on, but he was never consulted on the Los Alamos project.

The dropping of the first atomic bomb on Japan filled Einstein with grief. After hearing the news of Hiroshima, he said simply, "*O weh!*"—"Oh, woe!" From then until the end of his life, he devoted his time and his prestige—in letters, messages, articles, and interviews—to the cause of saving mankind from destroying itself in a nuclear holocaust. In reading these documents, one is struck by how tough, lucid, and, in the words of Schrödinger, "infinitely far-seeing" they are—even

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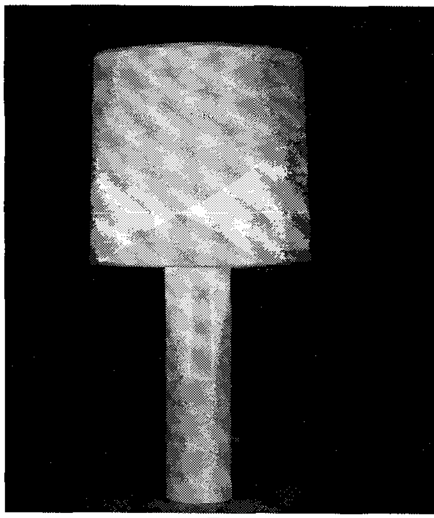

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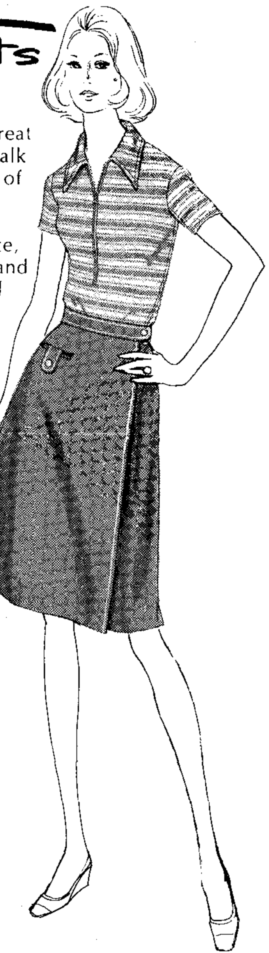

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the ones dating from 1945. Einstein was far from the confused idealist he is sometimes made out to be. He was not in favor of giving away the "secret" of the atomic bomb. He recognized clearly that the only real secret had been revealed at Hiroshima, when the United States proved that the atomic bomb could be made, for then it was *only* a matter of time before others would make it as well. His central idea was that we should use our temporary advantage, and the universal fear that the bomb had engendered in mankind, to bring about some kind of lasting world order. In 1945, he wrote, "Since I do not foresee that atomic energy will prove to be a boon within the near future, I have to say that, for the present, it is a menace. Perhaps it is well that it should be. It may intimidate the human race into bringing order to its international affairs, which, without the pressure of fear, undoubtedly would not happen." He deeply resented the idea that he was somehow the "father" or "grandfather" of the atomic bomb, and often said that if it had not been for the menace of Germany, which he had more reason than many men to understand, he would have done nothing to hasten the process leading to its creation.

Toward the end of his life, Einstein was in frequent ill health, and, with the rise of the forces that led to McCarthyism in the United States, he felt an increasing alienation from American politics and society. In 1951, he wrote to the Queen Mother of Belgium, one of the few people with whom he shared his deeper feelings:

> DEAR QUEEN:
>
> Your warm greetings pleased me no end and reawakened happy memories. Eighteen harsh years, full of bitter disappointment, have gone by since then. All the more solace and cheer are to be derived from those few people who have remained courageous and straightforward. It is due to these few that one does not feel oneself altogether a stranger on this earth. You are one of them.
>
> While it proved eventually possible, at an exceedingly heavy cost, to defeat the Germans, the dear Americans have vigorously assumed their place. Who shall bring them back to their senses? The German calamity of years ago repeats itself: people acquiesce without resistance and align themselves with the forces of evil. And one stands by, powerless.
>
> Much as I should like to, it will probably not be given to me to see Brussels again. Because of a peculiar popularity which I have acquired, anything I do is likely to develop into a ridiculous comedy. This means that I have to stay close to my home and rarely leave Princeton.
>
> I am done with fiddling. With the passage of years, it has become more and more unbearable for me to listen to my own playing. I hope you have not suffered

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> a similar fate. What has remained is the relentless work on difficult scientific problems. The fascinating magic of that work will continue to my last breath.
>
> Best wishes from your
>
> A. EINSTEIN

Einstein died on April 18, 1955. A few months before his death, he had written to a friend:

> And yet, to one bent by age death will come as a release; I feel this quite strongly now that I have grown old myself and have come to regard death like an old debt, at long last to be discharged. Still, instinctively one does everything possible to delay this last fulfillment. Thus is the game which nature plays with us. We may ourselves smile that we are like that, but we cannot free ourselves of the instinct to which we are all subject.

Had Einstein lived for a few more years, he would perhaps have been pleased at the reawakened interest in general relativity and gravitation on the part of the present generation of physicists and astronomers. Nowhere in all of science is there anything more exciting and mysterious than the discoveries of the new astrophysics. There are the pulsars, which most astronomers feel represent matter so collapsed by gravitation that only matter rich with neutrons remains in a densely packed small star no more than a few miles in diameter. There are the "black holes"—gravitational fields caused by collapsing stars and so strong that no light can escape from them. These were predicted by the general theory of relativity. And then there are mysterious signals that may be caused by gravitational radiation as stars collapse—the existence of this radiation, too, was predicted by the general theory of relativity, but none of them had been detected at the time of Einstein's death. Most physicists have come to believe—once again—that a study of gravitation, although in some union with the quantum theory that no one can yet visualize, now may somehow bring us still closer to the secrets of the Old One. Einstein did indeed absorb himself in "the fascinating magic" of his work until his last breath. Beside his hospital bed the night he died lay the pages of an unfinished calculation on the unified-field theory. He had planned to continue working on it the next morning. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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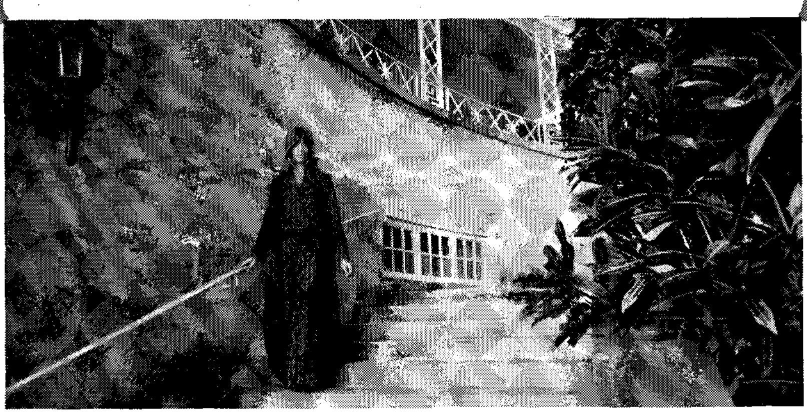

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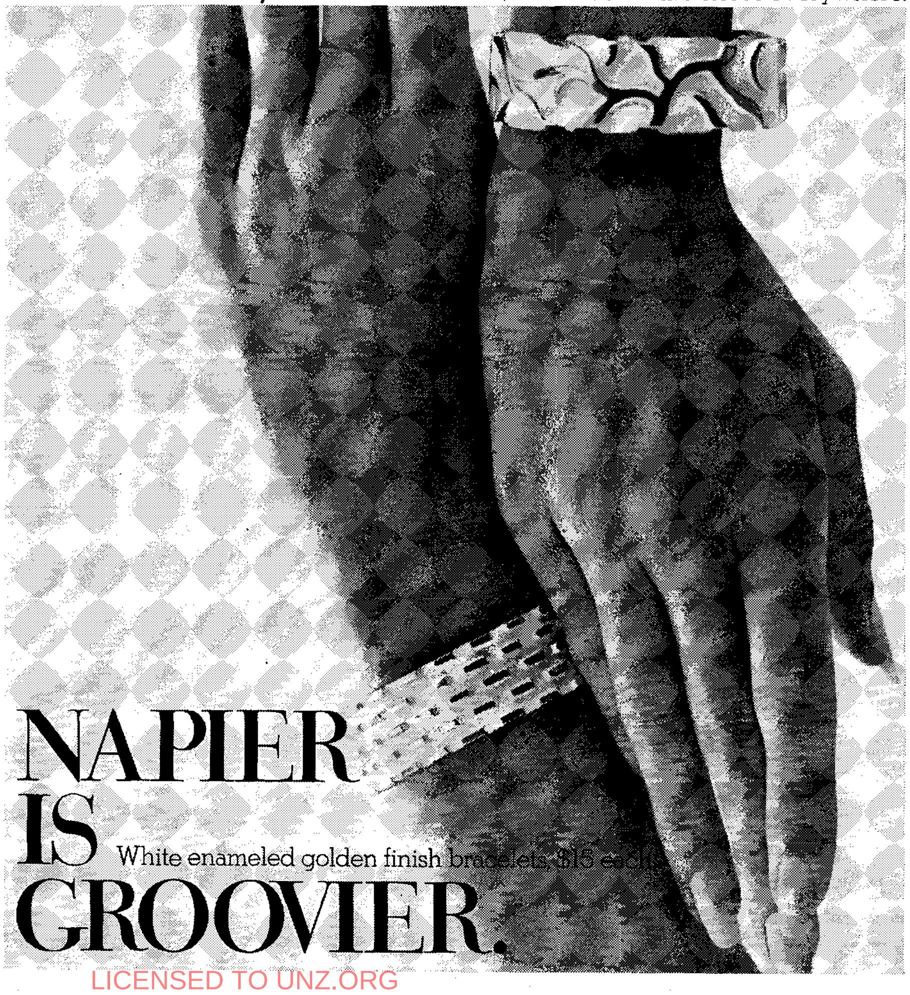


THE THEATRE

GOAL TO GO

David Storey's "The Changing Room," at the Morosco, is an expert feat of reporting, disguised as a play. No doubt Mr. Storey intended it to be taken the other way round, and as an admirer of his "Home" and "The Contractor," both of them indubitably plays, and of his novel and movie "This Sporting Life," I am sorry that the present work—an account of a Rugby League football match somewhere in the North of England—remains for me so intransigently tethered to its mere grim facts. Mr. Storey has taken the trouble to give "The Changing Room" the shape of a play, but the shape contains less than it pretends to: we are in a nasty basement changing room (locker room), all bare pipes and bleak concrete walls, with a glimpse of a shower room beyond, and a janitor is slowly and ineffectually sweeping up before the team arrives to dress for the game. At once we surmise that the janitor will serve to bring down the curtain by ending as he begins, in a state of shabby physical and spiritual isolation; time passing is to take the place of dramatist arranging. One after another, the fifteen members of the team, as well as the trainer, the assistant trainer, the masseur, the referee, the owner of the football club, and the secretary of the club, come down the steps into the room. Twenty-two people chaffing each other, changing clothes, putting coal in the stove, giving and getting rubdowns, and exercising, and then, with the signal for the game to start, the room empties; so much for Act I. In Act II, we are at half time, and the room again fills and empties; in Act III the game is over, and the team, battered but victorious, goes to the showers, sings its habitual bawdy songs, dresses, and says its curt goodbyes. Again emptiness. Mr. Storey's documentary finesse is admirable, but something keeps me at a distance from his brave and sorry men, with their poverty (Rugby League is semipro and poorly paid), their dedication to a game they soon grow too old to play, and their small dreams of domestic happiness. Their language, through whose reiterated "bloody"s even the simplest idea would find it hard to emerge, amounts not to a bridge but a barrier; I suspect I would have felt more sympathy and interest in "The Changing Room" if it had been mimed or, better still, danced; then the grim facts of which I have spoken would fly from the tether and be transformed.

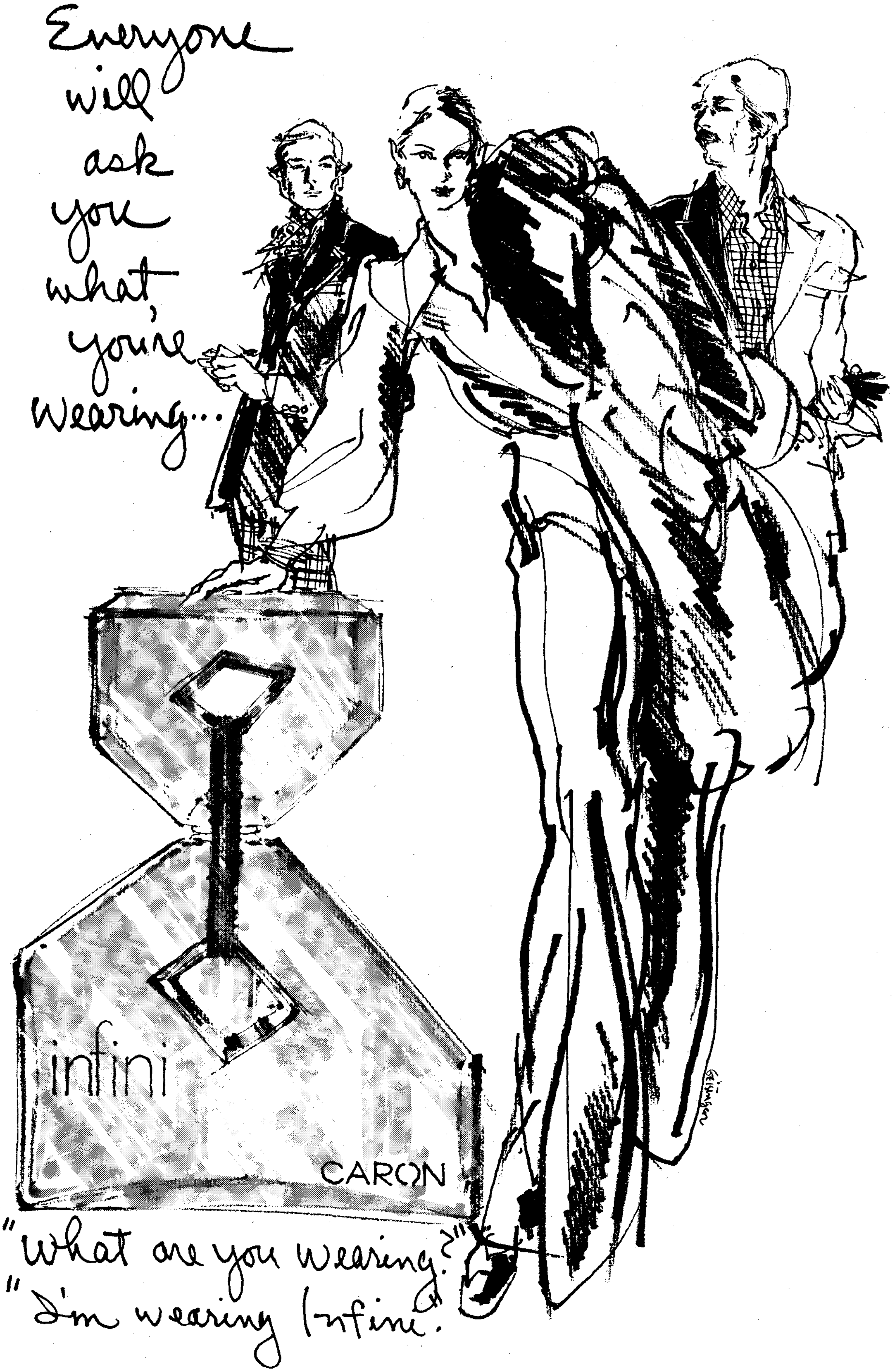
This production of "The Changing Room" was first performed a few months ago at the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven; the cast is largely the same now as it was then, and a very able group of sweaty young men they are. Though Americans, they have been coached to speak with what I am told are convincing North Country accents. Cross-cultural wonders turn up everywhere: the play was directed by Michael Rudman, a native Texan, who is currently the artistic director of the Traverse Theatre, in Edinburgh. The grisly set is by David Jenkins, the costumes were designed by Whitney Blausen, and the ever-present Band-Aids are by courtesy of Johnson & Johnson. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Fractured Tooth

Sam Shepard, at around thirty, is one of the three or four most gifted playwrights alive. His "The Tooth of Crime" is so strong and vivid and funny that it is not entirely overwhelmed—although it is surely scrambled—by its production at the Performing Garage. The play, like Mr. Shepard's wonderful "The Unseen Hand," of several years ago, is a comedy with science-fiction trimmings. It is about an aging and garrulous fellow of the Old West called Hoss, whose control of his territory is threatened by a "new" man, an icy, impersonal, taciturn young fellow called Crow. The play is also about the nature of fantasy (Mr. Shepard may be the first dramatist since Pirandello to bring us news on the subject of illusion and reality) and about power and feeling and the end of romance, and in the Old West Shepard has found the perfect setting for his ideas. "The Tooth of Crime" could be considered an allegory, I suppose, but let's not. It is surely a satire. Most of Act I is taken up with the anticipation of Crow's arrival and with preparations for it; most of Act II is taken up with a fight between him and Hoss, which ends with Hoss's overthrow. So much for the plot, which, as presented, defies synopsis anyway. The story is told in small scenes and songs and dances and—as was also true of "The Unseen Hand"—in language as vigorous and humorous and audacious as the imagination behind it. One of the joys is seeing the playwright slip in and out of parody and toss clichés into the air without ever losing his balance. He is indeed an original, but it might be pointed out that the qualities that make him so valuable are the enduring ones—good writing, wit, dramatic invention, and the ability to create characters. The second act is better, or perhaps just clearer and more concentrated, than the first. The fight between Hoss and Crow is almost entirely verbal; the men never touch each other as they try to dominate each other with their contrasting images and rhythms. Old Hoss chants of "country music from Chicago, King Oliver, New Orleans, cat house, professor," and the lethal, gelid Crow matches him with "fix, stereo, and"—in comic up-and-down pitch—"forty-five, seventy-eight, thirty-three." (These quotes may not be exact, and the order in each instance is mine.) After the fight is over, Crow tries, in the funniest scene of all, to give Hoss lessons in his "style" in return for Hoss's turf.

Under Richard Schechner's direction, the production is, as is usual at his Performing Garage, "environmental." The playing area is the whole floor, and the action moves all over it, and onto ladders and staircases and wooden structures of various kinds. The members of the audience almost have to move with it, getting as close to the actors as they can, sitting (legs dangling) or standing or running around on the rafters above. Considerable scampering is called for. Even so, it is impossible to get all the words all the time. I enjoyed the show, scene by scene, and I was also impressed with the acting (my heart used to sink every time anyone had to speak at the Garage), but to further disperse, by direction, a script as disjointed as this one seems a poor decision. I'd like to see it again, under less creative circumstances. Spalding Gray and Timothy Shelton are excellent as Hoss and Crow, respectively, and I also admired James Griffiths' performance, and his drumming and singing, as Hoss's sidekick, Cheyenne. Joan Mac Intosh, very good as Hoss's girl, does a splendidly silly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vaudeville turn in which she fights for her honor against her own grabbing, importunate right arm, concealed in a man's sleeve and glove. Jerry Rojo was responsible for the effective, though superfluous, "environment," and James Clayburgh was responsible for the effective lighting.

A REVIVAL of a Broadway musical at the little Equity Library Theatre may be the closest one can come to a sure thing these days; there is bound to be a real score, and the cast is almost invariably young, attractive, and talented, the actors making up in spirit and enthusiasm what they lack in experience. Cole Porter's "Out of This World," which will run through March 25th, has a new book by George Oppenheimer, based on the original libretto by Dwight Taylor and Reginald Lawrence, but the charming score, including "Cherry Pies Ought to Be You," "I Am Loved," "Climb Up the Mountain," "Nobody's Chasing Me," and "From This Moment On," among other good songs, remains intact. It isn't "Kiss Me, Kate," but what is? The characters, as you probably don't remember (the original production opened some twenty years ago, and while it wasn't exactly a flop it certainly wasn't a hit, either), are gods and goddesses who descend from Olympus to disport themselves with and befuddle some present-day earthlings, and the story tells of a rapturous night that Jupiter, disguised as an American tourist named Jeff O'Malley, spends in the arms of his wife, Juno, disguised as Mrs. Jeff O'Malley. There is, of course, much deception and hanky-panky all around, and Mr. Oppenheimer's script is merry and high-spirited. His jokes, however, work better than his allusions to such matters as missile programs, budget meetings, and war, which seem forced and out of place.

The company is delightful. Joy Franz, as Juno, is that rare and invaluable combination—a beauty who can play comedy and sing. Her relish for the role is evident from beginning to end and adds a great deal to it. I also enjoyed Joel Craig, Kenneth Cory, Gail Johnston, and Barbara Monte-Britton. At Equity Library, there is always a pitch for funds after the intermission, and the pitch is always a great bonus for the audience. This time, the players, walking up and down the aisles, sing love songs by Porter—"Love for Sale," "Easy to Love," "It's De-Lovely"—as we happily empty our pockets for this worthiest of causes.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

LETTER

I'm writing this to you
From two miles inside a Chinese painting
Called "Mountains After Rain."

For a long time I too dreamed of money
In the pockets of love dining nightly
On power and Peking Duck.

I was called intimate first names
In silken rooms, and in public deferred to
As "The Master."

Exiled, I thought, This is the end
Of the world, and it was—a narrow trail
Westering into the fog.

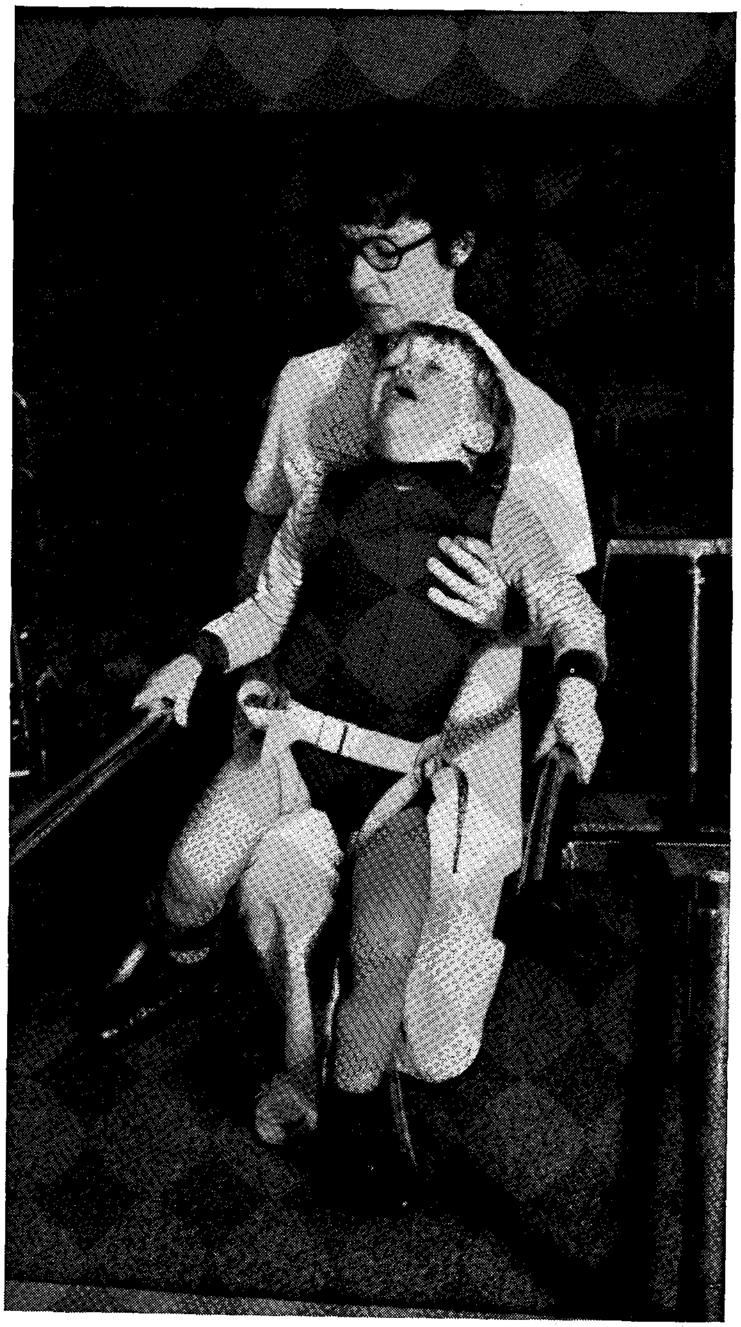
The painter wanted that intense green
Of autumn just before the world
Renounces itself.

This, then, is not death or happiness
But a long, comfortable meditation
On the impossible.

So I write to prepare you for the next disappointment,
Its beauty, its loving art, and its need,
And for the disappointment after.

—LEONARD NATHAN

Did you ever want something so bad it hurt?



There are crippled children who want to walk so bad it hurts. There are children for whom even the simple act of moving a pencil becomes an agonizing test of determination. There are children whose courage in therapy would astonish you.

We can help these children. Not without pain. But we can help them. We have the people and the equipment. And we have the desire. We are asking you for the money. Give kids a chance to walk.
Give to Easter Seals.

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THE ART WORLD

Landscapes and Worktables

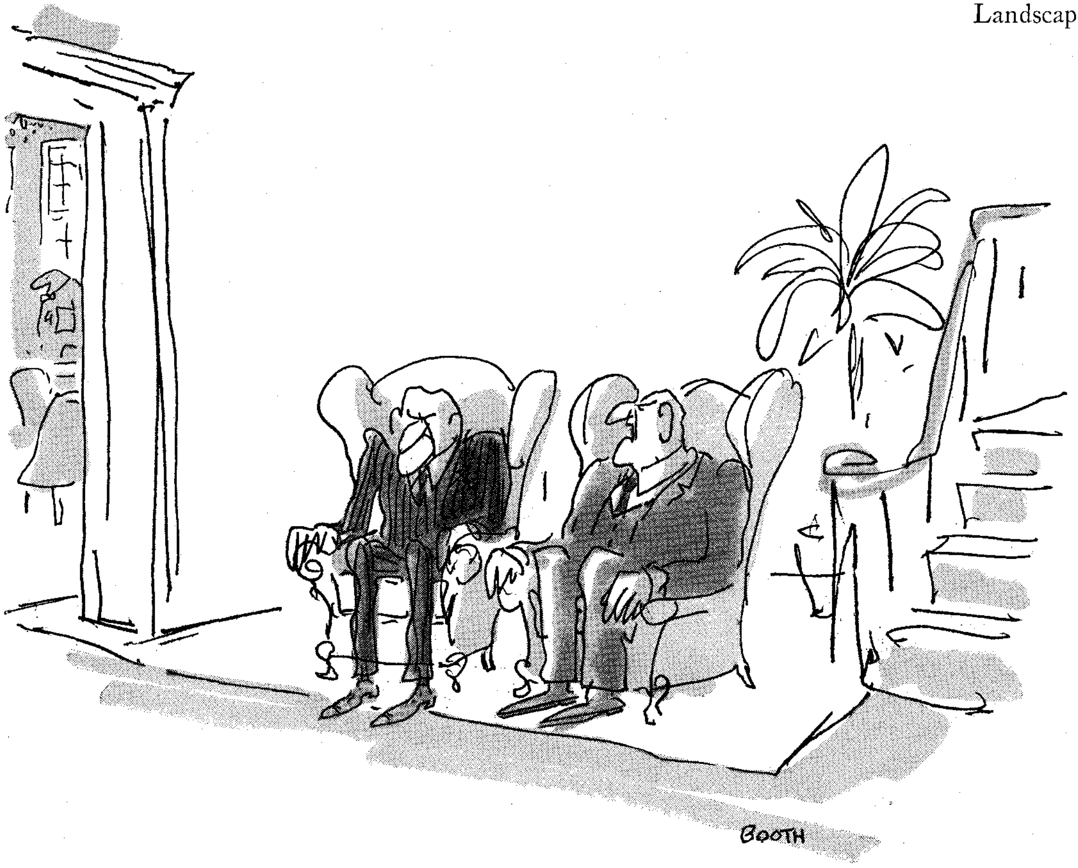
When I look at a scene in the country, I see a signature in the lower right-hand corner.—*Saul Steinberg.*

AN expectation of irony hovers over an exhibition of works by Saul Steinberg—it creates an intellectual tension even when the irony itself is absent. For example, "Country Still Life," in Steinberg's recent show at the Sidney Janis Gallery, is a lyrical drawing in colored pencil with flowers and a view through the glass doors of Steinberg's living room in eastern Long Island. It is a picture of things Steinberg cherishes, and it makes no demands on the spectator. The exhibition, however, was made up largely of strange, multi-sectioned landscapes stamped with circular seals like random moons and of assemblages on boards of pens, pencils, paintbrushes, and drawing tablets that were not pens, pencils, paintbrushes, and drawing tablets but simulations carved out of wood. Flanked by these ambiguous creations, the still-life was scrutinized for what its ostensible innocence might be hiding. Detailed examination was needed to ascertain that this particular cigar was not going to explode.

Over the years, Steinberg has frequently made drawings and paintings for the sheer pleasure of doing them, and without the surprises of his cartoons—but even they have tended to end up with ulterior purposes. For instance, his half-comical counterfeiting of modern masters—Mondrian, van Gogh—came in handy for his ingenious takeoff of an art show, in his exhibition at the Betty Parsons Gallery which ran concurrently with the one at the Janis: a mimic picture gallery was presented in perspective by means of a row of painted vertical slats that became narrower and shorter toward the center. Steinberg is a craftsman whose skill drifts into ideas—as when his hand whips out at full speed a bit of his complex calligraphy, and he then applies it to a wooden cutout of a comic-strip "balloon" and uses it as an element in his collages. (At the Janis, a six-foot-long official-looking scroll, "Dogma," carried Steinberg's penmanship to new heights of monumental illegibility, and suggested that he should have been commissioned to execute the document of the Vietnam cease-fire.)

Technique is Steinberg's apparatus for arriving at philosophical insights. Through drawings, paintings, and assembled images, he investigates the processes by which art and reality are interchanged. He has discovered, for example, that a picture, no matter how farfetched, will be given credence as readily as an object seen on the street. Hence images in different aesthetic modes can be juxtaposed in the same setting, as in "Waiting Room" (Janis), in which two male heads are shaped like daggers, exclamation points, or figures by Giacometti, and two children have the heads of cartoon animals. Conversely, an actual thing will be seen as a picture, especially if one paints a bit of shadow alongside it, as Steinberg has done with wooden boxes in some of the collages. Like the trompe-l'oeil painters, Steinberg revels in deception; but he goes beyond the simple magic of pictures mistaken for objects to show how devices by which the spectator is fooled can be repeated and inverted, as when the fake box is a real box that has been made to look fake, and to show that there is no point at which the "real object" is finally unveiled. Appearances in nature can be duplicated, but it is no longer necessary to duplicate them in order to achieve credibility. With the immense accumulation of styles in all categories of image-making, from paintings by naïves to computerized nudes, almost any mark on a surface can be viable as the sign of something—in "Five Women and Two Landscapes," each of the seven units belongs to a different manner of handling, including primitive, Impressionist, comic-strip, naturalistic, and geometrical, and the cutouts are in aluminum, canvas, wood, and cardboard.

Style, with its power of creating assent (and thus deception), is Steinberg's ultimate subject matter. Each mode in art is in its beginnings the realization of a mood or sentiment—for example, the Barbizon mood in contrast to that of Art Nouveau. This characteristic mood remains locked in the images done in the given style, whether in its masterpieces, in its imitations, or in its mass reproductions. As the style keeps reappearing, however, in works of diminishing quality, its emotional content is coarsened and reduced to a reflex of its most easily recognized features, as in the piled-on paint of late Ab-



"How are the vital signs this morning, Seth?"

stract Expressionism. Thus, styles survive as masks, or as masquerades, of the original feeling embodied in them. Steinberg has grasped the history of art as a form language of ready-made sentiments, at once self-evident and spurious, like the beard of Santa Claus or the red heart of a valentine. Available styles, including styles abandoned by art, provide the substance by which the popular arts are welded to the masterworks of the past. Steinberg accepts all art present in the contemporary consciousness as charged visual matter out of which he can mold moods to which he need not commit himself. They are the ideal vocabulary for a pictorial autobiography that can be exhibited without giving oneself away.

The exhibitions at the Janis and Parsons galleries consisted, in the main, of two groups of works: oil-on-paper landscapes that recalled places visited in the past two years, and drawing-table assemblages related to inner events of the same period. In both groups, touches of stylistic anachronism conveyed overtones of nostalgia and, occasionally, loneliness, but in externalized and impersonal terms. In Steinberg's art, estrangement itself is estranged through being projected into other times—critics who fail to penetrate this method of universalization of feeling disparage Steinberg as excessively cool and remote. In several of the landscapes, low-lying foregrounds and immense empty skies, with a pinkish-yellow glow at the horizon, mimic the solitary shoreline panoramas of American scene paintings of a century ago. An oddity of the landscapes is their division into two or more separate scenes, as if snapshots taken in the same general locality had been fastened together on a page. In the prim literalness of their handling, they might be colored illustrations accompanying an old report of a surveying expedition or an oil-drilling operation. Where these activities occurred, however, and what happened cannot be determined from the pictures. Titles such as "Kunming" and "Ottumwa," which sound Asian and African (Ottumwa is actually in Iowa), convey a sense of distant places, and in some of the landscapes there are queer-looking machines and barely perceptible figures whose costumes suggest that they are natives or adventuring Westerners; they confront the spectator full face, as if getting their pictures taken, or stand with their backs to him, waiting in what might be a desert. At the Betty Parsons, many of the landscapes identified themselves as Egyptian by pyramids towering in the back-

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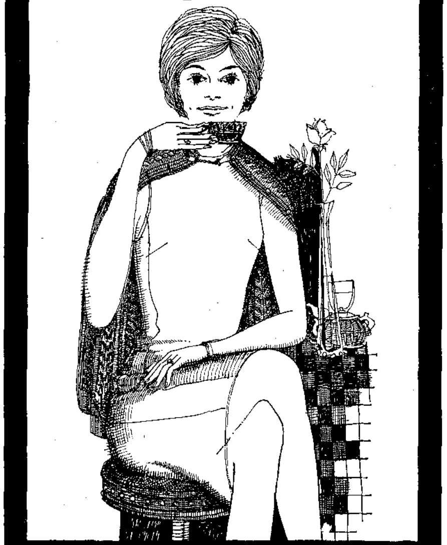

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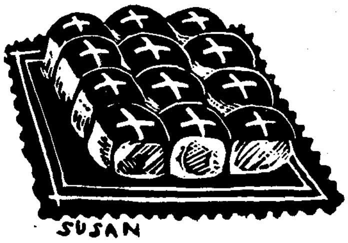
ground. In contrast, a few of the place-names were of Long Island villages—Sag Harbor, Wainscott—near Steinberg's country residence.

Steinberg refers to these paintings of places as "postcards," perhaps because they are souvenirs of travel and are done in a deliberately debased style reminiscent of mass-produced beauty. They are, too, conventionalized messages available to anyone; and they can be reproduced as postcards (copies of works of art that copied postcards), as has actually been done with a Steinberg landscape of an earlier series. They are "postcards" also because Steinberg thinks of painting them as a "non-intellectual" pleasure, compared to the conception of his cartoons, drawings, and collages.

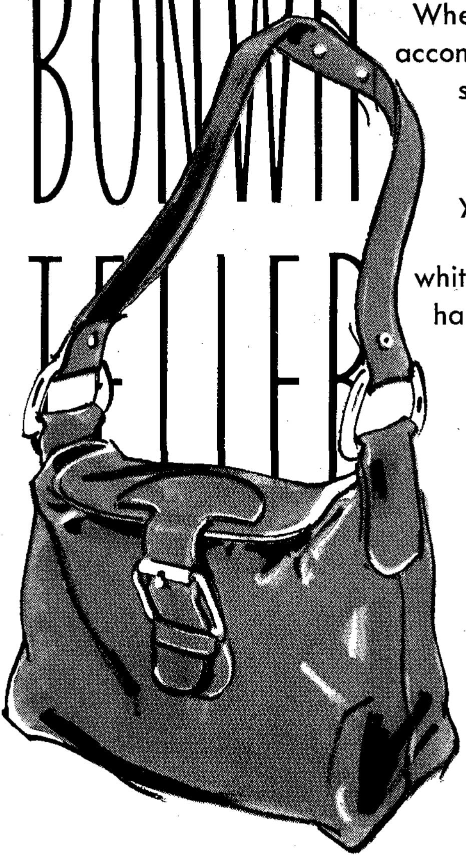
Here and there, the landscapes bear rubber-stamped insignia, which may signify that they were stamped on their way through Steinberg's metaphysical post office or were certified as authentic by the authorities that rule his made-up world. The seals also appear on the assemblages called "Tables." Apparently, they serve a purpose similar to that of the fingerprints in Steinberg's drawings of several years ago—the purpose of identification. They are the artist's mark, and they declare that the subject of these creations is his own self. But, of course, the seals are not fingerprints, as the fingerprints of the past were not fingerprints but reproductions of fingerprints. They are signs produced by rubber stamps ("inked," incidentally, with oil paint rather than the ink pad, hence not even conventional rubber stamps), and they are not a unique identifying mark but a prefabricated cliché, a trademark imprinted on a professionally made and distributed commodity. Thus Steinberg straddles the contradictory functions that constitute the reality of art in our time: on the one hand, the use of art by the artist to affirm his identity in his work; on the other, his use of it as an object for the art market and the museum. Steinberg's subjective autobiography consists of creations in which these conflicting motives have been symbolically synthesized. It is the ironic biography of an abstract personage whose practice encompasses the dramatic polarities of contemporary creation.



Steinberg began the "Tables" by idly whittling wooden copies of pencils, pens, paintbrushes, rulers, notebooks, and drawing pads, and painting them to resemble the real things; an added item was carved versions of the balloons that carry dialogue in comic strips. Unlike Cubist or Dada collage, nothing in the "Tables" is a found object, though their entire contents are commonplace and, with the exception of the balloons, could be obtained in art-supply stores. The paraphernalia of the studio which constitute the "Tables" are objects of a special sort: they belong to the realm of material things, yet they are extensions of the artist's self; they are the connection between him and his creations, thus objects transformed into subject. Steinberg underscores the subjectivity of the pencils and paintbrushes by the fact that they are not taken from the external world but are made by the artist. In putting together these whittlings, Steinberg assembled bits of himself—his organs, so to speak. The "Tables" are mementos of decisions to confront the public with the results of a gratuitous playing with the forms of things grown intimate through daily use. Enclosed in Plexiglas, they are a parody of objects in the display cases of a museum. The satire includes the bitter point that in making himself visible the artist by the same means submits to being entombed. Representing buried creation, the "Tables" are, in mood, miniatures of the worktable at which an architectural draftsman ("T Square") or an eccentric bookkeeper ("Colored Pencils") dissipates his span of life in the monotony of a Bartleby. Arranged in symmetrical groupings, as if by a neat head clerk, they have an atmosphere that is technological but is not of contemporary technology—they convey the nostalgia of worn wooden penholders, chewed pencil stubs, imported-bonbon boxes now used to hold paperclips. Like the landscapes, the "Tables" give an account of the artist's life in terms that are generalized and betray no secrets. For the artist, the implements of his creations are the objects of his deepest feelings—his "erotica," Steinberg calls them—and the model of what he experiences as indubitably personal. In the assemblage called "Portrait," Steinberg put his past, his art, and his affections on the same level: a plaque labelled "Milano, 1935" commemorates the city where Steinberg began his career; a balloon inscribed with illegible handwriting represents a floating statement without a speaker; a pen, a pencil, brushes, and a ledger are relics of the artist at work; and an open page of a trompe-l'oeil drawing pad shows a pencil portrait of a young woman who is the artist's friend.

ON television, P.O.W.s returning from Hanoi were shown passing the time by watching P.O.W.s returning from Hanoi on television. A man rows across Main Street to buy a newspaper showing his town is flooded. We have entered an epoch in which nothing is real until it has been reproduced. With events and their copies standing in for each other, like twins in Elizabethan comedy, the objective form of modern culture has become the farce of mistaken identity. Facts no longer enjoy any privilege over various renderings of them. The victory of objective farce was proclaimed at the time of the Hitler-Stalin Pact in the statement of Molotov that facts are nothing but propaganda. It was in exactly this period that the art of Steinberg began its development in Milan. Fugitive from Fascism in the years that followed, immigrant to the Western Hemisphere, O.S.S. operative in China during the war, Steinberg is the inspired medium of mid-twentieth-century "information" culture, including its flashes of loneliness and sentimentality. Enacting the interplay between actuality and artifice, his art is a species of realism with a unique claim to accuracy and pertinence. Long before Pop Art, his drawings exemplified the merging of museum art with the popular media, and the conversion of art, through consciousness of its own history, into an aspect of popular education and entertainment.

But though Steinberg's art lies at the center of the debate on the relation between the art object and non-art nature which has been preoccupying the art world, he remains an outsider. He is the only major artist in the United States who is not associated with any art movement or style, past or present. Nor has art history found a place for Steinberg, perhaps for the reason that he has swallowed its subject matter—the evolution of styles—and regurgitated it as a mass of expressive leftovers. Cubism, for example, which in the vision of the American art historian is the core of twentieth-century formal development, is to Steinberg merely another figure in the pattern of contemporary moods. In thus dissolving art history into its original imaginative components, Steinberg stands at the outermost edge of the current art situation—a Duchamp who has transcended anti-art by exposing the power of



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form within every level of human expression, from children's drawings to the shape of letters in the alphabet. In theory, Steinberg is today's avant-garde, except that, by definition, a single person cannot be an avant-garde. Thus, Steinberg's role automatically disguises itself, and his performance continues to prompt people to ask, "But is he really an artist?"—the question by which each legitimate avant-garde has been greeted. Other avant-gardists—Pollock, Warhol, Newman, conceptualists, earth artists—succeeded in raising this question for varying intervals, then were naturalized into the museum world. The genius of Steinberg is to have kept the question alive about himself for thirty years.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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"We'll be needing at least one, and perhaps two fiction stories per issue," he says, "and they should usually involve very moving teenage romantic entanglements. However, any piece of fiction that seems appropriate to the audience's interest will be considered." Editor Berrigan says the lead character "should be a teenage female who is involved in simultaneous processes of finding love and, through that situation, is becoming aware of a new sense of her own individuality and liberated lifestyle. There should be at least two teenage males, one a budding male chauvinist in one of his many guises; the other a genuine liberated beautiful man-to-be. The purpose of the story, in addition to its paramount one (to entertain), must be to excite a visceral reaction through its sexy (but not carnal) love-suspense situations. Also, it should give the reader a sense of the intense, 'happening' lifestyle, and a glimpse of new horizons of sophisticated, urbane experience that can be hers. But still, it should be firmly rooted in everyday language and colloquial, familiar values."

—*Writer's Digest.*

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U.S. JOURNAL: ATLANTA

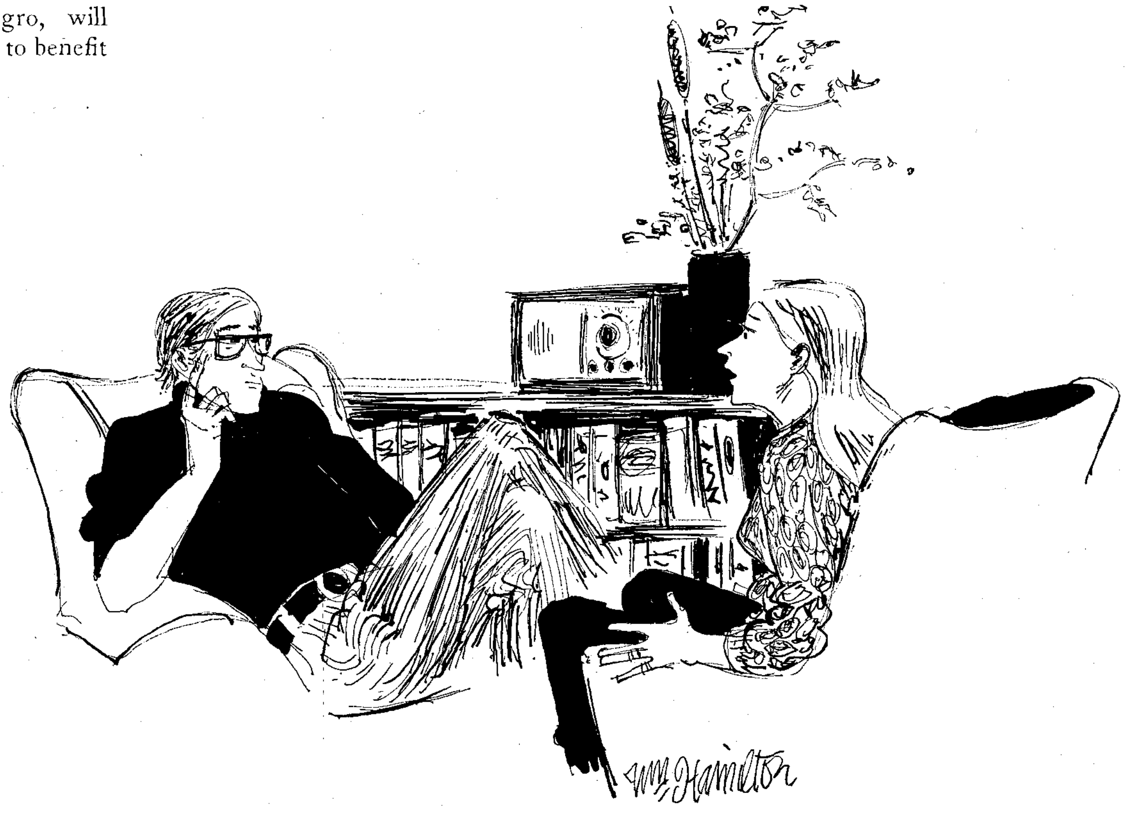
SETTLEMENT

IN 1961, the transfer of ten black students into four formerly all-white high schools was called the Integration of the Atlanta Public Schools. It seemed to be a complete, self-contained, one-day event. It was well attended and widely celebrated. Reporters arriving from out of town were handed what amounted to a program—a booklet that included statements from prominent public officials, handy telephone numbers, and even thumbnail descriptions of the ten students involved ("Allen, Demaris—16 years old. Accepted for the 12th Grade, Brown High School. Composite test score: 94.6. Median in 12th Grade at Brown: 66.4. Asked for transfer in order to receive special training in social studies, science, and mathematics. Special interest: Archeology. Previous extra-curricular activities: Dramatic and Dance Clubs, Junior Red Cross, Honor Society"). The mayor and the civic leaders of Atlanta said that the successful handling of the event confirmed Atlanta's reputation as a City Too Busy to Hate—a motto referred to by a few local cynics as Babbittry Over Bigotry. The New York *Times* wrote, in a congratulatory editorial, "Atlanta has provided a new and shining example of what can be accomplished if the people of good will and intelligence, white and Negro, will coöperate to obey the law and to benefit the children, regardless of color." Some observers believed that there would never again be an event that produced such an air of satisfaction in the ruling circles of Atlanta, unless, perhaps, someone figured out how to dedicate ten or fifteen new office buildings simultaneously.

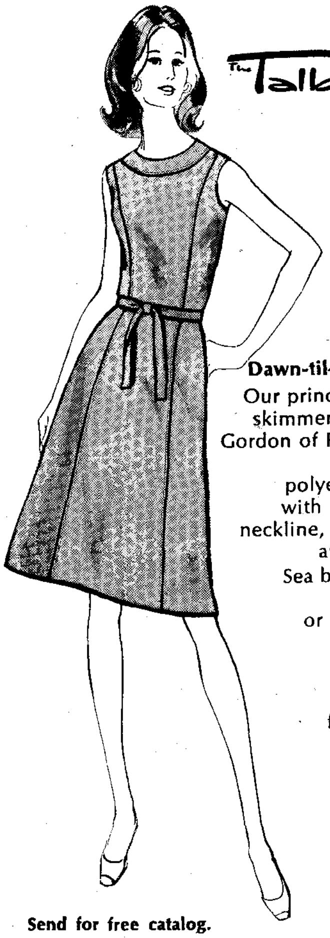
At the start of this school year, eleven years after the Integration of the Atlanta Public Schools, substantial school integration had taken place in such cities as Charlotte and Richmond, but three-quarters of the students in Atlanta were still in segregated schools. The legal case that had resulted in the Integration of 1961 was still in court. The U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals had ordered Atlanta to produce a plan that would in fact integrate the schools, and the talk was that lawyers for the Legal Defense Fund, which had handled the case from the start, would only be satisfied with the kind of plan that white people in large cities tend to refer to as "drastic." The student population of the Atlanta public schools had become three-quarters black, and many people in Atlanta, black and white, believed that the inevitable result of any drastic integration plan would be the abandonment of the public schools by whites—leaving black children no one to integrate with. The conversation in Atlanta demonstrated that, in a way, civic boosters had been correct in claiming that Atlanta had become a city of national rather than Southern stature: instead of businessmen talking about the dangers of becoming "another Little Rock" or "another New Orleans," as they had in 1961, they were talking about the dangers of being "another Newark."

Then, last month, the school board and the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P. announced that they had reached an out-of-court settlement of the Atlanta school suit. The N.A.A.C.P.—represented by its president, Lonnie King—agreed to a pupil-assignment plan that left most of the schools completely black or overwhelmingly white and called for the busing of hardly any white students. The school board agreed to fill a number of school-administration jobs—some of them newly created—with black people and to name a black to succeed the present superintendent of schools, Dr. John Letson, who is retiring this year. The architects of the plan said it would permit Atlanta to maintain a biracial school system and that its emphasis on administrative participation by blacks represented a national breakthrough. There was no congratulatory editorial in the *Times*, but in Atlanta the burden of the columns written and the speeches delivered at the celebratory Chamber of Commerce breakfast came to the same thing—that the agreement was yet another shining example of what can be accomplished if the people of good will and intelligence, white and Negro, will coöperate, etc.

When the agreement was drawn up in a form that could be presented to the Federal District Court, the Legal Defense Fund's local attorney declined to sign it. It was signed by a young attorney who had been admitted to the case a couple of months before as the representative of the local N.A.A.C.P. (The Legal Defense Fund was originally carved out of the national office of the N.A.A.C.P. for tax reasons and called the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense & Educational Fund, Inc.—a lot of



"Can't you just say 'Scarlatti' instead of 'Scarlatti, of course'?"



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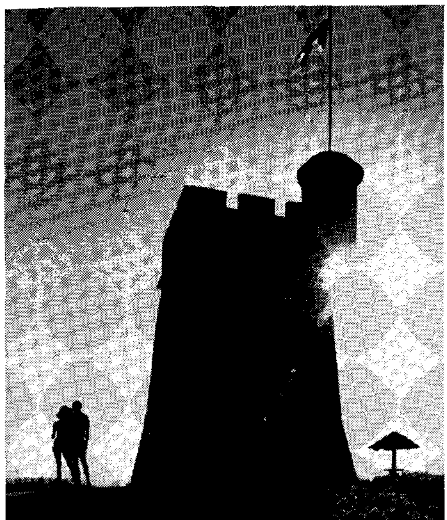

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AN ISSA HOTEL – Nick Brimo, Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager

people in the South still call it the Inc. Fund—but it is now an independent organization.) A few days later, the national office of the N.A.A.C.P., which had appeared to accept the agreement at first, called upon the local branch to repudiate it as a violation of the N.A.A.C.P.'s policy of "ending all forms of segregated education"—and, when no repudiation was forthcoming, suspended the branch's officers. It became clear in New York that the Legal Defense Fund would not only refuse to lend its name to the agreement but would fight it in the courts.

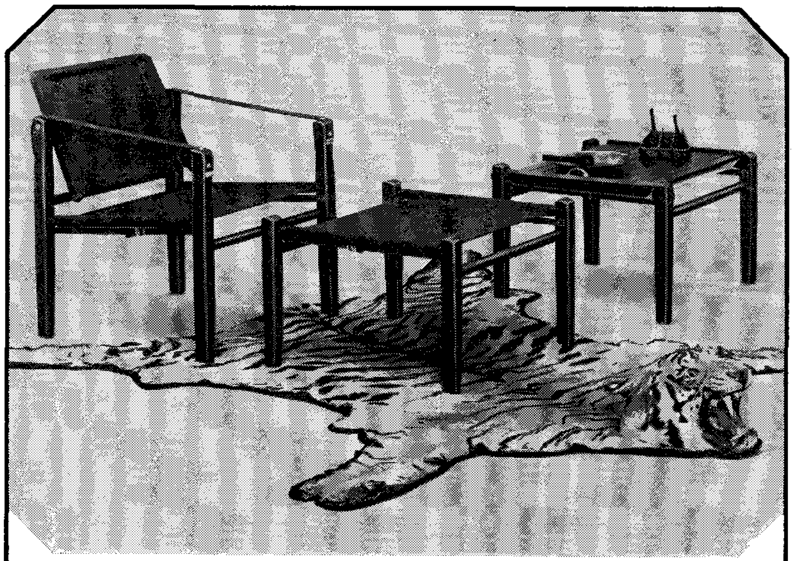
FOR a number of years, the Legal Defense Fund was left to handle school-integration cases more or less on its own. There were, of course, plaintiffs in each of its cases. In a school case, the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P. would ordinarily provide the impetus and gather together parents who were willing to lend their names to the suit. Each school-integration case was a class action, so that the L.D.F.'s clients in Atlanta include, in theory, every single person who is alleged to suffer from the discrimination the case seeks to remedy. But for years the L.D.F. did not have a client in the way that, say, a lawyer retained to sue a department store has a client—a client who may badger him to settle because the cash is more important than the principle or may urge him to go to court in a lost cause for the sake of revenge or may lecture him about a legal strategy that someone at a cocktail party said a cousin had employed in a similar case with amazing results. In 1961, the only people of the plaintiffs' "class" actually affected by the lawsuit to integrate the Atlanta schools were ten schoolchildren and their families. Twelve years later, the entire black community could be affected by a court order, and, naturally, the people who had always spoken for the black community began to act like clients. As it turned out, the Legal Defense Fund acquired vocal clients at a time when most black people in Atlanta had lost interest in what had seemed to be the original purpose of the Atlanta school suit—the integration of the schools.

When the Atlanta school suit was filed, in 1958, the effort to desegregate the schools was thought of by black people as a crusade, an attempt to right a wrong. There are no longer many black people in Atlanta who would argue that integration is a goal worth pursuing for itself—that, in other words, there is something intrinsically valuable about black and white children growing up together in the same classrooms. The black people who do pursue it—for instance, the parents of several hundred black students who are voluntarily bused from a poor Southside neighborhood to schools in the well-off, white Northside—tend to think of integration as a tactic. They believe that attention will be paid—attention by the school administration to the school, attention by the teachers and principals to the students—only if a certain number of whites are in attendance. The basis of the original integration suit was, of course, equality of education, but the rhetoric surrounding it emphasized rights' being withheld and black children being segregated. The black parents who send their children on buses from the Southside no longer talk about Integration but about Quality Education.

When integration ceased to be a crusade, black parents could begin to consider which sacrifices were worth making in its behalf and which were not. A number of middle-class black parents in Atlanta began to believe that integration was not worth the unhappiness that their children seemed to suffer by, say, being transferred into the unfriendly atmosphere of a predominantly white high school. A lot of black students, like a lot of white students, are reluctant to leave their own school or to see it altered, particularly if it is a high school. Even in 1961, the people in control of the Atlanta schools understood that one way to preserve as much segregation as possible was to force high-school students to choose between their fervor for integration—or for quality education, or for practically anything else—and their loyalty to their own football team. The "stair-step," grade-by-grade integration plan adopted by Atlanta in 1961 started from the top of the stairs rather than from the bottom partly as a way to hold down the number of transfer applicants. Who wants to change high schools just after winning a position on the cheerleading squad or an office on the prom committee? One effective method of perpetuating segregation seems to amount to little more than building a school deep in a black neighborhood and letting the basketball team take care of the rest.

By now, a lot of black people in Atlanta look on the integration of the Atlanta school system as a lost cause. They believe there is no way to integrate the schools except by consolidating them with the schools of the surrounding suburbs—a policy black spokesmen tend to oppose because of their fear that it might lead to the dilution of black political power. (An Atlanta consolidation suit is now being held in abeyance by the federal court pending the outcome of a similar suit, from Richmond, that is about to be heard by the Supreme Court.) The attempt to integrate the Atlanta schools—at least the attempt to have what was conjured up by the word "integration" when the school suit started, in 1958—has been defeated gradually over the years by a combination of factors, including the changing population of Atlanta, the time it took to win court precedents that permitted drastic integration plans, the necessity of having to appeal a lot of decisions from the district court in Atlanta to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, and the ingenuity of the Atlanta school board and school administration in preserving two sets of schools. One opinion held by all sides in the black community is that the general policy of the school board and of Dr. Letson has been to go no further toward integration than the courts demanded, and sometimes not that far. The comment of Mrs. Ralph Abernathy at the end of a discussion of school integration strategy not long ago was "If this is a City Too Busy to Hate, I hope I'm not around when they get some time."

When the Inc. Fund resisted the idea of a settlement, the local N.A.A.C.P. said that the Inc. Fund had permitted the case to take on a life of its own and had lost touch with the people it was supposedly in court to help. The words "carpetbaggers" and "Yankees" were used, and the word "sellout" was used in return. The local N.A.A.C.P. said the Inc. Fund was being rigid and ideological. The Legal Defense Fund's position, at its simplest, was that separate schools are, as the Supreme Court said they were, inherently unequal, and that the best efforts had to be made to integrate them to whatever extent possible. When the argument was out in the open—and Lonnie King had gathered power of attorney from some of the case's original plaintiffs—nobody with any power in the black community spoke for the Inc. Fund's position. Within any black community, discussions about school-integration policy have had a kind of built-in moderation factor since the middle sixties: those who might ordi-



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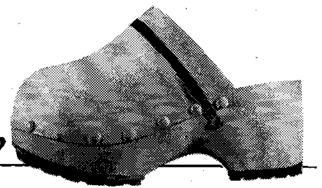

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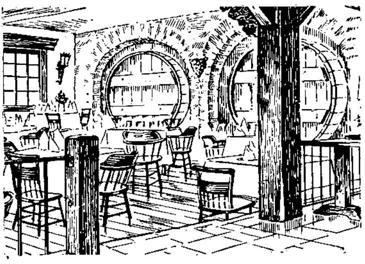

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narily be most vocal or even intransigent in an argument with the whites are likely to be separatists who regard school integration as at least silly and maybe harmful. The moderate, middle-class black leaders—sick of arguing about school integration, sharing some of the fears of white businessmen about the social and economic effect of white flight to the suburbs, feeling some pressure from their own constituents against busing, accustomed to negotiating for jobs and power—were amenable to a deal.

The white businessmen who usually make the important civic decisions in Atlanta seem to have reacted to the possibility of splitting the local N.A.A.C.P. away from the Inc. Fund more or less the way the management of a furniture plant might react to the possibility of persuading its most skilled and experienced craftsmen that the union had not been acting in the true interests of the workers—particularly the true interests of the workers who happened to be skilled and experienced craftsmen. The school strategy of influential whites in Atlanta over the past fifteen years appears to have been based on protecting the schools of the white Northside and providing stability for business development—both of which seemed threatened by the possibility of a drastic integration order. Whites have been talking to prominent black spokesmen for a long time about the advantages of pressing for administrative participation rather than classroom integration. At a meeting last fall of a biracial business group called the Atlanta Action Forum, a Fifth Circuit judge who lives in Atlanta suggested to Lonnie King and the white businessmen present that the whole matter could probably be settled if intelligent folks just sat around and thrashed it out without being bothered by a lot of lawyer talk.

THE settlement was reached after a few days of closed discussions in a room at the Trust Company of Georgia. It was handled in the way such matters have been handled in Atlanta over the years—trade-off and compromise and congratulations all around at the end. (In 1961, Lonnie King, then the leader of the Atlanta student sit-in movement, had participated in a similar negotiation—the result of which was an agreement that Atlanta would be peaceful and settled during the Integration of the Public Schools and that a bitter, year-long black boycott of downtown department stores would be ended shortly thereafter with the reopening and desegrega-

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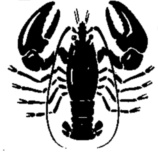

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tion of lunch counters.) After the announcement of the terms, one group of black parents said the agreement amounted to "trading off quality education for a few big jobs for a few big Negroes." (In the black community, that part of the agreement does tend to be referred to not as a breakthrough in administrative control but as "five hundred thousand dollars' worth of jobs.") Otherwise, there was practically no public objection to the agreement among black people in Atlanta until a couple of weeks later, when several black leaders, most of them with poor rather than middle-class constituencies, joined the Inc. Fund in attacking the settlement in court.

Some of the bitterest words heard about the agreement in private were from the whites in Atlanta who have worked for years for school integration. When they and the Inc. Fund lawyers talk about their most serious objections to the settlement, they talk about its being unfair and inconsistent and unConstitutional. But the people who made the deal do not, of course, judge it by those standards. To say, for instance, that whites and middle-class blacks were trading in the rights of poor blacks is only to describe a normal biracial negotiation in Atlanta or anywhere else. To say that the wealthier white neighborhoods came out with more than their share of the spoils is not shocking to anyone aware of a wealthier white neighborhoods' usual share of police protection or trash pickup. To the negotiators, the question was not whether it was fair to put practically all the burden of busing on black children but whether it was realistic to believe that white parents would permit the busing of their children into black neighborhoods. The question asked of any political negotiation is not whether it is fair or consistent but whether it is workable and whether it is agreeable to those who have enough power to be included in making it. The only place for the Inc. Fund to ask the kind of questions it is asking about the Atlanta agreement is in court.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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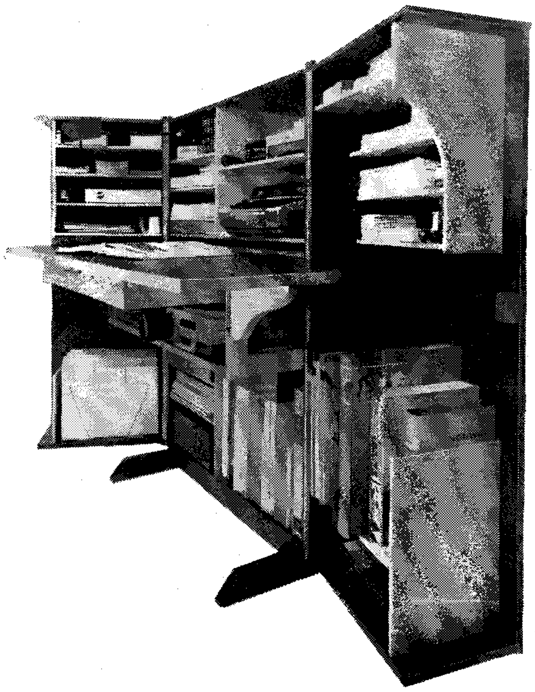

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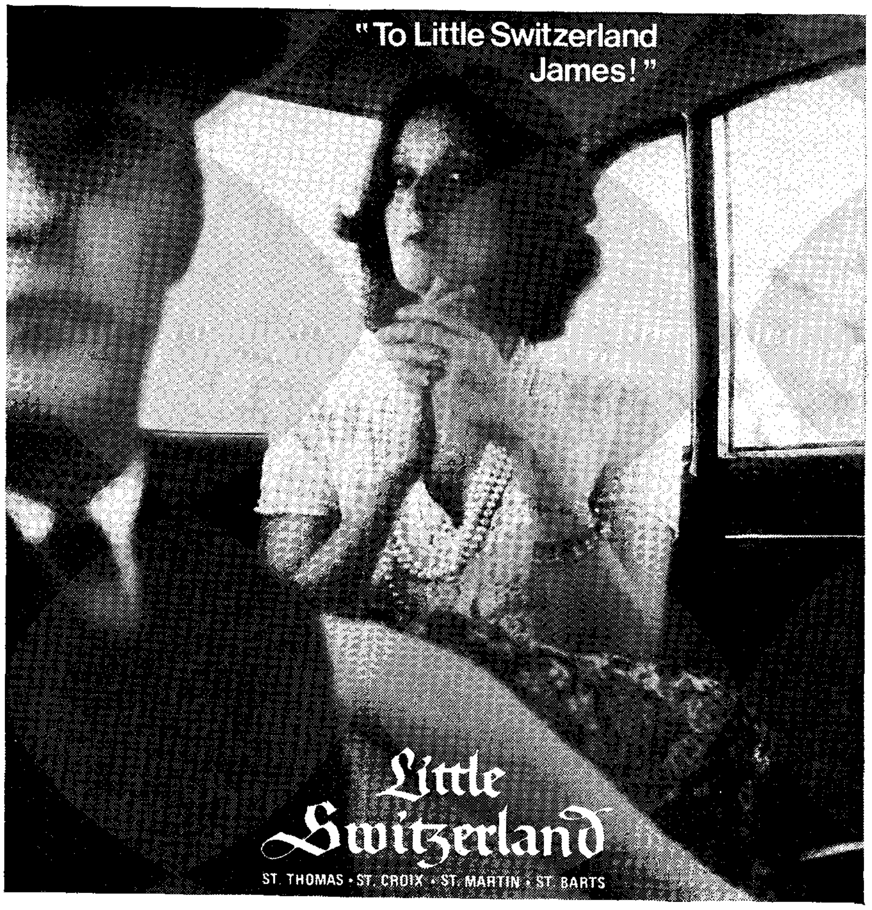
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MUSICAL EVENTS

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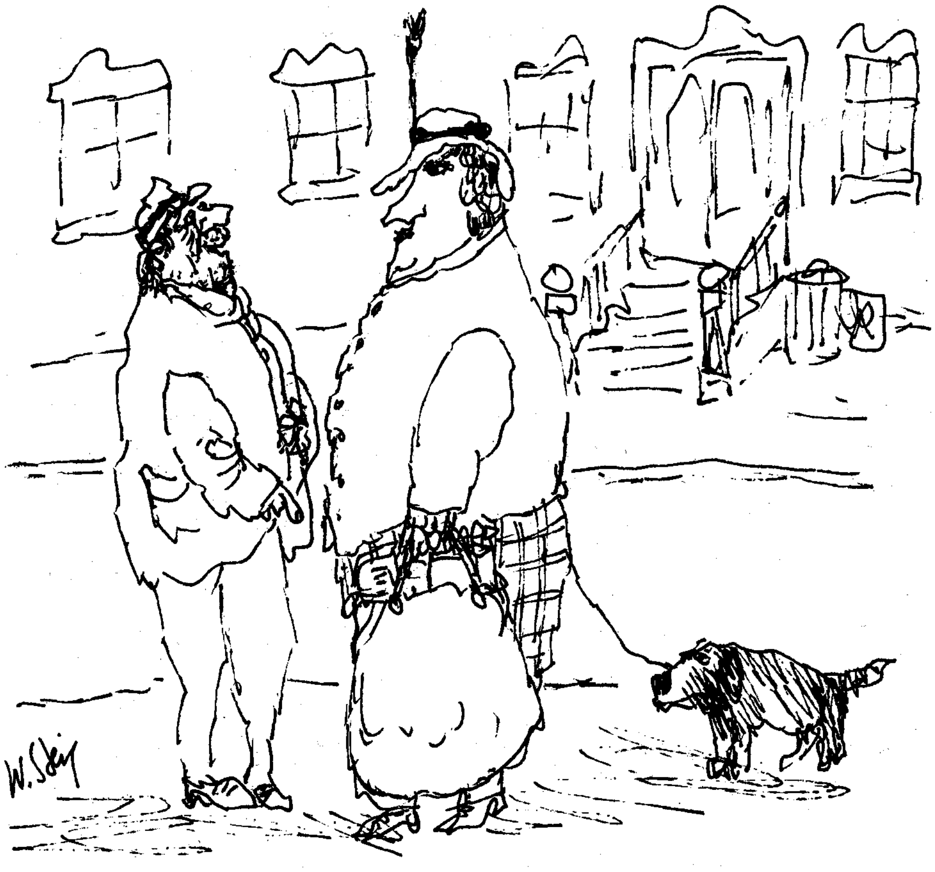
THE City Opera has just staged Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea." It has not done well by the piece. I delight in the choice but deplore the execution; urge people to attend the show but warn them that "Poppea" is a more admirable work than what they will see and hear in this account of it.

In an age when contemporary opera has won little broad public support, the repertory has been enriched by revival and rediscovery. Early Verdi has come back. So has Donizetti. Meyerbeer is seen and heard when companies want to make a splash and can afford to. And, best of all, the works of Monteverdi, closely followed by those of his pupil and colleague Francesco Cavalli, have during the last decade been taken up by one opera house after another. Opera has never been more direct than in these Venetian compositions of the seventeenth century. To perform them is to restate the first principles of music drama. Moreover, they can be put on by small companies in small houses.

The first great opera is Monteverdi's "Orfeo" (1607). At the start of it, the allegorical figure of La Musica steps forward to tell us what opera is all about. "I am Music," she sings, "who in sweet accents know how to calm every troubled heart, and can inflame the coldest minds now with noble anger, now with love." Opera, the new art form, was barely ten years old at the time. It had been born in simplicity, as a kind of verse drama the expressive power of whose lines was heightened by recitative declamation modestly accompanied. Monteverdi lavished on the swift-growing child the other riches that the art of music could provide: madrigals, songs, and dances; formal structures of strophe, variation, rondo, and refrain to throw into relief the free declamation (or vice versa); contrasts of texture between solo voices and ensemble; and the varied colors of a large orchestra. The Orpheus myth is itself an allegory of music's power; within the opera we can discern other, small allegories of ways in which that power can be employed. For example, when Orpheus entreats Charon to grant him passage to Hades he does so in several stanzas of increasing brilliance and vocal virtuosity, punctuated by elaborate instrumental displays, but the stern boatman remains unmoved until the singer abandons coloratura and makes a direct, unaffected appeal in melody unadorned, patterned on the natural rise and fall of the words as a suppliant might speak them. There is a moral in that. There is no moral relating to operatic practice which cannot be illustrated from Monteverdi, no device which cannot be deemed a development of something he discovered, no "abuse" which cannot be viewed as a disturbance of the tensions he held in equilibrium, no "reform" which does not point a return to the principles of his work.

"Orfeo" was written for the Gonzaga court. "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" and "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," composed some thirty-five years later for the public theatres of Venice, are less complicated in facture, more modest in instrumental resource, but even subtler in construction, bolder in their progress, and keener and more masterly in their communication of human passions. "Poppea," like "Figaro," is about the varied aspects of love. The prologue announces a demonstration of the thesis that sexual passion exerts a greater influence than either chance or virtue on the conduct of human affairs. We move to first-century Rome, where the Emperor Nero is infatuated with the courtesan Poppaea and determined to make her his Empress. In Poppaea, love is at once happy sensuality and the instrument of ambition. In the proud Empress Octavia, it has turned to jealousy and vindictiveness. On both Octavia and Nero, the philosopher Seneca enjoins self-control; his admonitions are not heeded. A fifth character, Otho, dominates the first act. Still desperately in love with Poppaea, his former mistress, he comes in at the start to find Nero's troops on guard outside her door. The act mounts to a climax in a great confrontation between Poppaea and Otho (reduced to a fragment in the City Opera text); Otho attempts to find consolation by turning to another woman, Drusilla (to whom love means joyful self-sacrifice, and hang the consequences), but the curtain falls on his powerful line "Drusilla is on my lips, but in my heart—Poppaea!"



"Could you give me a beer, or the equivalent thereof?"

Act II depicts the destructive forces unleashed by selfish love, in two long sequences. Seneca, ordered by Nero to die, goes nobly to his final bath, amid the mourning of three disciples. Otho and Octavia conspire, with Drusilla's assistance, to murder Poppaea. Like Othello, Otho muses over the sleeping, still cherished woman he is about to kill. Love, embodied in the allegorical figure of Amor, makes him linger; Poppaea wakes and is saved. At the curtain, Amor cries of his victory. Between the killing and the attempted killing there is a playful little scene in which a boy, Octavia's page, and a girl experience the first quaint prickings of love; then, in an exuberant *madrigale a due voci*, Nero and the poet Lucan celebrate Seneca's death, the ending of restraint, and Poppaea's beauty. (It is not a lurching drunk scene, though it is often played as such.) In Act III, the conspirators are banished, Octavia sings an impassioned farewell to the city, Poppaea is crowned, and, finally, the voices of Poppaea and Nero—two equal sopranos, echoing, twining, and closing on a unison—ring out to hymn love's triumph.

The libretto, by Francesco Busenello, is a supreme piece of dramatic construction, subtle and searching in its characterization, beautifully controlled, varied but never diffuse. The smaller roles—the grumbling guardsmen who must keep watch while the Emperor makes love ("Damn love, Poppaea, Nero, and Rome, and the Army," in a rising sequence of exasperation); Poppaea's bustling, garrulous old nurse, Arnalta, so tender while watching over her charge; Octavia's nurse, who seeks to cheer the Empress with Despina-like advice; even the freedman who so reluctantly tells Seneca of Nero's decree—are also vividly drawn, in small, telling strokes. (Arnalta, who has three airs, should really be counted among the principals.) By comparing the text printed in Busenello's collected works (1656) with that set in the Venice manuscript score which is the main source for the music (both are available in the New York Public Library, the latter in facsimile), we discover that the composer, by small adjustments and omissions, made the drama more effective still.

I HAVE described the original structure of "Poppea" at some length because it is obscured in the City Opera presentation, which is based on the uncritical acceptance of an edition of the piece made by Raymond Leppard. This matter of edition cannot simply be swept aside, since it affects every aspect of the performance. Mr. Leppard's work is apt to inspire mixed feelings. On the one hand, his "realizations" of "Poppea," "Ulisse," and Cavalli's "Ormindo" and "Calisto," for Glyndebourne, and of "Orfeo," for Sadler's Wells, have been responsible, more than anything else, for the revival of Venetian seventeenth-century opera all over the world, and for this he earns respect and unstinted gratitude. He

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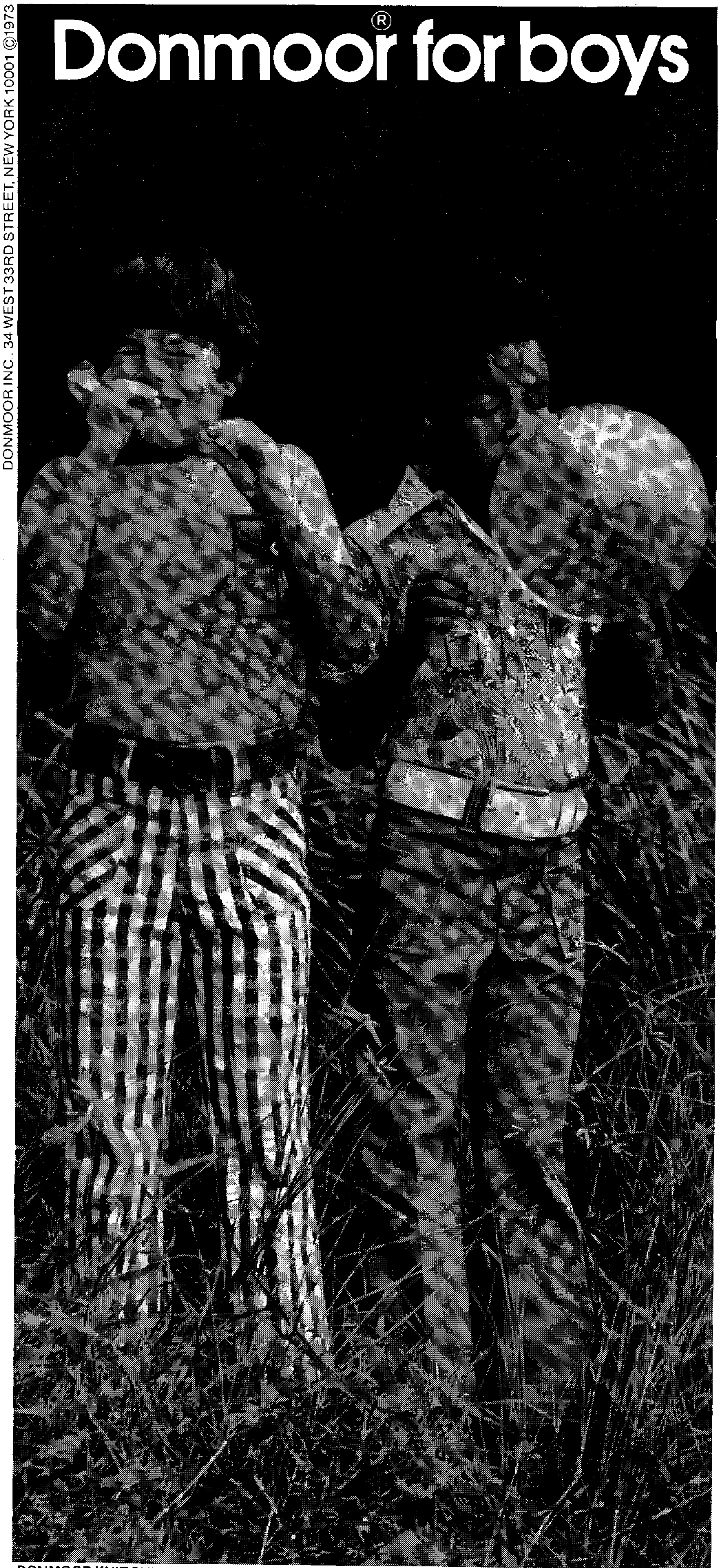

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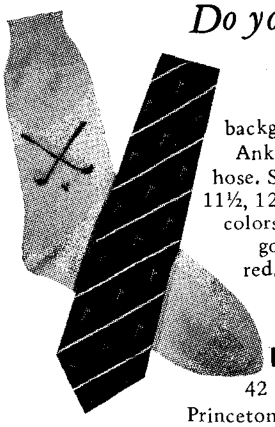

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may well have left a permanent mark on operatic history. For conductors unwilling or unable to tackle for themselves the problems of modern performance, Mr. Leppard has provided ready-made answers of proved effectiveness. Effective they are. Only a curmudgeon could resist the delights they have offered, or fail to acknowledge that the editor-arranger was moved by a passionate appreciation of these operas and a concern to share his joy in them with the widest possible audience. On the other hand, anyone who studies the material that Mr. Leppard has elaborated—or, for that matter, anyone who encounters the works in other, chaster realizations, such as Alan Curtis's of "Poppea"—may well feel that Mr. Leppard has gone too far and done too much. The main points at issue are not musicological mysteries; they can be most conveniently discussed under separate heads:

SCORING: In the Venice manuscript, the vocal lines of "Poppea" are supported only by a bass line with no indication of instrument, though there are occasional changes of clef that suggest a change of the accompanying (continuo) instrument that sounds the implicit harmonies. Leppard rings the changes, aptly, on continuo harpsichords, harp, lute, archlute, guitar, and flue and reed organs, plus cellos and basses. But sometimes he shifts instruments in a fidgety way (let the phrase "to my way of thinking and hearing" be understood in all these demurs), and often he writes out elaborate continuo parts that draw attention from the sung line. The bosomy harp swirls associated with Octavia are particularly distracting. When the music moves from recitative into arioso or aria, he composes full and generally elaborate string accompaniments; I itch to strike out page after page of them and let the melodies sing forth over simple continuo. The ritornellos, or instrumental interludes, of "Poppea" are composed in three parts; Leppard enriches them to five, believing that five-part ritornellos—found in "Orfeo" and "Ulisse"—were the norm.

STRUCTURE: At Glyndebourne, with its long dinner interval, operas fall most conveniently into two acts; the German houses also like a two-act scheme. Leppard breaks the three-act "Poppea" into two acts, the break coming after Seneca's death, and, having shifted the boy-girl flirtation to an earlier point, resumes with the Nero-Lucan madrigal. This destroys the careful dramatic structure described earlier. At Glyndebourne, the arrange-

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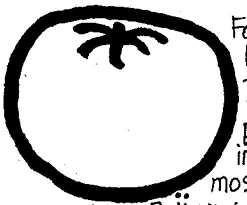

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ment had its advantages; there is no need for other houses to follow suit. Sadler's Wells, though it performs "Poppea" from Leppard material, has restored the original act breaks; the City Opera should do the same. An hour and thirty-five minutes makes an uncomfortably long first act.

CUTS: Until audiences are ready to grant Monteverdi the time they willingly give to Berlioz or Wagner, his operas must be cut. Leppard's cuts are built into his edition; the conductor who may have a few minutes in hand has no chance of restoring, say, the great Poppaea-Otho duet in full, or an important monologue for Otho in Act II, or the brief duet for Nero and Poppaea that should open the final scene and balance "Pur ti miro" at its close. He may even think these things more important to include than the prologue. The small mid-scene snicks tend to pass unnoticed unless one is following in an uncut score; cumulatively, they alter the carefully controlled dramatic pace. Curtis's edition contains more of the music, and can be cut (or left whole) to suit individual circumstances.

TRANSPOSITIONS: Nero and the young page are sopranos; Otho is an alto. There is a case for reassigning the first and last roles to natural male voices, as Leppard has done (though to turn Cherubino's precursor into a tenor is absurd). To my mind, however, the "veristic" gain is outweighed by musical losses. Producers who think an audience could not accept a trim, bright-voiced woman playing Nero—or Handel's Caesar, or Mozart's Idamantes—and therefore spoil the music to save the sex underrate their listeners' power of dramatic imagination. Leppard's Nero is a tenor, and not a high one. By casting a baritone in the part, City Opera has now dulled the role still further. Though Leppard's first Poppaea was a soprano, Magda Laszlo, she, like every other singer of the part in my experience, was taxed by the high *tessitura* to which he transposes the final duet. When challenged, Leppard points to numerous indications for transposition in the Venice score (added, presumably, to suit the cast of a later revival), but the big shifts there affect only the subaltern roles; the main vocal characterization is little altered. Moreover, it is one thing to tailor an opera so as to make the most of an exceptional interpreter—as Leppard arranged "Ulisse" for the marvellous Penelope of Janet Baker—and another to give that special edition general currency.

TEMPI, DYNAMICS: Leppard himself is a Monteverdi conductor of un-

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common sensitivity and eloquence. If he has a fault, it is a tendency to sentimentalize the tender passages—he especially favors "melting" closes—and this gets reflected in the expression marks of his editions. Conductors and singers with less than his feel for Monteverdi style can be misled by them, and by the succulent string writing, to adopt at times too sickly-sweet a manner. Most of his indications, however, are pointers to a lively, theatrically gripping performance.

This edition of "Poppea" was first performed, at Glyndebourne, in 1962. I was bowled over by the work and by the zest with which it had been brought to life. So was everybody who saw it. But the Leppard score has not stood up well to ten years of hard use—years, too, of increasing public familiarity with Monteverdi's music. It was generally pasted by the press when it entered the Sadler's Wells repertory, in 1971—after due respects had been paid to its pioneering importance and to its grace, richness, and skill. Perhaps, like Gluck-Mottl, Handel-Harty, and Bach-Stokowski, this particular example of Monteverdi-Leppard has now served its turn. (It must be remembered, however, that in Monteverdi's case there is no "original" that can be put on the players' stands; "Poppea" in performance must always be Monteverdi-another.) Leppard has owned that today he might approach the task of realization differently.

AND so to the performance. In 1616, when Monteverdi received a libretto that did not please him, he wrote:

> I have observed that the personages of this drama are winds, and moreover that the winds have to sing. And how, my dear Sir, shall I be able to imitate the speech of winds? How shall I be able to move the passions by such means? Ariadne [the heroine of his opera "Arianna," from which only a great lament and a few scraps preserved in a treatise on scenic music survive] moved the audience because she was a woman, not a wind, and likewise Orpheus moved the audience because he was man, not a wind.... This tale does not excite my feelings in the least. Ariadne inspired a true lament in me, and Orpheus a true entreaty; heaven knows what this tale will inspire in me!

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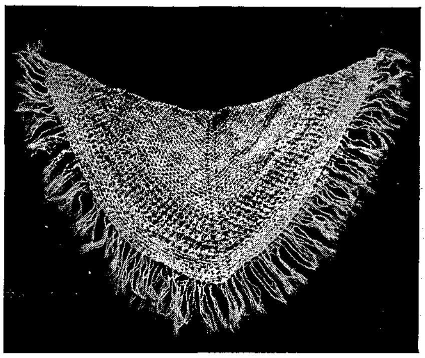

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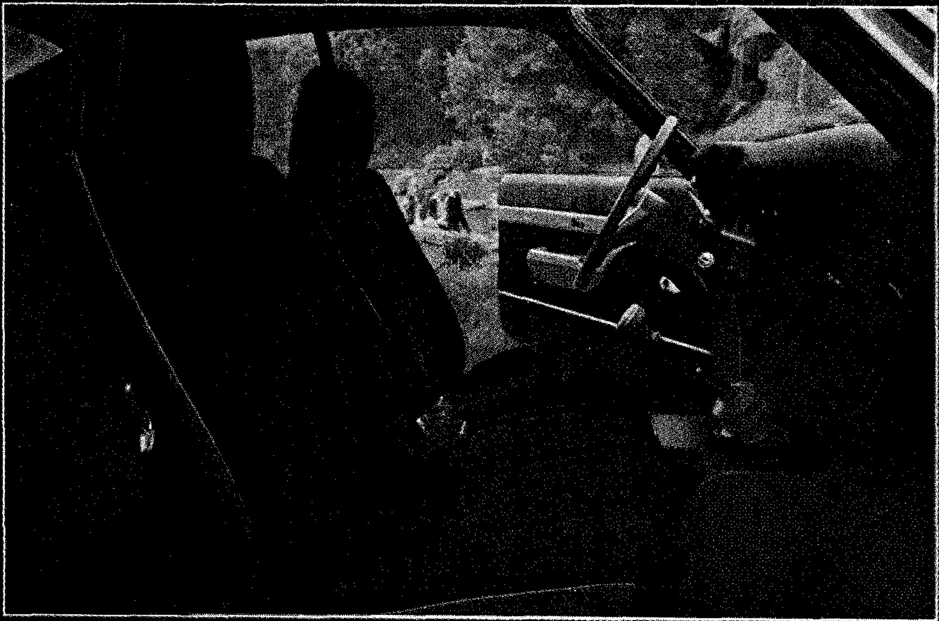

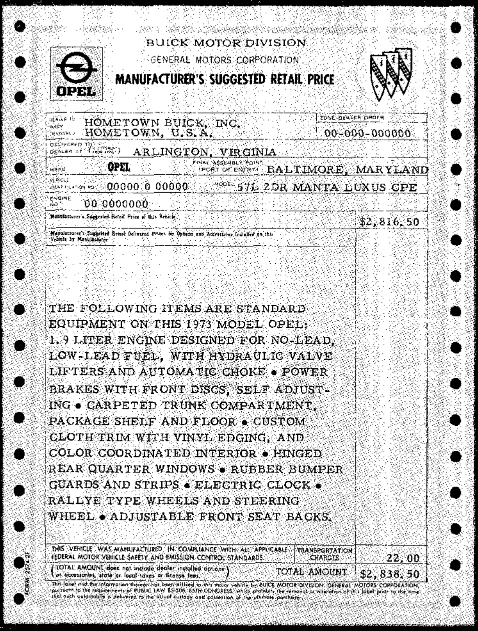

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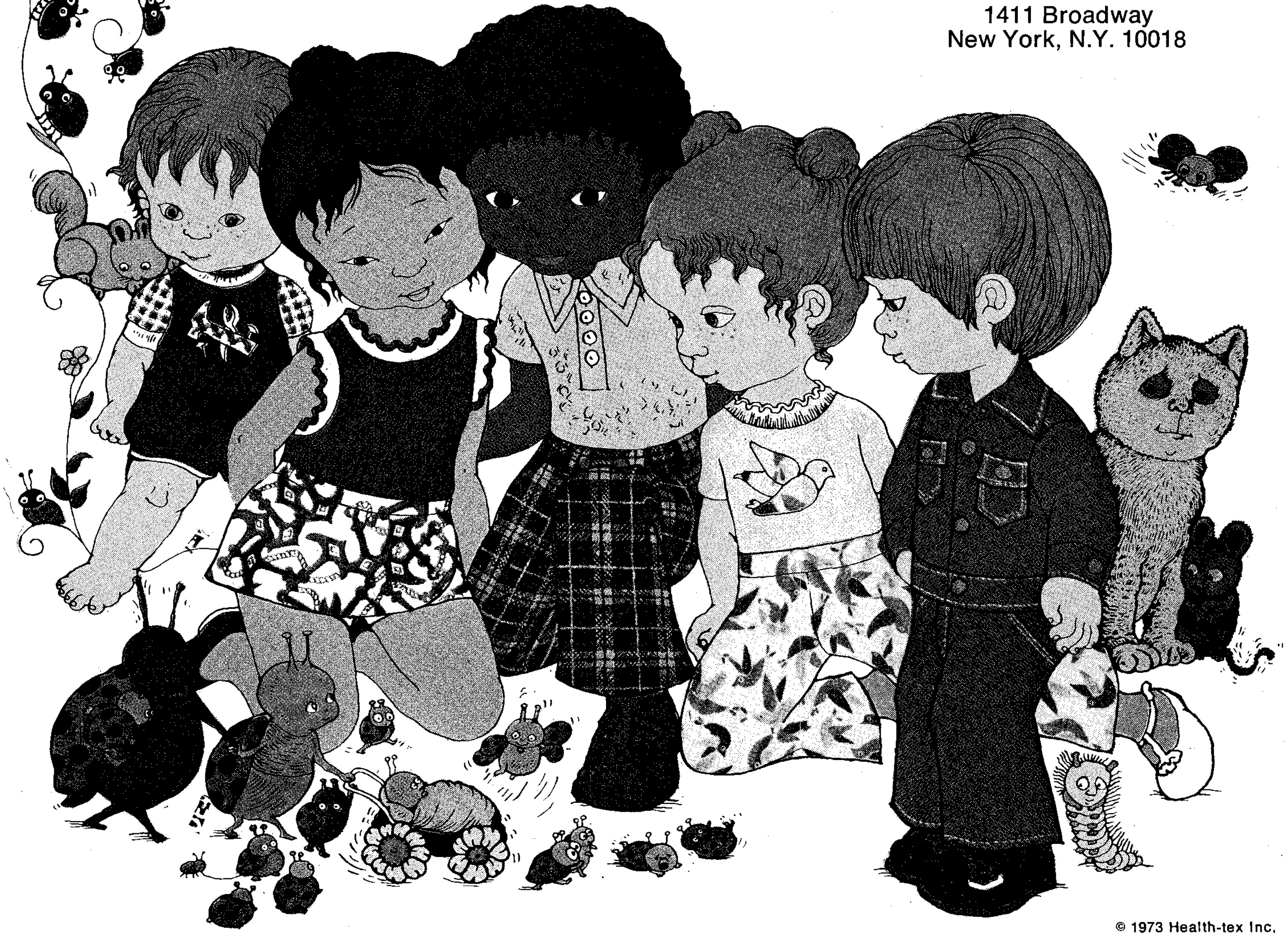

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man, the producer of the City Opera show, did ill to prescribe so many fancy, artificial poses and to cluster round the actors a small corps of graceful ballet girls and ballet boys. A colleague wrote, approvingly, that "a quality of highly stylized dance permeated the entire production." To my mind, that summarizes what was wrong. Lloyd Evans' set is two lateral classical façades, awkwardly kinked as they approach the footlights; a raised platform at the back; a backcloth on which Bibiena scenes are projected. Beds pop on in a way to recall the Slumber Department sequences of the Marx Brothers' "The Big Store." Poppaea's is red, Octavia's royal blue; Nero and Lucan tumble together on a daybed; a gleaming king-sized affair is borne on for the final duet. José Varona's costumes are handsomely designed, and most of the cast, whether dressed or near naked, look good.

That phrase "imitate the speech" in the Monteverdi letter quoted is important. Monteverdi, like Musorgski and Janáček, had theories about music as a universal language, springing from the imitation of speech inflections. He planned a treatise on the subject. It remained unwritten, but the madrigals and operas show his ideas clearly. It is not enough for the singers to sound the notes and pronounce the words more or less correctly. The roles require the declamation of great actors. The lines must be uttered with force, fire, and tenderness. Feeling for the words must dictate the phrasing. The life and lilt of the music depend on the text. The instruments are there only to accompany and support, with their quick, sensitive reactions, a dramatic declamation and to punctuate the dramatic progress with their ritornellos. The City Opera "Poppea" is sung in Italian. This seems to me a pity, since Busenello's play is far too good not to be followed in detail, line by line. (Mr. Freedman essayed some quaint visual glossing. At the word "*bocca*," Nero advanced his mouth to Lucan's; an Oriental and a Negro super were brought on at the end to kneel at the line "*A te l'Asia, a te l'Africa s'atterra.*") The bilingual libretto on sale at the theatre is a feeble, abbreviated affair that does not correspond to the performance. A new translator—he is needed, for the English text in the Leppard edition is poor—might find a starting point in the sensitive English version begun in Charles Ives' copy of "Poppea," now in the Public Library.

Whenever "Poppea," in whatever language, has been added to the repertory of an all-purpose company, it has taken the singers a while to learn the vivid declamation, free yet not unrhythmical, that is needed, and taken the continuo players a while to learn how to support them as an accompanist supports a lieder singer, so that one is not conscious of a conductor. At the City Opera, these things will probably come. Meanwhile, John Nelson, conducting, holds things together pretty ably. For the record, the main parts on the first night were taken by Carol Neblett (Poppaea); Frances Bible (Octavia); Muriel Greenspon (Arnalta); Faye Robinson, deputizing for Norma French (Drusilla); Alan Titus (Nero); Dominic Cossa (Otho); and Richard T. Gill (Seneca).

—ANDREW PORTER

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THE musical public's acquaintance with most of the work of Antonín Dvořák has come about only in the last fifteen or twenty years, and this is true as well of Anton Bruckner. To be sure, Theodore Thomas was performing an occasional Bruckner symphony in Chicago in the eighteen-nineties, and Mengelberg, Furtwängler, and others were doing the same in New York a little later. Even Toscanini had his favorite Bruckner symphonies—if I remember correctly, the more popular Fourth and Seventh. But the bulk of his symphonic output remained unperformed in New York until fifteen years ago. Indeed, I have yet to encounter his Symphony No. 0 (the "Nullte") in a New York concert hall, and his Second was heard here for the first time quite recently. Dvořák was represented until lately only by his chamber music and by the well-worn Slavonic Dances and the "New World" Symphony. This was probably because our concert halls, up to about 1950, were drowning in Brahms, Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann. The rediscovery of Dvořák and Bruckner (that is, of more of their output) was, I think, a reaction against this sort of programming. And the interesting thing about these composers is that neither of them was seriously influenced by that musical octopus, Wagner, though nearly all other composers, French and Italian as well as German, *were*. Dvořák strove against the Wagnerian influence, and, with Janáček and some others, created a native Czech style. Bruckner worshipped Wagner, but his religious integrity kept him from succumbing to the worldly Wagner's influence, except

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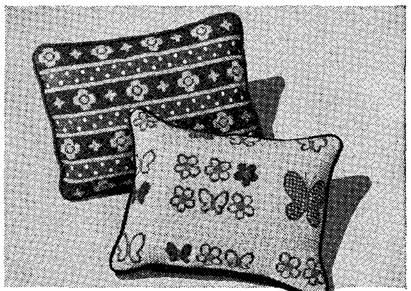

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for touches of instrumentation, such as the use of the Bayreuth tubas in a few symphonies and the exploitation of certain chromatic ideas, which he used in quite different fashion. Both Dvořák and Bruckner were composers of great originality, and it is gratifying that they have now come into their own.

Nonesuch has issued a recording of Dvořák's Symphonic Variations, Opus 78, the Scherzo Capriccioso, Opus 66, and the Notturno, Opus 40, played by the Czech Philharmonic, under the baton of Václav Neumann (H-71271, stereo). These are early works. The Symphonic Variations is a conscientious and skillful composition, obviously written very much under the shadow of Brahms (whose Variations on a Theme by Haydn suggested it), but it lacks the spontaneity of the later Dvořák. The Notturno is an early revision of a still earlier work, somewhat Schumannesque and without great importance. The Scherzo, however, has all the playful inspiration of vintage Dvořák. The performances are excellent in every respect.

Then there is Bruckner's Symphony No. 9 in D Minor (Nowak edition), by the New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer conducting (Angel S-36873, stereo). The venerable Klemperer, now eighty-seven, provides a well-thought-out interpretation, with tempos sometimes slower than those used by other maestros, and few rubatos. A naïve liner note suggests that "some of the chords and dissonant suspensions remind us of Schoenberg." They don't. The Bruckner musical language is purely tonal and chromatic, and the famous first chord of the Scherzo is identical with the "Tristan chord" at the beginning of the Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde." I cannot recommend this recording: the entire trio of the Scherzo and the following reprise are missing—a cut that gets the symphony onto one record but severely damages the form of this movement, and thus the symphony itself.

TCHAIKOVSKY's Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies have been recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conducting (Angel S-36884 through S-36886, stereo). This is not an album but a series of three discs, sold separately. The Symphonies have been repeatedly recorded (Furtwängler's Sixth, the best I have ever heard, is out of print), but Karajan's interpretations are remarkably sensitive, and without the emotional gush some earlier conductors have plowed into them. The balance of or-

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chestral tone is unusually fine, and the Berlin Philharmonic is one of the world's few absolutely first-rank orchestras. Karajan's Sixth is excellent, and the brilliant movements of the others (the finale of the Fifth among them) are done with scintillating virtuosity.

Shostakovich's Symphony No. 6 and Stravinsky's "Apollo" are performed by the Leningrad Philharmonic, with Eugen Mravinsky conducting (Melodiya/Angel SR-40202, stereo). Shostakovich's knotty Sixth has never been as popular as his Fifth or his spare and witty First. But it is a work worthy of repeated hearing. "Apollo" represents Stravinsky at his best. Excellent performances.

Philippe Entremont is the pianist for recordings of Ravel's Concerto in G for Piano and Orchestra, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Ravel's Concerto for the Left Hand, with the Cleveland Orchestra, under Pierre Boulez (Columbia M-31426, stereo). Entremont is the ideal interpreter of this pleasant if not overwhelmingly profound music, and Ormandy and Boulez are perfect accompanists. There is a lot of Stravinsky influence in the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, and some jazz rhythms, too, but despite Entremont's liner notes I find most of the jazz in the first movement, not the last. The Concerto for the Left Hand is a finer work, as well as more distinctively Ravel.

Three trumpet concertos—The Double Concerto in E Flat for Trumpet, Oboe, Strings, and Continuo, by Johann Wilhelm Hertel (1727-89), the Concerto in D for Trumpet, Two Horns, Strings, and Continuo, by Leopold Mozart (1719-87), and the Concerto in E for Trumpet and Orchestra, by Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778-1837)—are performed by Edward Tarr, trumpet, and Helmut Hucke, oboe, with the Consortium Musicum, under Fritz Lehan (Nonesuch H-71270, stereo). They are neglected works of high quality, and Mr. Tarr is a superb artist, whether he is working with the high baroque trumpet, which is used for the Hertel and Leopold Mozart works, or playing music written for the later keyed trumpet (not yet the modern valve trumpet) used in Hummel's time. Hummel was a pupil of Mozart and a contemporary of Beethoven. His style is a bit Italianate, in the vein of Rossini, and his writing is elegant. The Hertel and Leopold Mozart works were written at a time when the trumpet was without keys or

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GEORGE TOWN, GREAT EXUMA, BAHAMAS

valves and, except in its highest register, was incapable of playing scales or chromatic notes. The performances are scrupulous and beautifully phrased.

Debussy's Estampes, pour le Piano, and Images pour Piano, Sets I and II, are played by Michel Beroff (Angel S-36874, stereo). This and the following recording present the twenty-two-year-old French pianist in his American début on records. He was heard in New York this season for the first time. He is obviously a talented and sensitive artist, with a particular flair for French impressionist music, a fluent technique, and a remarkable feeling for color. Whether he is as outstanding in a wider variety of music is a question that will be answered when he undertakes the great and profound works of the piano repertoire.

Stravinsky's Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra, Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra, and Mouvements for Piano and Orchestra are presented by the Orchestre de Paris, Seiji Ozawa conducting (Angel S-36875, stereo). Again, Mr. Beroff is an engaging master of a small area of the pianistic repertoire. Both the Concerto and the Capriccio are in Stravinsky's neo-classical vein, and the Mouvements is a late work in post-Webern serial technique.

Rachmaninoff's "Seven Songs" and Moussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death," with Irina Arkhipova as mezzo-soprano and John Wustman as pianist, are combined in Melodiya/Angel SR-40198, stereo. The Rachmaninoff songs are lieder in the best sense of the word, and rank among his best compositions. The Moussorgsky items have the drama and individuality peculiar to the composer. All the music is haunting. Miss Arkhipova, the leading mezzo-soprano at the Bolshoi Opera, is the perfect artist for conveying the deep emotionalism of both the Rachmaninoff and the Moussorgsky songs. Her voice is a rich, rounded instrument capable of the utmost in dramatic portrayal, and she sings with a refinement of style that is quite out of the ordinary.

Handel's Suites for Harpsichord, Nos. 1 to 4, are played by Glenn Gould (Columbia M-31512, stereo). Whenever a fine pianist devotes himself to the harpsichord, I wonder just what is so special about harpsichord playing, but then I may not have heard enough harpsichord music. To me, Mr. Gould's performances of these suites are stunning, and they show the sort of scholarship that re-creates and enhances the music of Handel's period. His preludes are done with expert and necessary improvisation and considerable rubato. The more rhythmic movements receive crisp and pleasing treatment.

Bach's Four Great Organ Toccatas are recorded by Harry Grodberg on the organ of the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory (Melodiya/Angel SR-40195, stereo). These are the D-Minor Toccata and Fugue (S. 565), the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C (S. 564), the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, known as the "Dorian" (S. 538), and the Toccata and Fugue in E (S. 566). The organ is of the nineteenth-century type, grand and powerful, and Mr. Grodberg plays it with a magnificent technique and an obvious devotion to Bach. He does not make as much drama out of the opening of the D-Minor Toccata as some Western organists do. He is, on the whole, rather restrained, letting Bach speak for himself. And the music is, of course, the best of the best.

Tartini's Two Sonatas (the "Devil's Trill" and "Didone Abbandonata"), and Brahms' Sonata No. 1 in G, Opus 78, played by David Oistrakh, violinist, and Frieda Bauer, pianist, appear on Melodiya/Angel SR-40197, stereo. Mr. Oistrakh's commanding skill and superb taste are hardly news. Miss Bauer is accomplished enough to be a suitable companion, and together they give these works just the right treatment—violin on top for the Tartini, with scrupulous attention to good eighteenth-century style, and sober and in the best chamber-music tradition for the Brahms. Oistrakh's solid attack and brilliant technique show wonderfully in the Tartini items. The Brahms, which is Brahms at his most pleasing, is performed immaculately.

"Amorous Dialogues of the Renaissance" is played by the Accademia Monteverdiana, under the direction of Denis Stevens (Nonesuch H-71272, stereo). The Accademia Monteverdiana is an ensemble of eight solo singers, all of them topnotch, and the music contains utterly charming sixteenth- and early-seventeenth-century a-cappella items by Giaches de Wert, Christoph Demantius, Orlando di Lasso, Giovanni and Andrea Gabrieli, Hans Leo Hassler, Thomas Morley, and Adrian Willaert. They are all love songs, as the title suggests, and some of the texts are by Guarini, Ronsard, Tasso, and Petrarch. The performances are clear in diction and clean in intonation. The seventeenth-century-music buff will be overwhelmed; even the casual listener who considers such music an oddity will be enchanted.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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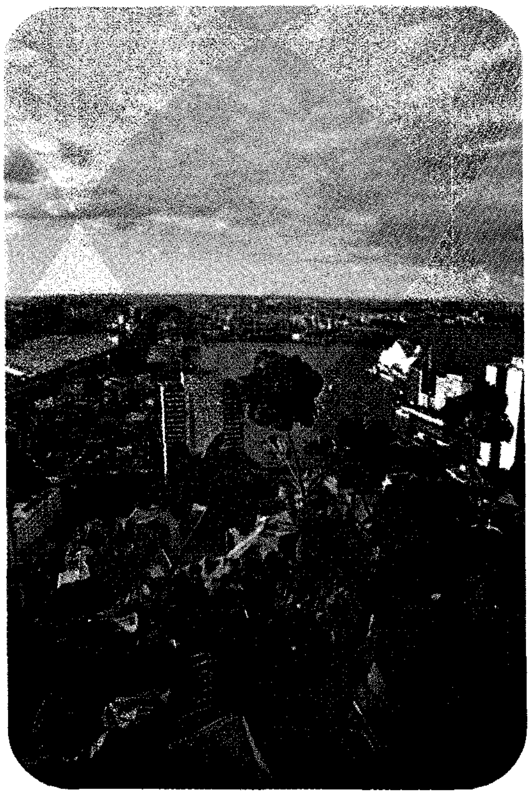

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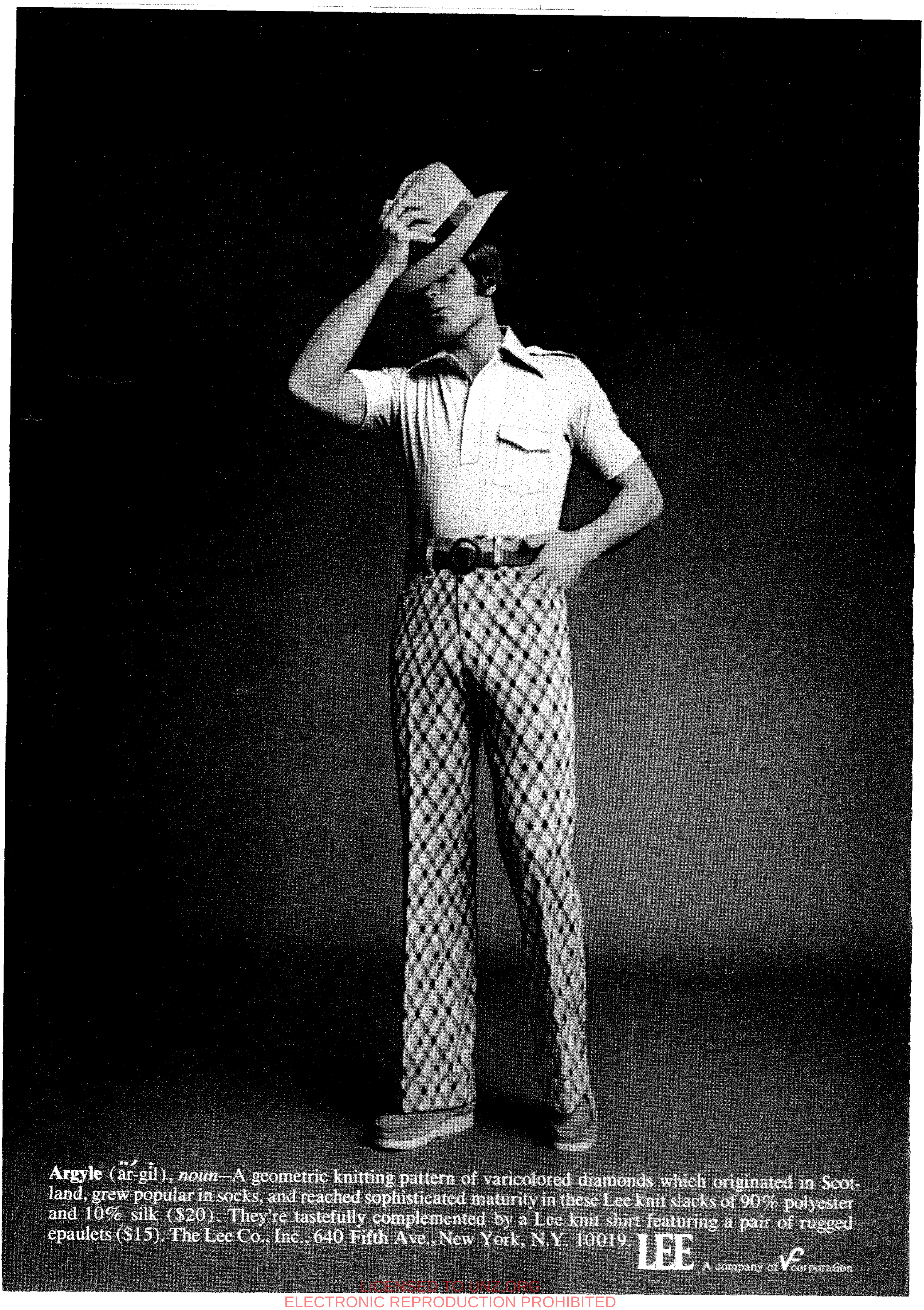

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

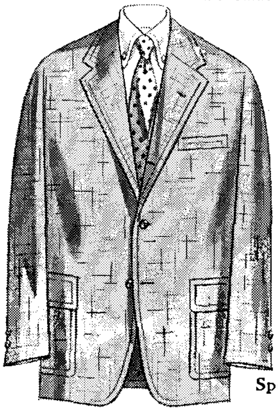
Lost and Found

TO lambaste a Ross Hunter production is like flogging a sponge. At first, with his remakes of "Magnificent Obsession," "Imitation of Life," and "Madame X," he was involved in camp parasitism. Since the phenomenal success of "Airport," he has become America's most sanctimonious apostle of old-movie-queen glamour and the kitsch of our ancestors. Now he brings us his "Lost Horizon." In a sense, all his movies are lost horizons; they're for people nostalgic for a simpler pop culture. He is to movies what Liberace is to music, and once, on a television talk show, I saw them both—Hunter castigating "dirty entertainment," and Liberace leaning over, his jacket twinkling, to say how much he agreed—and the two unctuous smiles came together. Mr. Bland and Mr. Bland.

James Hilton's "Lost Horizon," with its inspired gimmick—longevity—was published in 1933 and took off immediately; the name Shangri-La was already in widespread use in this country as both a dream and a joke before the first movie version, in 1937. Ross Hunter's version, directed by Charles Jarrott, is in color and is padded out with a wan operetta score by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. Hunter has retained Hilton's invincibly banal ideas—*virgo intacta*, so to speak—though the screenwriter, Larry Kramer, has made some cosmetic changes in the minor characters, the most amusing of which is the transformation of the hysterical prostitute into a hysterical, world-weary woman photographer from *Newsweek*—she, too, is redeemed. Set in uncharted territory high in the Himalayas, Shangri-La is a middle-class geriatric utopia—an idealized retirement village, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. The "harmony" and the air in this magical valley will cure your diseases and mend your aching broken bones. It's a prospectus conceived by a super con artist. The valley is ruled by a benevolent despot—the High Lama—and his male factotums, and the "harmony" must be protected by discreet restrictive covenants, since the Orientals are kept in their places, and no blacks, or even the brown-skinned people of nearby India, are among the residents. There's probably no way to rethink this material without throwing it all away. Shangri-La is the embodiment of an aging, frightened white man's dream—a persistent one, even though the cheery-goody haven, with its innocent pleasures, that Ross Hunter concocts is so vapid that the inhabitants might be driven to slide down the mountains to the nearest Sin City. Hunter has carried his campaign for moral cleanliness on the screen to unprecedented chastity. The actresses are as covered up as if they were in purdah. There are no love songs, and there isn't a chemical trace of sexual attraction in the pairs of "lovers"—Liv Ullmann and Peter Finch (as Conway), Sally Kellerman (as the hysteric from *Newsweek*) and George Kennedy, Olivia Hussey and Michael York. Two of the songs involve happy, frolicking children, and the big production number is a peasant celebration of the family called "Living Together, Growing Together." (The biggest laugh in the theatre greeted the arrival of the young men of the village—Broadway-style and mostly Caucasian men dancers, whose progeny in the film are Oriental.)

The leads are pitilessly miscast. As Conway in the old version, Ronald Colman had a fatuous charm; he spoke his lines rhythmically, and they glided by and could be taken with faintly pleased derision. But Finch, a firm, unobtrusive actor who creates characters, has no personality-star resources to fall back on. His shrouded performance consists of a series of sickly, noble little smiles, as if to reassure himself and his fellow-actors that this role, too, will pass. He's sympathetic in a stolid way that makes one wince for him when he's called upon to speak—or, worse, to soliloquize in song. Liv Ullmann, cast in what was a hopeless dear-sweet role even in the first version, manages to keep her dignity, though dignity on the screen is practically a negative quality. It's easy to forget that she's in the picture—which, all things considered, is probably the best thing that could happen to her; Finch is too painfully aware of his predicament to be forgotten. Nor

Dana Fradon



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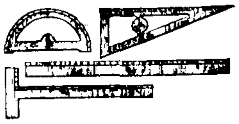

Vera Maxwell
is a very
pernickety
designer.

can we forget the ingénue (played by the pregnant Olivia Hussey) twirling heavily and being told by the adoring Michael York that in the outside world people would fight to see her dance. The altitude seems to have got to everybody. From the tone of the lyrics that Hal David gave the performers, he must have enlisted in Moral Re-Armament. At his most vigorous, poor Finch expresses himself in these words:

Will I find
There is really such a thing
As peace of mind?
And what I thought was living
Was truly just confusion,
The chance to live forever
Is really no illusion
And this all can be mine.
Why can't I make myself believe
it?
Can I accept what I see around
me?
Have I found Shangri-La or has it
found me?

To which his Tibetan little chickadee, Liv Ullmann, rejoins:

Where knowledge ends—faith be-
gins
And it shines like a star
Till your heart fills with hope and
with love.
I have looked in your heart,
I have faith in you.

This flatulent salvationary spirit is to be Shangri-La's gift to the world. It is the belief of the High Lama (Charles Boyer) that Shangri-La is an oasis of culture, and that when "the strong have devoured each other" this valley of brotherly love, with Finch as its ruler, will guide the meek survivors out of chaos. Shangri-La is *nice* people's idea of a cultural oasis. There is no discussion of ideas in the valley, no printing, no creative life, virtually no arts, or even crafts; everything is brought in from outside. And the government is invisible. Shangri-La hasn't solved any of the problems that drive nations to war; the story simply omits them. (Asked what would happen if two men wanted the same woman, the chief factotum, Chang—John Gielgud—replies that then the man who wanted her less would courteously yield to the other. Is it assumed that a woman necessarily wants the man who loves her most?) The have-nots are cheerful and obedient, and the haves enjoy their position. (The source of wealth is unspecified, but the valley is rich in gold, and, from the looks of the chintzy furnishings, it has been used "in moderation.") The culture consists of a collection of books, handsomely bound in leather, in a wood-panelled library: We don't have to be told that it's not

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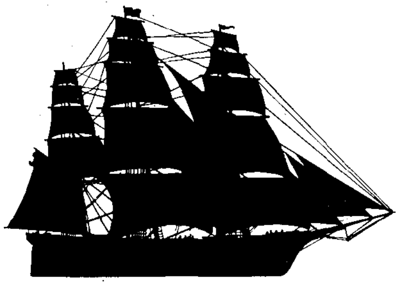

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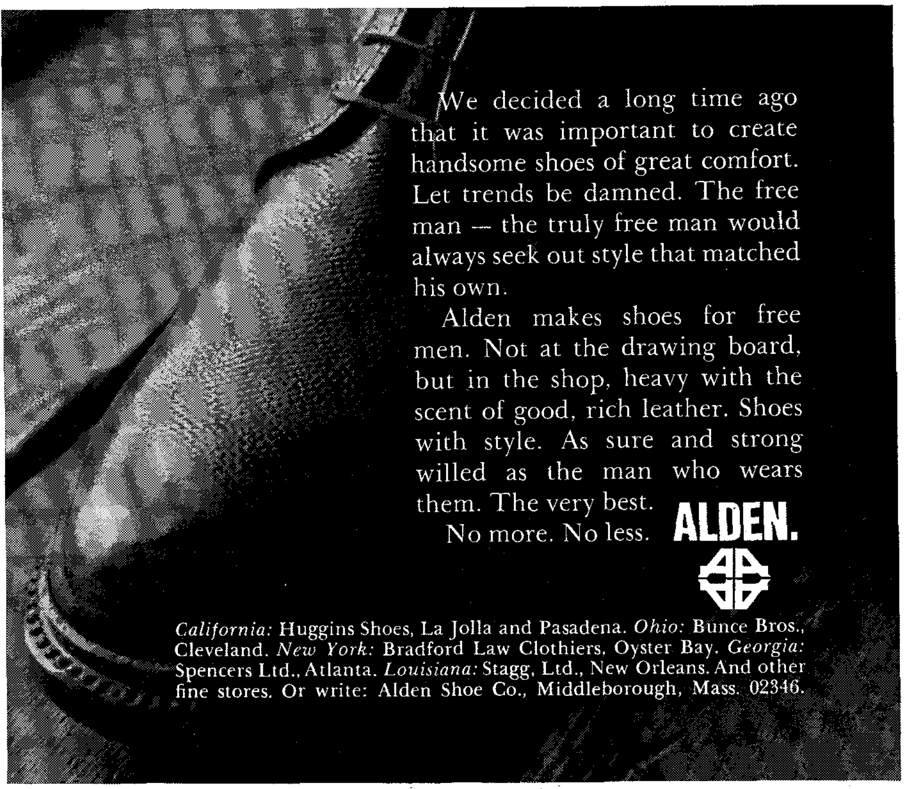
for the use of the Asian peasants and servants; it's definitely not a lending library. In this place that's going to guide the world, knowledge is for storage only. No one has apparently ever thought of consulting those books to learn how to build a dam, so the peasant women wouldn't have to carry water, bucket by bucket, from a stream. It's a dead culture they're preserving in their mausoleum, like a rich college's rare-book collection.

A daydream world of peace and health is best left to the imagination; constructed, it turns into a sanitarium, or worse. After directing "Anne of the Thousand Days" and "Mary, Queen of Scots," Charles Jarrott could have been selected for another spectacle only by a producer who wanted a man with no style and no personality—just a traffic manager. With their talents pooled, Hunter and Jarrott turn the valley of eternal life into the valley of eternal rest—a Himalayan Forest Lawn. It's not as if they had destroyed anything of value. Ross Hunter never starts with anything that one need have anxiety for. The 1937 movie was part popular adventure and part senile sentimentality, but Frank Capra, who directed, made the initial trip through the icy wastes lively, gave the think-tank vision a little cracker-barrel enthusiasm, and kept some pace even in the midst of all that serenity. Jarrott's version lacks visual contrasts, the narrative has no energy, and the pauses for the pedagogic songs are so awkward you may feel that the director's wheelchair needs oiling. It's entirely possible that to the nostalgic viewers Ross Hunter is aiming at, this torpor will be soothing. They may like to doze from time to time without fear of missing anything.

"IT adds years to your life," the young men from Calcutta in Satyajit Ray's "Days and Nights in the Forest" say of the country quiet, and it's easy to believe. Ray's images are so emotionally saturated that they become suspended in time and, in some cases, fixed forever. Satyajit Ray's films can give rise to a more complex feeling of happiness in me than the work of any other director. I think it must be because our involvement with his characters is so direct that we are caught up in a blend of the fully accessible and the inexplicable, the redolent, the mysterious. We accept the resolutions he effects not merely as resolutions of the stories but as truths of human experience. Yet it isn't only a matter of thinking, Yes, this is the way it



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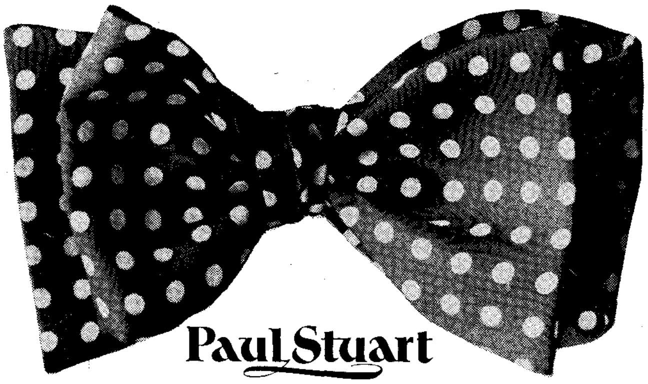

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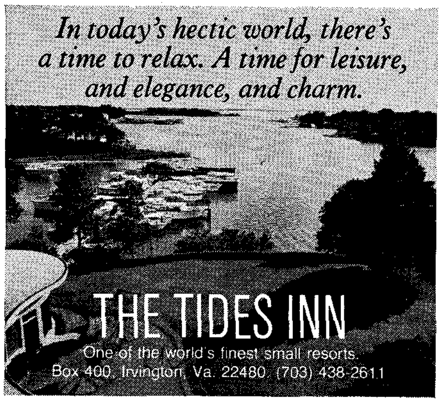

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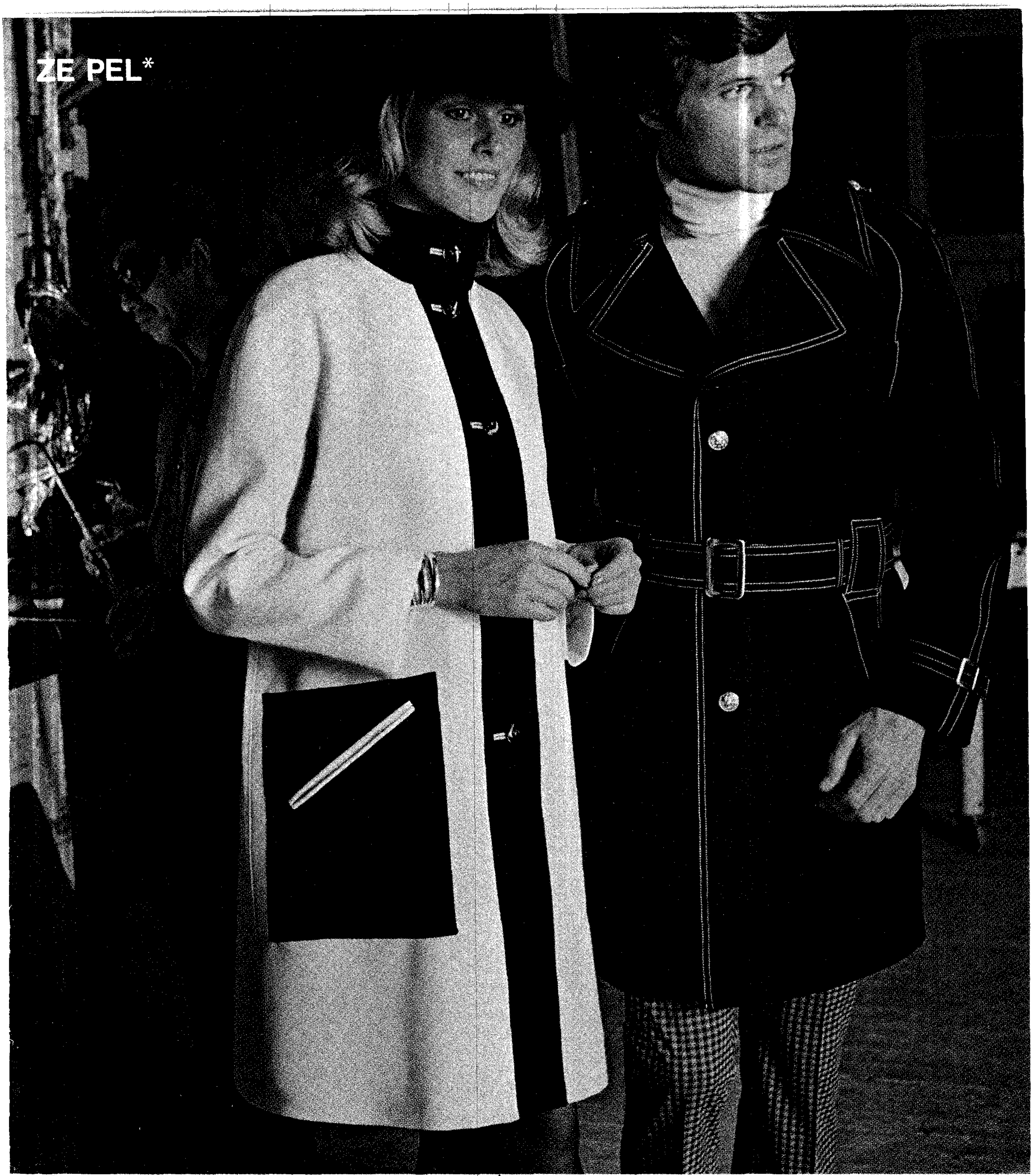
is. What we assent to is only a component of the pattern of associations in his films; to tell the stories does not begin to suggest what the films call to mind or why they're so moving. There is always a residue of feeling that isn't resolved. Two young men sprawled on a porch after a hot journey, a drunken group doing the Twist in the dark on a country road, Sharmila Tagore's face lit by a cigarette lighter, her undulating walk in a sari—the images are suffused with feeling and become overwhelmingly, sometimes unbearably beautiful. The emotions that are imminent may never develop, but we're left with the sense of a limitless yet perhaps harmonious natural drama that the characters are part of. There are always larger, deeper associations impending; we recognize the presence of the mythic in the ordinary. And it's the mythic we're left with after the ordinary has been (temporarily) resolved.

When "Days and Nights in the Forest," which was made in 1969, was shown at the New York Film Festival in 1970, it received a standing ovation, and it seemed so obvious that a film of this quality—and one more immediate in its appeal than many of Ray's works—would be snapped up by a distributor that I waited to review it upon its theatre opening. But distributors are often lazy men who don't bother much with festivals, least of all with films that are shown at the dinner hour (it went on at six-thirty); they wait for the *Times.* The review was condescendingly kindly and brief—a mere five and a half inches, and not by the first-string critic—and "Days and Nights in the Forest," which is a major film by a major artist, is finally opening, two and a half years later, for a week's run at a small theatre. On the surface, it is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta driving together for a few days in the country, their interrelations, and what happens to them in the forest, which is both actual and metaphorical. As the men rag each other and bicker, we quickly sort them out. Ashim is a rising executive and the natural leader of the group. Lordly and disdainful to underlings, he is the worst-behaved; the most intelligent, he is also the most dissatisfied with his life and himself—he feels degraded. He and Sanjoy, who is more polite and reticent, used to slave on a literary magazine they edited, but they have settled down. Ashim is much like what Apu might have turned into if he had been corrupted, and he is played by Soumitra Chatterjee, who was Apu in "The World of Apu." On this holiday in the forest, Ashim meets Aparna, played by the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore (who ten years before, when she was fourteen, played Aparna, Apu's exquisite bride). In his fine book on the Apu Trilogy, Robin Wood wrote that the physical and spiritual beauty of Soumitra Chatterjee and Sharmila Tagore seems "the ideal incarnation of Ray's belief in human potentialities." And I think they represent that to Ray, and inspire him to some of his finest work (he used them also in "Devi") because they are modern figures with overtones of ancient deities. Unlike the other characters in "Days and Nights in the Forest," they bridge the past and the future and—to some degree—India and the West. As Ray uses them, they embody more than we can consciously grasp. But we feel it: when Sharmila Tagore in her sunglasses and white slacks stands still for a second, she's a creature of fable—the image carries eternity. Even her melodious voice seems old and pure, as if it had come through fire.

Ashim has been strangling in the business bureaucracy of Calcutta; frustrated, he has become an egotist, and confidently condescending to women. Aparna, a city girl vacationing at her father's house in the forest along with her widowed sister-in-law, is not impressed by his big-city line. Her irony and good sense cut through his arrogance, and, made to feel foolish, he rediscovers his humanity. Underneath their love story, and the stories of Ashim's companions, there's the melancholy and corruption of their class and country. In a quiet way, the subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism the screen has ever had. It is the tragedy of the bright young generation who have internalized the master race (like many of the refugees from Hitler who came to America); their status identity is so British that they treat all non-Anglicized Indians as non-persons. The caste system and the British attitudes seem to have conspired to turn them into self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. The highest compliment the quartet can bestow on Aparna's father's cottage is to say, "The place looks absolutely English." We don't laugh at them, though, because they're achingly conscious of being anachronistic and slightly ridiculous. When we see them playing tennis in the forest,



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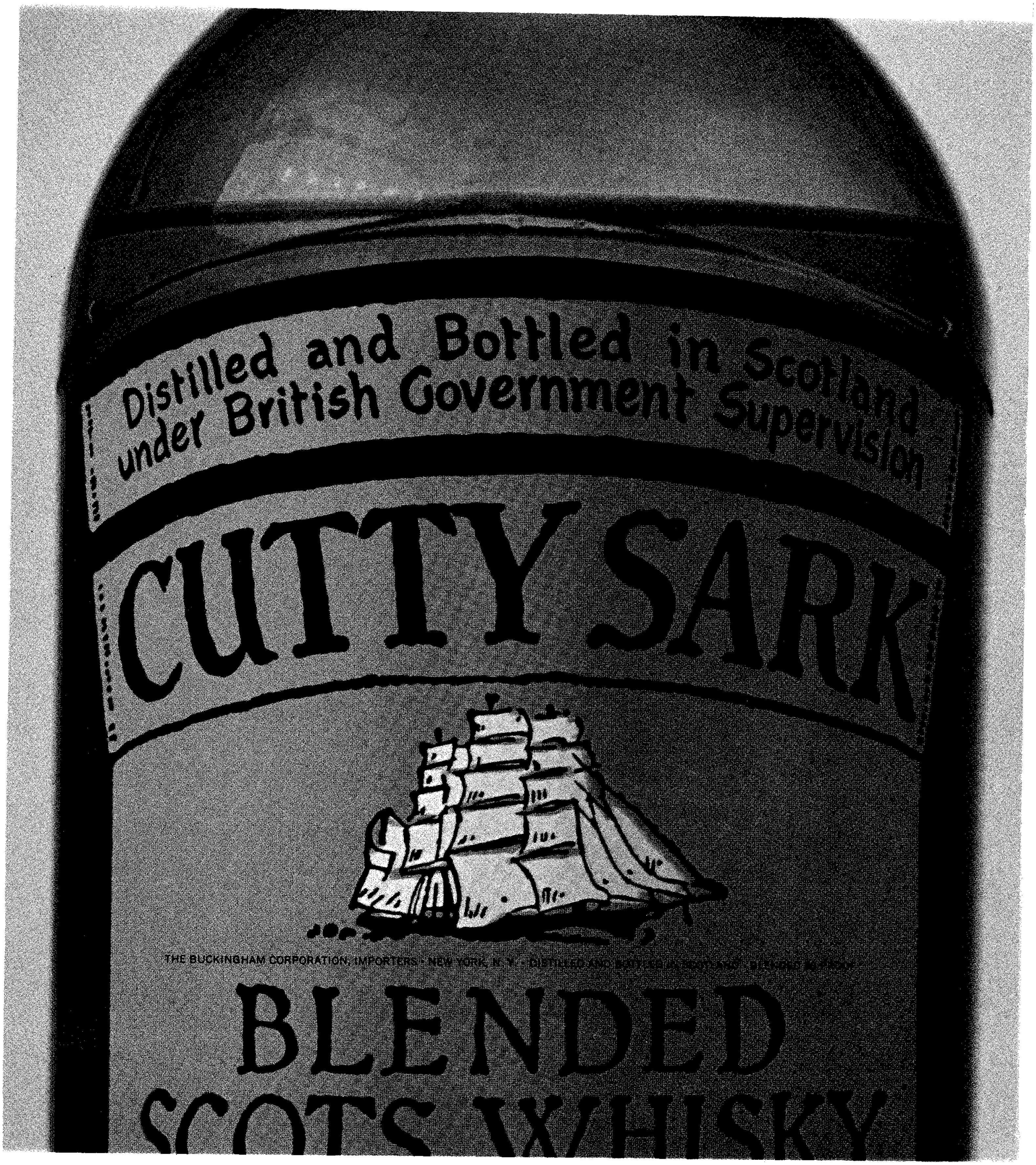
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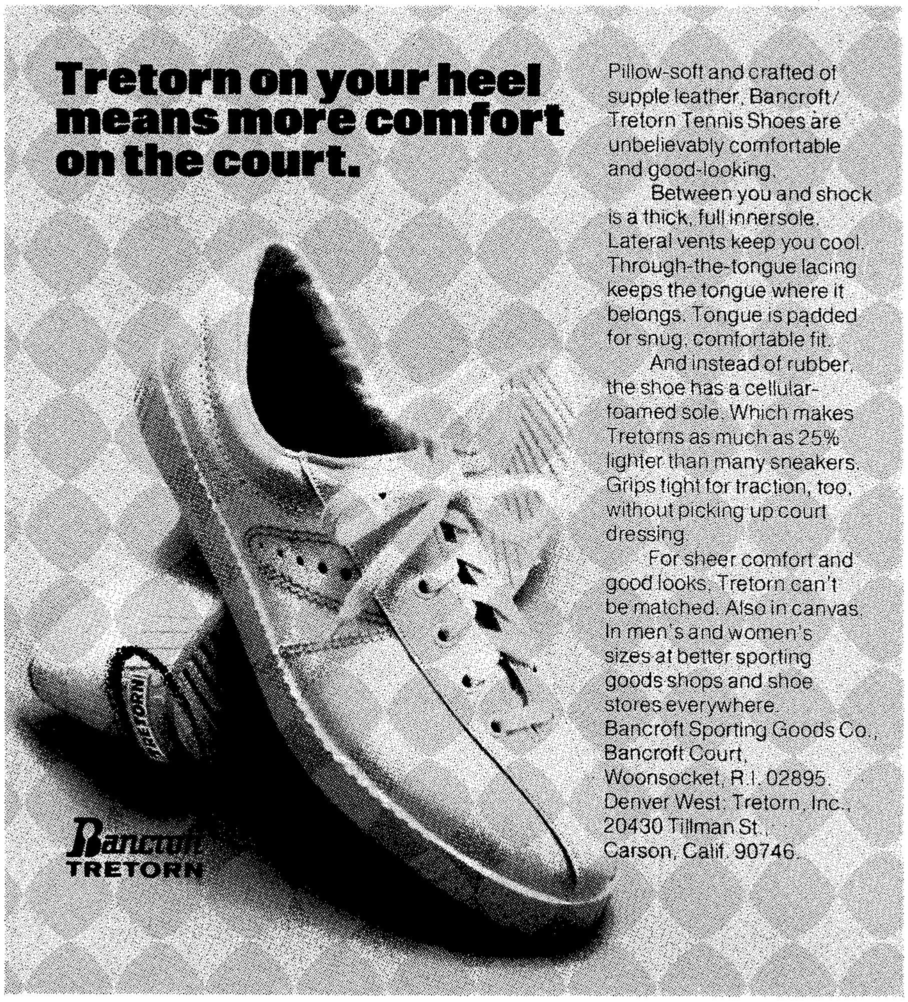
the image is so ambiguous that our responses come in waves.

Ray not only directed but did the screenplay (from a novel by Sunil Ganguly), drew the credit titles, and wrote the music. His means as a director are among the most intuitively right in all moviemaking: he knows when to shift the camera from one face to another to reveal the utmost, and he knows how to group figures in a frame more expressively than anyone else. He doesn't butt into a scene; he seems to let it play itself out. His understatement makes most of what is thought of as film technique seem unnecessary, and even decadent, because he does more without it. (No Western director has been able to imitate him.) The story is told with great precision at the same time that the meanings and associations multiply. Ray seems to add something specifically Eastern to the "natural" style of Jean Renoir. Renoir, too, put us in unquestioning and total—yet discreet—contact with his people, and everything seemed fluid and easy, and open in form. But Renoir's time sense is different. What is distinctive in Ray's work (and it may be linked to Bengali traditions in the arts, and perhaps to Sanskrit) is that sense of imminence—the suspension of the images in a larger context. The rhythm of his films seems not slow but, rather, meditative, as if the viewer could see the present as part of the past and could already reflect on what is going on. There is a rapt, contemplative quality in the beautiful intelligence of his ideal lovers. We're not at all surprised in this film that both Ashim and Aparna have phenomenal memories; we knew that from looking at them.

Ray takes a risk when he contrasts his poetic sense of time against the hasty Western melodramatic tradition. One of the four young men is a figure in the sporting world—Hari, who is quick-tempered and rash. He has just been jilted by a dazzler of a girl for his insensitivity. (He answered a six-page letter from her in a single curt sentence.) Hari picks up a local "tribal" girl in the forest for some fast sex, and he is also attacked and almost killed by a servant he has wrongly accused of stealing. The scenes relating to Hari (especially those dealing with the equally thoughtless local girl) feel very thin and unconvincing, because they are conventional. They have no mystery, no resonance, and though this is surely deliberate, the contrast doesn't succeed; the scenes seem more contrived than they would in an American movie. In a scene by a river, Sharmila Tagore's glance brings Hari



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back into the film's harmony, but he goes out again. The fourth young man, Sekhar, has no subplot; he's a plump buffoon, a fawning hanger-on, who drops pidgin-English phrases into his conversation as if they were golden wit. Like Joyce Cary's Mr. Johnson in Africa, he's a joke the British left behind. Nothing happens to him; spinelessly affable, he behaves in the country as he does in the city.

It is the shy Sanjoy who has the worst experience. Aparna's sister-in-law, the young, heavily sensual widow, makes a physical overture to him. She has been flirting with him for days, and we have observed the ordinariness of her middle-class character, listened to the coyness in her slightly disagreeable voice; we know that he is flattered by her attention and oblivious of the import of her broad smiles and provocative, teasing manner. When she lures him in at night with an offer of real coffee and puts her hand on his chest, we see his stricken face, and we are torn in half. She hadn't seen in him what we had, or he in her. Ray, without our full awareness, has prepared us, and now we are brought closer to them both than we had ever anticipated. This desperately lonely woman might be too much for most men, and this man is less secure than most. The moment of his petrified indecision about how to retreat and her realization of the rejection is a fully tragic experience. Ray is a master psychologist: the pain for us is the deeper because Ray had made her so coarse-grained that we hadn't cared for her; now her humiliation illuminates what was going on in her while we were dismissing her for her middle-classness and the tension in her voice. No artist has done more than Satyajit Ray to make us reëvaluate the commonplace. And only one or two other film artists of his generation—he's just past fifty—can make a masterpiece that is so lucid and so inexhaustibly rich. At one point, the four young blades and the two women sit in a circle on picnic blankets and play a memory game that might be called Let Us Now Praise Famous Men; it's a pity that James Agee didn't live to see the films of Satyajit Ray, which fulfill Agee's dreams.

—PAULINE KAEL

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THE RACE TRACK

Fat Cat

WELL, Cougar II made it. Congratulations! Second last year and the year before in California's Santa Anita Handicap, the old fellow (he's seven) beat Kennedy Road, a stablemate, by a short nose in last Saturday's running. I wish I'd been there to see it. They say it was the most thrilling finish since War Knight, First Fiddle, and Snow Boots went under the wire inches apart, way back in 1946. (I saw that one.) This time, the crowd—the largest of the meeting—had a long wait while the stewards pondered the bumping of Kennedy Road and Cougar II in the run through the stretch. Nothing came of it. Though Cougar II, owned by Mrs. Mary Jones, and Kennedy Road, owned by Mrs. A. W. Stollery, are both trained by Charlie Whittingham, there were separate odds against them in the mutuels. That's the way they do it out there. Cougar II went off as the favorite, at 3–2. Incidentally, it was the fourth time that Whittingham has saddled the winner of the Big 'Cap, and the second time that he's run one-two in it. Prize money of $105,000 brought Cougar II's earnings to $911,391, and he might make it a million if he's lucky in the San Juan Capistrano next month. Oh, yes, a long shot named Cabin was third.

THE Roseben Handicap, named for a famous sprinter they called the Big Train, had its thirtieth running at Aqueduct last Saturday, and it was opening day's Paumonok all over again, except that it had a different winner. Traffic Cop beat North Sea, who had won the Paumonok, by three parts of a length, with Onion third. Jim Conway, who trains Traffic Cop for Mrs. Adele Rand, sent him up from Florida for the Paumonok as sharp as jailhouse coffee, but apparently he didn't like the track or the weather or something, because instead of going to the front, as he usually does, he was fifth all the way. In the Roseben, he was close on North Sea's heels for most of the first half mile, and wore him down in the stretch. Traffic Cop had a seven-pound pull in the weights, and that probably helped. Aqueduct had another good Saturday; a crowd of thirty-nine thousand bet $4,557,742.

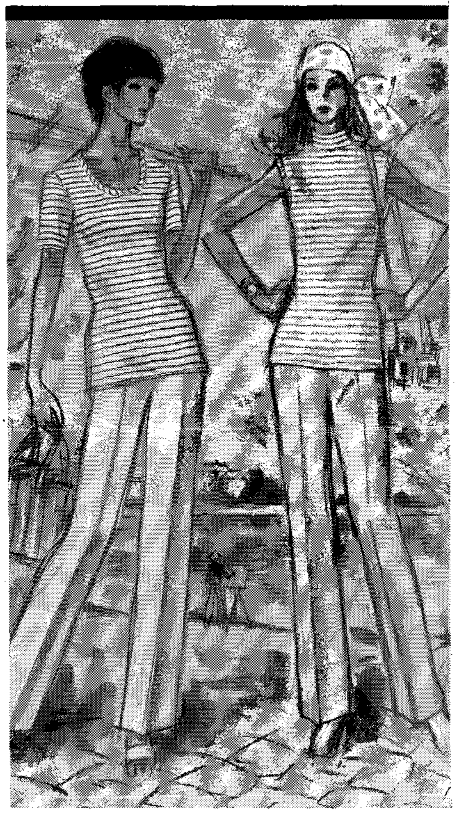
"THEY all get beat, sooner or later," says my favorite trainer. It happened last week to La Prevoyante, who won all of her twelve starts last season, on opening day at Gulfstream Park. It seems that she started out slowly, and when she did get going she simply couldn't catch Bold Memory, who led her home by three lengths in 1:08⅘, equalling the track record for six furlongs. Though disappointed, Yonnie Starr, who trains La Prevoyante, wasn't brokenhearted; he thought it was a good effort for her first time out this year. They're running fast at Gulfstream; Shecky Greene won the Hutcheson, at seven furlongs, in 1:20⅘. Triumphant, third in the Widener, won the Donn Handicap last Saturday from Second Bar, Gentle Smoke, and four others.

GARDEN STATE PARK opened the season in Jersey last Saturday, the earliest ever, with the Cherry Hill Stakes, in which Marian Bender, a star of the past winter's racing in Maryland, made short work of ten other three-year-old fillies. It was her fifth consecutive victory. By the way, Marian Bender, who was bred by Dr. Edgar Berman (he raises racers for pleasure and profit on a farm in Baltimore County), is an orphan. Her mother, Appealable, by Hail to Reason, died when her foal was about a week old, and Dr. Berman, his wife, and the men of all work on the farm fed the infant a formula from baby bottles, plus milk and raw eggs in quantity. She thrived on the diet and grew into a sizable yearling, and the Doctor sold her to Norman Seltzer, a Canadian, in whose colors she runs. In her first start, at Laurel in November, she finished second. A week later, she beat the same sort of opposition by nearly five lengths. Moving on to Bowie, she won an allowance race and two stakes. Now people are wondering how good she is.

VINCENT BRACCIALE, the favorite jockey of Bowie racegoers, had a big week in the saddle. On Monday he rode six winners, on Tuesday he rode two, on Wednesday four, on Thursday three, on Friday two, and on Saturday not one, in eight tries. That's how it goes.

SOMEONE in Reno making a future book on the Kentucky Derby has Secretariat the favorite, at 5–2. I'm surprised they didn't send him out 2–5.

—AUDAX MINOR



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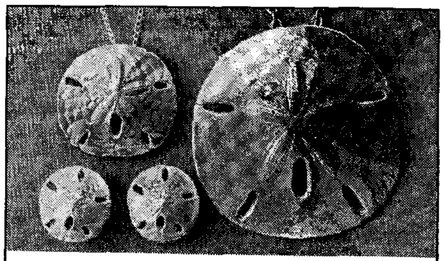

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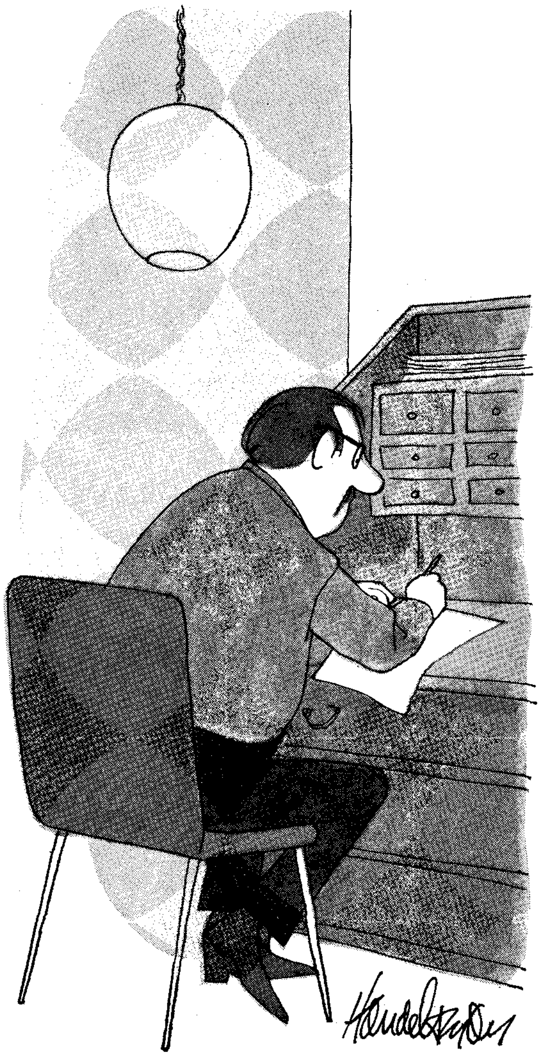
BOOKS

Where It Hurts

"DO YOU HEAR THEM?," by Nathalie Sarraute (translated from the French by Maria Jolas and published by Braziller), is particularly well titled, for in this novel Mme. Sarraute seems to have accomplished her work of abandoning description for conversation and interior monologue. The book appeals very strongly to the ear. The effect on me is less that of speech than of song: recitatives, duets, concerted numbers—a marvellous chamber opera of family hate. Its theme is Shakespeare's "crabbed age and youth cannot live together"—the deeply affecting, unending war between a father and his children. The father—the book's title is his question, posed to a friend about those children—rejects the coarse and greedy epithet "collector" for the warier and more selective "connoisseur," but his children (the oldest, with whom his conflict is keenest, is a teen-age daughter) rebuff all his attempts to interest them in the arts. They whisper and giggle in his presence and behind his back. The sound of his children laughing—"Do you hear them?" is a refrain—is not a joy but a torment to their parent. The hatred in this family exists before the book opens, and it appears wholly beyond anyone's control (or self-control); indeed, both father and children claim—to his friend, to a teacher, to a social worker called in at the neighbors' request, and, most frequently, to each other—that all he or they really want is to make it up, to heal the breach, to come to terms. The reader cannot decide who is lying, and, of course, it may be that none of them is. The father's anxiety, suspiciousness, and rage are, by ordinary domestic standards, excessive, but one also sees that the children are unusually expert at baiting him. Swifter than he, and trickier, they complete their malicious little stunts and reassume a pose of youthful innocence just as he begins to hurt.

The focus of their enmity in the book is a small pre-Columbian statue of a mythical animal—an exaggerated puma or jaguar—which the father adores. His daughter infuriates him by saying that it reminds her of Cretan sculpture. His anger seems absurd—daft, really. Why should this comment, which, so she says, she threw off merely to show some interest, to please her father, have the opposite effect? Yet the history of the relations between parent and children, as we learn in the course of the novel, is a tale in which every gesture on either side is taken as hostile, and is interpreted by the other as war.

Where is the rawness of life most painfully displayed? In war? Hospitals? Slums? Or in such a cultivated, upper-class household as this family's, established on disappointment and permeated by unquiet loathing? The father, as he tells his friend, sought refuge in—one might almost say burrowed into—art after the disappointment of his marriage to a philistine and, one gathers, shrilly unsympathetic woman, whose vulgar traits he fears he sees reappearing in his children. The anxiety he feels for them—how will my children turn out?—may once have been based on something like love, but it is loving no longer. And, of course, art is no refuge; it is itself part of the rawness of life. The father's beloved statue is not a cuddly bunny but a carnivorous beast, an artistic expression of feral power and destructiveness. The father's desperation is not cured by his gallery-going or his expertise; instead, gallery-going and expertise offer occasions for his hysterical furor. The rage and the rawness remain in him, just as they do in the statue, whose destiny provides the book's suspense. (I read the outcome as a defeat for the father. Other readers may see it as an exorcism.) And the rawness is in Mme. Sarraute's art, too. She polishes her prose and sharpens the pain.



"I, Cyrus Fancourt, being of sound mind, have decided to go crazy."

A PARTICULAR instance of the rawness of life—the Indian Mutiny of 1857—seems to haunt James Leasor. His fine history "The Red Fort," which was published here in 1957, dealt with the siege of Delhi in that rebellion, and he has now written a historical novel, "Follow the Drum" (Morrow), on the same subject. Leasor's fidelity to fact in his fiction is striking; he does not use the novel to invent answers to questions that he could not answer in history. For instance, before the uprising—in which a large part of the East India Company's private army mutinied—there were symptoms of unrest that Europeans ignored and many Indians did not understand. The whole population of India was atip, edgy, waiting for something. (Once the rebellion began, civilians joined the sepoys, the professional soldiers.) In both books Leasor offers informed opinions—no more—as to the cause of the revolt. Neither book makes clear to me whether the belief that led directly to the mutiny was accurate. The sepoys had been issued rifles with cartridges that had to be greased for loading, and the men were convinced that the grease was cow fat, which is forbidden to Hindus, and pork fat, forbidden to Muslims. Mr. Leasor reports that some English commanders denied the charge; no one at the time seems to have said what the stuff really was.

Leasor may not know. But one is curious whether the East India Company, which in its business and administrative dealings in India figures in both books as a rapacious corporation, was also a wholly insensitive and unimaginative one.

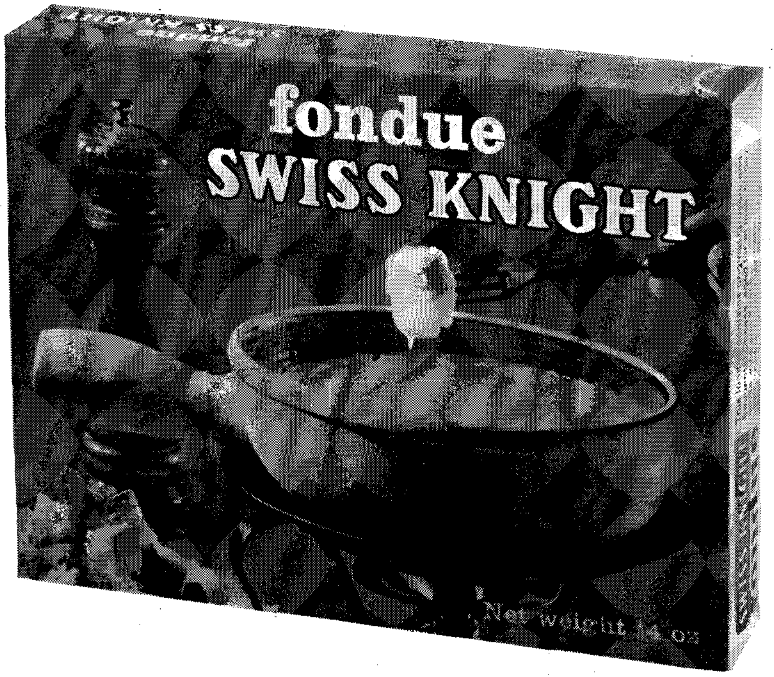
Leasor's search for meanings—for assurance that the horrors and massacres of the mutiny were not in vain, that some good came of them—is no confident quest. The hero of his novel, a young English officer named Lang, who loses his fiancée and learns what war is, emerges feeling grown-up and a soldier; he has seen courage, cruelty, and—perhaps hardest of all for someone of his background—financial corruption. Lang does not yet know what Mr. Leasor's history tells us—that in response to the mutiny the British Crown took over the government of India from the East India Company, and deliberately began the process of modernization that Western nineteenth-century thinkers like Marx regarded as hopeful. Leasor, in any case, does not supply Lang with foresight or with ideas about imperialism and progress. The gruesome bloodshed that was the prelude to the change of administration is the substance of his novel, and not the change of administration itself. Yet Mr. Leasor, who is something less than a great artist but something more than a sound professional, is clearly turning all sorts of questions over in his mind as he gets on with his realistic, energetic narrative. Possibly the love story he introduces may offer us a clue to where he arrives. It is a romance between an English colonel's daughter and a Hindu prince, which begins as a sexual affair, develops tenderness and then love, and ends in marriage. Perhaps Leasor has, as a novelist, returned to history to remind us (or himself) that where there is hatred there may also be love. This is not exactly an answer to the problem of cruelty and suffering—of evil—but it is a consolation.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Autograph Hound, by John Lahr (Knopf). An interesting, if somewhat shallow, first novel by the young *Village Voice* drama critic that takes us through one frenetic week in the life of Benny Walsh: lumpenprol, loser, busboy, autograph collector. Benny's room is plastered with glossies of the stars, and his time is measured from one autograph to the next. He has sexual problems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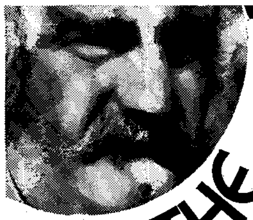
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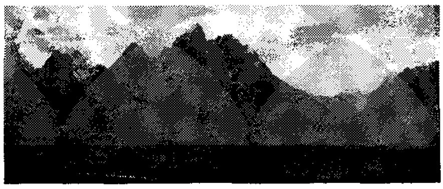

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and very little money, but he is so absorbed in the comings and goings of the famous that he considers his own ratty existence almost beside the point. The dialogue gallops along at a fairly hysterical pace, which is often trying but suits the subject and gives the book a certain energy. There is also a strong sense of momentum here that comes not from the things that happen to Benny (the loss of his job, his rather touching friendship with a porno-flick actress) but from the demented high he maintains as he busily stalks the—superbly described—haunts of the famous (Sardi's, the insides of TV studios, the lobbies of hotels), hoping for a strike. One wishes, however, that there were fewer hints that Benny's madness was oh so American, that his speech were a little less clever and poetic, and that Mr. Lahr had been better able to decide whether he was going to aim for verisimilitude or laughs.

GENERAL

Soldier, by Anthony B. Herbert, with James T. Wooten (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This is at once a memoir and an indictment. Colonel Herbert, who was the most decorated enlisted man of the Korean war, tells the story of his life down to his decision, last year, to retire from the Army, and argues, as he goes, that the United States Army is a mediocre fighting force. He blames this inadequacy on a failure of leadership, from bottom to top. He sees the Army's leaders as trying to make matériel do the work of men and, in Vietnam, letting atrocities pass for combat. (Colonel Herbert says he was pretty well forced to retire, because he insisted on calling attention to American atrocities that his superiors wanted to ignore.) He has a variety of ideas about tactics—as for strategy, he mentions with approval General Gavin's "enclave" proposal—but the malaise he is discussing goes to the heart of any armed force, and perhaps the society from which it springs. Whether everything Colonel Herbert alleges is true no reader can say; until there is a detailed, plausible, official rebuttal of Herbert's charges readers will probably accept at least some of them.

Letters of Roger Fry, in two volumes, edited and with an introduction by Denys Sutton (Random House). The seven hundred-odd letters and parts of letters included here comprise, the editor says, no more than a sampling from a huge correspondence that ranges from Fry's early days to his death, at the age of sixty-eight. Writing to his mother from boarding school when he was twelve, he signs himself "Goodbye from your very dear son, Roger E. Fry." It is the key to his radiant personality. With the same lack of self-consciousness, he put himself and everything that happened to him in his letters, which were written, for the most part, to people who had engaged his affections. Painting, writing art criticism, buying Old Masters for the Metropolitan Museum and for Morgan and Frick and other millionaire collectors and even (though he was in straitened circumstances) for himself, lecturing, organizing exhibitions that are now part of the history of twentieth-century art, designing textiles and ceramics and furniture, trying to reduce to some kind of intellectual order the innumerable aspects of art that caught his fancy—whatever it was, he felt the need to tell someone about it. He had his share of trouble. His wife, whom he loved, went insane. During a good part of his public life, he was undervalued. His aesthetic ideas aroused the indignation not merely of philistines but also of the highly cultivated. He put his whole heart and soul into his painting and it met with indifference. Nevertheless, he remained unembittered and wide open to every kind of experience. In 1918, Aldous Huxley wrote his brother that he had spent the weekend with "old Roger Fry, who for a man of over fifty is far the youngest person I have ever seen. I am not sure that he isn't really younger than one is oneself. So susceptible to new ideas, so much interested in things, so disliking the old—it is wonderful." So are these letters. Thirty dollars.

Juror Number Four: The Trial of Thirteen Black Panthers As Seen from the Jury Box, by Edwin Kennebeck (Norton). An engaging, low-keyed account, based on the author's diary, of the lengthy (eight-month) trial in 1970-71 in which the defendants were accused of a variety of heinous deeds and plans, including a conspiracy to blow up several New York department stores. Mr. Kennebeck, an editor at Viking, relates his open-minded beginnings—he thought it possible the indictment was accurate—and his

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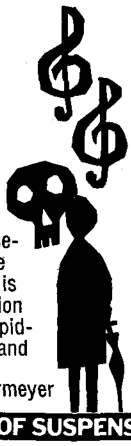

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mounting dismay as the thinness of the prosecution's case became apparent. Jurors are not allowed to discuss a case with anyone, including one another, and so Kennebeck wondered, as month followed month, whether this one or that saw the evidence and the participants as he did. The vote for acquittal was speedy enough to gratify him, and to leave him worried about grand juries, which bring indictments, though reassured by petit juries, like his, which hear trials.

Absolutely Nothing to Get Alarmed About, by Charles Wright (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Charles Wright is a good novelist, a resident of seedy hotels, a compulsive popper of pills, and an acute reporter. In recent years, he has been angry and unhappy a lot of the time, and this raw-nerved, bitter journal, begun in 1967, explains why, and is also probably the clearest picture to have emerged of what it feels like nowadays to be poor, black, and American. Between dishwashing and occasional writing jobs, Mr. Wright has spent many hours drifting around New York observing and communing with the city's most godforsaken—its drug addicts, prostitutes, pimps, drunks, thieves, and, frequently, children—especially on the lower East Side. These closeups of friends and strangers are sometimes cruel, sometimes wry (his comments on the affluent bohemian élite are very funny), but always intimate—and, unquestionably, depressingly true to life.

We Have All Gone Away, by Curtis Harnack (Doubleday). These reminiscences of a childhood on an Iowa farm are exceptionally good, their artistry and honesty shaping each chapter to make the reader an elegant gift of the author's experience. Mr. Harnack's particulars are vivid, and they invariably illuminate a general point, such as the farmer's uneasy relation to nature—part victim, part master. The book teems with fully realized characters, some likable, some affecting, and at least one purely hilarious.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three, by John Godey (Putnam). A fast-moving, creepily believable cliff-hanger about four men who hijack a subway train—sixteen passengers and a motorman are held as hostages for a million-dollar ransom—which will appall subway regu-

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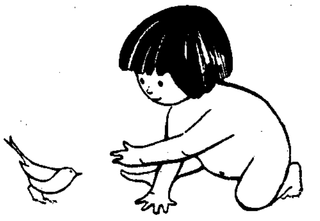

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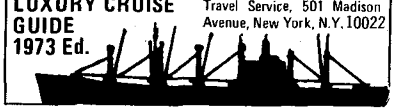

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lars who thought they had already seen the worst that the I.R.T. had to offer, and delight those who have a passion for inside information about New York City. Mr. Godey has lived in four of the five boroughs and demonstrates a gruff, knowing affection for them all. Among the fascinating things one picks up here are how the trains work, how the subway system is run, and how the metropolitan train and police bureaucracies help (or hinder) each other. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

DEATH CLAIMS, by Joseph Hansen (Harper & Row). Mr. Hansen has handicapped himself with a considerable burden of currently fashionable fripperies. His hero, a claims investigator for a life-insurance company, is (though big, tough, and all that) homosexual. His story has to do with drugs and with the murder of an addict (insured for twenty thousand dollars) whose son is a closet queen. He chooses much too often to write like Ross Macdonald at his most highfalutin: "He left her like that, alone, in the middle of the handsome make-believe room, at the end of her make-believe life." And his setting is Southern California. But he has a real gift for storytelling—for character, for scene, for pace independent of violence—and he survives.

THUNDER ON SUNDAY, by Karen Campbell (Bobbs-Merrill). This fine suspense story begins and ends aboard a Celtic Airways jet plane en route from Labrador to Glasgow. A sudden storm forces the pilot to land on Ardnabegh, a remote Scottish island where the few inhabitants are mysteriously inhospitable and where the only telephone is out of order and will be for weeks. Mrs. Campbell handles her large cast of characters superficially but with skill and humor, and the mystery of the island is a good one, easily understood, and believable once it is explained.

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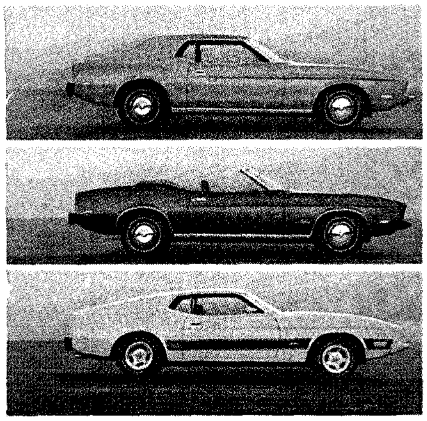
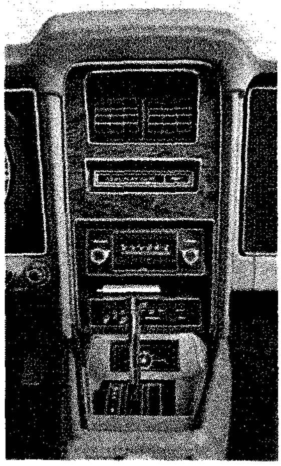
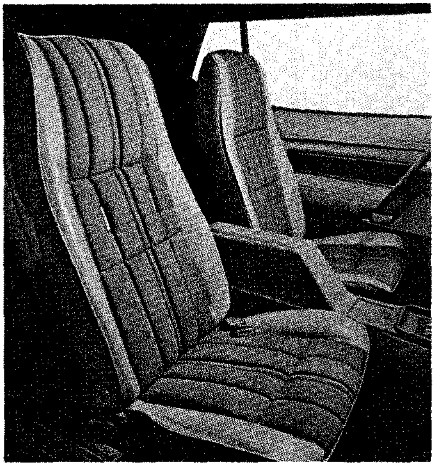


From top: Mustang Hardtop, Convertible, Mach I.





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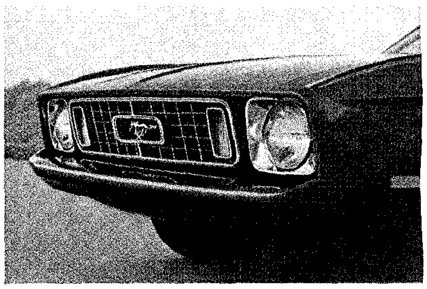

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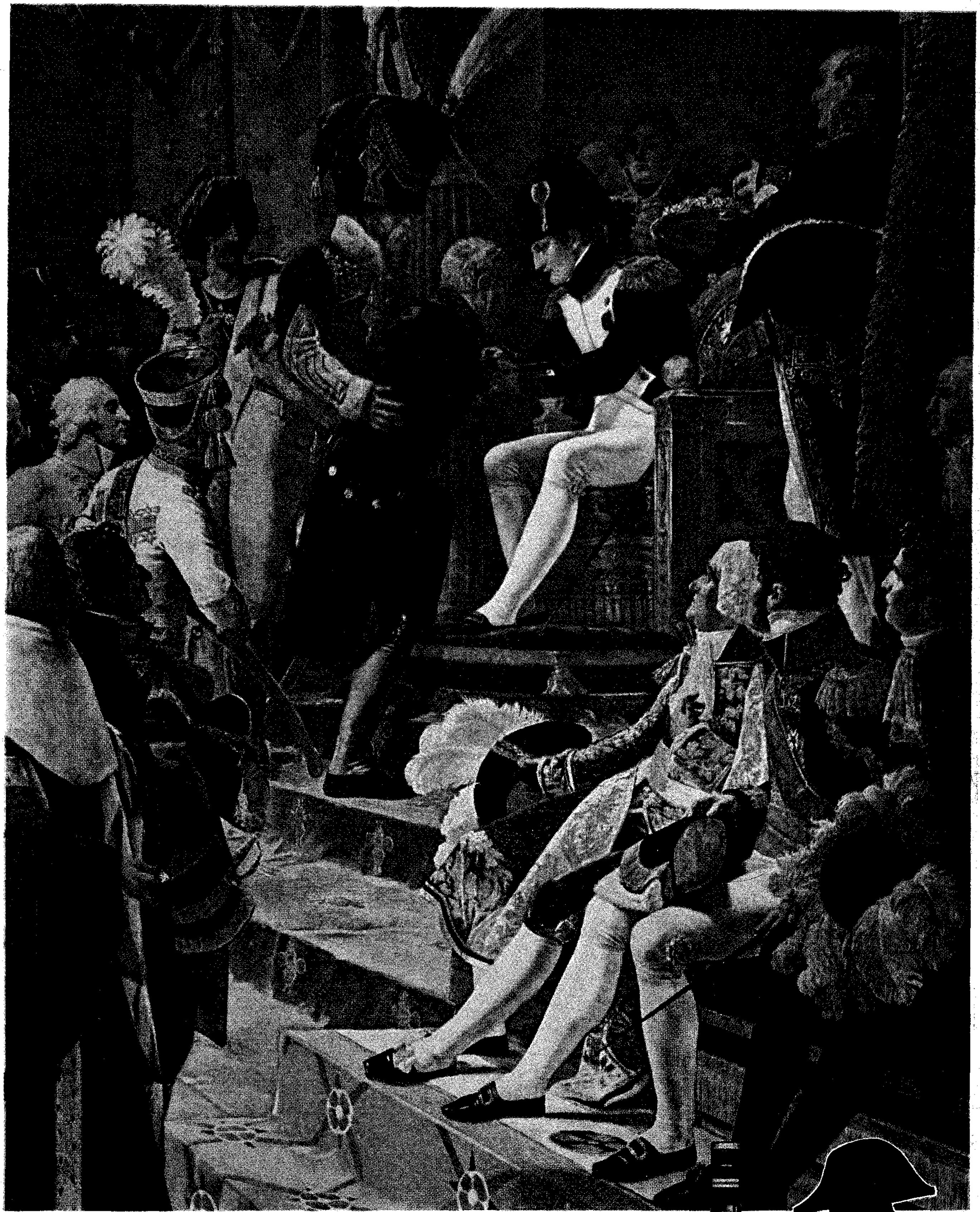

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